



FRONTISPIECE.

R. Parr Sculp



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THE
P O E T I C A L
W O R K S

Of the REVEREND

EDWARD YOUNG, LL.D. K

Rector of *Wellwyn* in *Hartfordshire*,

A N D

Chaplain in Ordinary to His MAJESTY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.



L O N D O N

Printed for Messieurs CURLL, TONSON, WALTHOE,
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THE
POETICAL
WORKS

OF THE REVEREND

EDWARD YOUNG, LL.D.

Rector of Wharfedale in Yorkshire

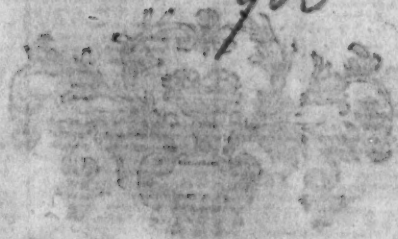
AND

Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

46.
9. 4.
903.



TO THE

Right Honourable the
LORD CARPENTER.

MY LORD,
THE PIECES comprized in
these Volumes, having been
honoured, as they came *singly*
from the *Press*, both with the
Patronage of the CROWN, and
the most Illustrious PERSON-
AGES among our BRITISH NO-
BILITY; what I now humbly
request, is your LORDSHIP'S Ac-
ceptance

ceptance of Them in a *Collective Body*, as a Testimonial of my most grateful Acknowledgments for the many undeserved Favours which I have had the Honour to receive from your LORDSHIP, and for which I shall always profess myself,

Your LORDSHIP's

Most obedient,

Most dutiful,

And most devoted

Humble Servant,

E. C.

(vi)
TO THE

READER.

THAT *this* COLLECTION
of *Dr* YOUNG's Poetical
Pieces, is published with his
Approbation, and under his own
Direction, will sufficiently appear
from his kind Wishes, for its
Success, expressed in the following
Letter, viz.

To

(vi)

To Mr C O R L L,

Wellwyn, Dec. 9th, 1739.

S I R,

I Received the Favour of yours, but am, at present, not at Leisure to review what I formerly wrote*.

You seem in the *Collection* you propose, to have omitted what I think may Claim the first Place in it, I mean, *A Translation from Part of JOB*, printed by Mr Tenson.

I have no Picture †, or it should be at your Service ; nor have I the *Epistle to Lord LANSDOWNE* : If you will take my Advice, I would have you omit *That*, and the *Oration on CODRINGTON* : I think the *Collection* will sell better without them ‡.

I heartily wish you Success in your Undertaking.

I am, S I R,

Your Humble Servant,

E. YOUNG.

* A particular Friend of the Author's has reviewed and prepared all these Pieces for the Press. † The Doctor was requested to let his Picture be engraven. ‡ This we cannot comply with, as rendering our Collection imperfect.

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A N
E P I S T L E
TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
GEORGE Lord LANSDOWNE.
1712.

By Mr. YOUNG.

Parnassia laurus
Parva sub ingenti Matris se subjecit umbra.
VIRG.

THE SECOND EDITION.
Printed from a correct Manuscript Copy.

VOL. I.

a

EPISTLE

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWNE.

1712.

By M. YOUNG.

Printed by J. Knapton, at the Sign of the Sun, in Pall-mall.
Vice.

The Second Edition.
Printed from a correct Manuscript Copy.

Vol. I.

A N
E P I S T L E

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWNE.

WHEN *Rome*, my LORD, in her full Glory
shone,

And Great AUGUSTUS rul'd the Globe alone,
While suppliant Kings in all their Pomp and State,
Swarm'd in his Courts, and throng'd his Palace Gate;
HORACE did oft' the mighty Man detain,
And sooth'd his Breast with no ignoble Strain,
Now soar'd aloft, now struck an humbler String;
And taught the ROMAN Genius how to sing.

PARDON, if I his Freedom dare pursue,
Who know no Want of CÆSAR, finding you;
The Muse's Friend is pleas'd the Muse should press
Thro' circling Crouds, and labour for Access,

That partial to his Darling he may prove,
 And shining Throngs for her Approach remove,
 To all the World industrious to proclaim
 His Love of Arts, and boast the glorious Flame.

LONG has the Western World reclin'd her Head,
 Pour'd forth her Sorrow, and bewail'd her Dead;
 Fell Discord thro' her Borders fiercely rang'd,
 And shook her Nations, and her Monarchs chang'd;
 By Land and Sea its utmost Rage employ'd;
 Nor Heav'n repair'd, so fast as Men destroy'd.

IN vain kind Summers plenteous Fields bestow'd,
 In vain the Vintage liberally flow'd;
 Alarms from loaden Boards all Pleasure chac'd,
 And robb'd the rich BURGUNDIAN Grape of Taste;
 The Smiles of Nature could no Blessing bring,
 The fruitful Autumn, or the flow'ry Spring;
 Time was distinguish'd by the Sword and Spear,
 Not by the various Aspects of the Year;
 The Trumpet's Sound proclaim'd a milder Sky,
 And Bloodshed told us when the Sun was nigh.

BUT

BUT now (so soon is BRITAIN's Blessing seen,
When such as you are near her glorious *Queen!*)
Now Peace, tho' long repuls'd, arrives at last,
And bids us smile on all our Labours past;
Bids ev'ry Nation cease her wonted Moan,
And ev'ry Monarch call his Crown his own:
To Valour gentler Virtues now succeed;
No longer is the great Man born to bleed;
Renown'd in Councils brave ARGYLL shall tell,
Wisdom and Prowess in one Breast may dwell:
Thro' milder Tracks he soars to deathless Fame,
And without trembling we resound his Name.

No more the rising Harvest whets the Sword,
No longer waves uncertain of its Lord;
Who cast the Seed, the golden Sheaf shall claim,
Nor Chance of Battle change the Master's Name.
Each Stream unstain'd with Blood more smoothly
flows;
The brighter Sun a fuller Day bestows;
All Nature seems to wear a chearful Face,
And thank Great ANNA for returning Peace.

THE Patient thus, when on his Bed of Pain,
 No longer he invokes the Gods in vain,
 But rises to new Life; in ev'ry Field
 He finds *Elysium*, Rivers Nectar yield;
 Nothing so cheap and vulgar but can please,
 And borrow Beauties from his late Disease.

NOR is it Peace alone, but such a Peace,
 As more than bids the Rage of Battle cease.
 Death may determine War, and Rest succeed,
 'Cause nought survives on which our Rage may feed;
 In faithful Friends we lose our glorious Foes,
 And Strifes of Love exalt our sweet Repose.
 See graceful BOLINGBROKE your Friend advance,
 Nor miss his LANSDOWNE in the Court of *France*;
 So well receiv'd, so welcome, so at home,
 (Bless'd Change of Fate) in *Bourbon's* stately Dome;
 The Monarch pleas'd descending from his Throne,
 Will not that ANNA call him all her own;
 He claims a Part, and looking round to find
 Something might speak the Fulness of his Mind,

A Diamond shines, which oft' had touch'd him near,
Renew'd his Grief, and robb'd him of a Tear ;
Now first with Joy beheld, well plac'd on One,
Who makes him less regret his darling Son ;
So dear is ANNA's Minister, so great
Your glorious Friend in his own private State.

To make our Nations longer Two, in vain
Does Nature interpose the raging Main :
The *Gallic* Shore to distant *Britain* grows,
For LEWIS *Thames*, the *Seine* for ANNA flows :
From Conflicts pass'd each other's Worth we find,
And thence in stricter Friendship now are join'd ;
Each Wound receiv'd, now pleads the Cause of Love,
And former Injuries Endearments prove.
What *Briton* but must prize th' illustrious Sword,
That Cause of Fear to CHURCHILL could afford ?
Who sworn to BOURBON's Scepter, but must frame
Vast Thoughts of him, that could brave TALLARD
tame ?

Thus gen'rous Hatred in Affection ends,
And War, which rais'd the Foes, compleats the Friends.

A thousand happy Consequences flow,
(The daz'ling Prospect makes my Bosom glow,)
Commerce shall lift her swelling Sails, and roll
Her wealthy Fleets secure from Pole to Pole;
The *British* Merchant, who with Care and Pain,
For many Moons sees only Skies and Main;
When now in View of his lov'd native Shore,
The Perils of the dreadful Ocean o'er,
Cause to regret his Wealth no more shall find,
Nor curse the Mercy of the Sea and Wind;
By hardest Fate condemn'd to serve a Foe,
And give him Strength to strike a deeper Blow.
Sweet PHILOMELA providently flies
To distant Woods and Streams, for such Supplies,
To feed her Young, and make them try the Wing,
And with their tender Notes attempt to sing:
Mean while, the Fowler spreads his secret Snare,
And renders vain the tuneful Mother's Care.
BRITANNIA's bold Adventurer of late,
The foaming Ocean plow'd with equal Fate,

Good-

GOODNESS is Greatness in its utmost Height,
 And Pow'r a Curse, if not a Friend to Right:
 To conquer is to make Dissention cease,
 That Man may serve the King of Kings in Peace.
 Religion now shall all her Rays dispence,
 And shine abroad in perfect Excellence;
 Else we may dread some greater Curse at Hand,
 To scourge a thoughtless and ungrateful Land:
 Now War is weary, and retir'd to Rest,
 The meagre Famine, and the spotted Pest,
 Deputed in her Stead, may blast the Day,
 And sweep the Relicks of the Sword away.

WHEN peaceful NUMA fill'd the *Roman* Throne,
 JOVE in the Fulness of his Glory shone;
 Wise SOLOMON, a Stranger to the Sword,
 Was born to raise a Temple to the LORD.
 ANNE too shall build, and ev'ry sacred Pile
 Speak Peace eternal to BRITANNIA's Isle.
 Those mighty Souls, whom military Care
 Diverted from their only Great Affair,
 Shall

x *An EPISTLE to*

Shall bend their full united Force, to bless
Th' almighty Author of their late Success.
And what is all the World subdu'd to this?
The Grave sets Bounds to sublunary Bliss;
But there are Conquests to Great ANNA known,
Above the Splendor of an Earthly Throne;
Conquests! whose Triumph is too great, within
The scanty Bounds of Matter to begin;
Too glorious to shine forth, till it has run
Beyond this Darknes of the Stars and Sun,
And shall whole Ages past be still, still but begun.

HEROIC Shades! whom War has swept away,
Look down, and smile on this Auspicious Day:
Now boast your Deaths; to those your Glory
tell,
Who or at *Agincourt* or *Cressy* fell;
Then deep into Eternity retire,
Of greater Things than Peace or War enquire;
Fully content, and unconcern'd, to know
What farther passes in the World below.

THE

THE Bravest of Mankind shall now have Leave
To die but once, nor piece-meal seek the Grave:
On Gain or Pleasure bent, we shall not meet
Sad melancholy Numbers in each Street,
(Owners of Bones dispers'd on *Flandria's* Plain,
Or waisting in the Bottom of the Main,)
To turn us back from Joy, in tender Fear,
Lest it an Insult of their Woes appear,
And make us grudge ourselves that Wealth, their
Blood

Perhaps preserv'd, who starve, or beg for Food.
Devotion shall run pure, and disengage
From that strange Fate of mixing Peace with Rage.
On Heav'n without a Sin we now may call,
And guiltless to our Maker prostrate fall;
Be Christians while we pray, nor in one Breath
Ask Mercy for ourselves, for others Death.

BUT O! I view with Transport, Arts Restor'd,
Which double Use to *Britain* shall afford;
Secure her Glory purchas'd in the Field,
And yet for future Peace sweet Motives yield:

While

While we contemplate on the painted Wall,
 The pressing *Briton*, and the flying *Gaul*,
 In such bright Images, such living Grace,
 As leave great *RAPHAEL* but the Second Place ;
 Our Cheeks shall glow, our heaving Bosoms rise,
 And martial Ardors sparkle in our Eyes ;
 Much we shall triumph in our Battles past,
 And yet consent those Battles prove our last ;
 Lest, while in Arms for brighter Fame we strive,
 We lose the Means to keep that Fame alive.

IN silent Groves the Birds delight to sing,
 Or near the Margin of a secret Spring :
 Now all is calm, sweet Music shall improve,
 Nor kindle Rage, but be the Nurse of Love.

BUT what's the warbling Voice, the trembling
 String,

Or breathing Canvass, when the Muses sing ?
 The Muse, my Lord, your Care above the rest,
 With rising Joy dilates my partial Breast ;

The

The Thunder of the Battle ceas'd to roar,
'Ere *Greece* her godlike Poets taught to soar;
Rome's dreadful Foe, Great HANNIBAL, was dead,
And all her warlike Neighbours round her bled;
For JANUS shut, her *Iò Pæans* rung,
Before an OVID, or a VIRGIL sung.

A thousand various Forms the Muse may wear,
(A thousand various Forms become the Fair;)
But shines in none with more Majestic Mein,
Than when in State she draws the purple Scene;
Calls forth her Monarchs, bids her Heroes rage,
And mourning Beauty melt the crouded Stage;
Charms back past Ages, gives to *Britain's* Use
The noblest Virtues Time did e'er produce;
Leaves fam'd Historians boasted Art behind;
They keep the Soul alone, and That's confin'd,
Sought out with Pains, and but by Proxy speaks:
The Hero's Presence deep Impression makes;
The Scenes his Soul and Body reunite,
Furnish a Voice, produce him to the Sight;

Make

Make our Cotemporary him that stood
 High in Renown, perhaps before the Flood;
 Make NESTOR to this Age Advice afford,
 And HECTOR for our Service draw his Sword.

MORE Glory to an Author what can bring,
 Whence nobler Service to his Country spring,
 Than from those Labours, which in Man's Despight,
 Possess him with a Passion for the Right?
 With honest Magic make the Knave inclin'd
 To pay Devotion to the virtuous Mind;
 Thro' all her Toils, and Dangers bid him rove,
 And with her Wants and Anguish fall in Love?

Who hears the godlike MONTEZUMA groan,
 And does not wish the glorious Pain his own?
 Lend but your Understanding, and their Skill
 Can domineer at Pleasure o'er your Will:
 Nor is the short-liv'd Conquest quickly past;
 Shame, if not Choice, will hold the Convert
 fast.

How

How often have I seen the gen'rous Bowl
With pleasing Force unlock a secret Soul,
And steal a Truth, which ev'ry sober Hour
(The Prose of Life) had kept within her Pow'r?
The Grape victorious often has prevail'd,
When Gold and Beauty, Racks and Tortures fail'd:
Yet when the Spirit's Tumult was allay'd,
She mourn'd, perhaps, the Sentiment betray'd;
But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,
And on her own Confession charge the Lye.

Thus they, whom neither the prevailing Love
Of Goodness here, or Mercy from above,
Or Fear of future Pains, or Human Laws
Could render Advocates in Virtue's Cause,
Caught by the Scene have unawares resign'd
Their wonted Disposition of the Mind:
By slow Degrees prevails the pleasing Tale,
As circling Glasses on our Senses steal;
Till throughly by the Muses Banquet warm'd,
The Passions tossing, all the Soul alarm'd,

They

They turn mere Zealots flush'd with glorious Rage,
 Rise in their Seats, and scarce forbear the Stage,
 Assistance to wrong'd Innocence to bring,
 Or turn the Poignard on some tyrant King.
 How can they cool to Villains? how subside
 To Dregs of Vice, from such a godlike Pride
 To spoiling Orphans how To-day return,
 Who wept last Night to see *MONIMIA* mourn?
 In this gay School of Virtue whom so fit
 To govern, and controul the World of Wit,
 As *TALBOT*, *LANSDOWNE*'s Friend, has *Britain*

Him polish'd *Italy* has call'd her Own;
 He in the Lap of Elegance was bred,
 And trac'd the Muses to their Fountain Head:
 But much we hope, he will enjoy at Home
 What's nearer Antient than the Modern *Rome*;
 Nor fear I mention of the Court of *France*,
 When I the *British* Genius would advance:
 There too has *SHREWSBURY* improv'd his Taste;
 Yet still we dare invite him to our Feast;

For

For CORNEILLE's Sake I shall my Thoughts
 suppress
 Of OROONOKO, and presume him less:
 What tho' we wrong him? ISABELLA's Woe
 Waters those Bays that shall for ever grow.

OUR Foes confess, nor we the Praise refuse,
 The Drama glories in the *British* Muse.
 The *French* are delicate, and nicely lead
 Of close Intrigue the *Labyrinthian* Thread;
 Our Genius more affects the Grand, than Fine,
 Our Strength can make the Great plain Action shine:
 They raise a great Cur'osity indeed,
 From His dark Maze to see the Hero freed;
 We rouse th' Affections, and that Hero show
 Gasping beneath some formidable Blow:
 They sigh; we weep: The *Gallic* doubt and care;
 We heighten into Terror and Despair;
 Strike home, the strongest Passions boldly touch,
 Nor fear our Audience should be pleas'd too much.
 What's Great in Nature we can Greatly draw,
 Nor thank for Beauties the Dramatic Law.

The Fate of CÆSAR is a Tale too plain
The fickle *Gallic* Taste to entertain;
Their Art would have perplex'd, and interwove
The Golden *Arras* with gay Flow'rs of Love:
We know Heav'n made him a far greater Man,
Than any CÆSAR, in a Human Plan,
And such we draw him, nor are too refin'd,
To stand affected with what Heav'n design'd.
To claim Attention, and the Heart invade,
SHAKESPEARE but wrote the Play th' Almighty
made.

Our Neighbour's Stage-Art too bare-fac'd betrays,
'Tis Great CORNEILLE at ev'ry Scene we praise;
On Nature's surer Aid BRITANNIA calls,
None think of SHAKESPEARE till the Curtain falls;
Then with a Sigh returns our Audience home,
From *Venice, Egypt, Persia, Greece, or Rome.*

FRANCE yields not to the Glory of our Lines,
But manly Conduct of Our strong Designs;
That oft they think more justly we must own,
Not antient *Greece* a truer Sense has shown:

Greece

Greece thought but justly, they think justly too;
 We sometimes err by striving more to do.
 So well are RACINE's meanest Persons taught,
 But change a Sentiment, you make a Fault;
 Nor dare we charge them with the Want of Flame:
 When We boast more, we own Ourselves to blame.

AND yet in SHAKESPEARE something still I find,
 That makes me less esteem all Humankind;
 He made One Nature, and Another found,
 Both in his Page with Master-strokes abound:
 His Witches, Fairies, and Incharmed Isle,
 Bid us no longer at our Nurses smile;
 Of lost Historians we almost complain,
 Nor think it the Creation of his Brain.
 Who lives, when his OTHELLO's in a Trance?
 With his Great TALBOT * too, he Conquer'd France.

LONG we may hope Brave TALBOT's Blood will
 run

In great Descendants, SHAKESPEARE has but One;

* An Ancestor of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who Conquered France, drawn by SHAKESPEARE.

And him, my Lord, permit me not to name,
 But in kind Silence spare his Rival's Shame: —
 Yet I, in vain that Author would suppress,
 What can't be Greater, cannot be made Less:
 Each Reader will defeat my fruitless Aim,
 And to himself Great AGAMEMNON name.

SHOULD SHAKESPEARE rise unblest'd with
 TALBOT's Smile,
 E'en SHAKESPEARE'S Self would curse this barren
 Isle:
 But if that reigning Star propitious shine,
 And kindly mix his gentle Rays with Thine;
 E'en I, by far the meanest of your Age,
 Shall not repent my Passion for the Stage.

THUS did the Will-Almighty disallow,
 No Human Force could pluck the Golden Bough,
 Which left the Tree with Ease at JOVE'S
 Command,
 And spare'd the Labour of the weakest Hand.

Auspicious Fate! that gives me Leave to write
 To you, the Muses Glory and Delight;
 Who know to read, nor false Encomiums raise,
 And mortify an Author with your Praise:
 Praise wounds a noble Mind, when 'tis not due,
 But Censure's Self will please, my Lord, from You;
 Faults are our Pride and Gain, when you descend
 To point them out, and teach us how to mend.
 What tho' the Great Man set his Coffers wide,
 That cannot gratify the Poet's Pride;
 Whose Inspiration, if 'tis truly good,
 Is best rewarded, when best understood.
 The Muses write for Glory, not for Gold,
 'Tis far beneath their Nature to be sold:
 The greatest Gain is scorn'd, but as it serves
 To speak a Sense of what the Muse deserves;
 The Muse, which from her LANSDOWNE fears no
 Wrong,
 Best Judge, as well as Subject, of her Song.
 Should this great Theme allure me farther still,
 And I presume to use your Patience ill,

The

The World would plead my Cause, and none but

You
Will take Disgust at what I now pursue:

Since what is mean my Muse can't raise, I'll chuse

A Theme that's able to exalt my Muse.

For who, not void of Thought, can GRANVILLE

Without a Spark of his Immortal Flame?

Whether we seek the Patriot, or the Friend,

Let BOLINGBROKE, let ANNA recommend;

Whether we chuse to love or to admire,

You melt the Tender, and th' Ambitious fire.

SUCH native Graces without Thought abound,

And such familiar Glories spread around,

As more incline the Stander-by to raise

His Value for Himself, than You to praise.

Thus You befriend the most Heroic Way,

Bless all, on none an Obligation lay;

So turn'd by Nature's Hand for all that's Well,

'Tis scarce a Virtue when You most Excel.

Tho'

Tho' sweet your Presence, graceful is your Mein,
You to be happy want not to be seen;
Tho' priz'd in Public, you can smile Alone,
Nor court an Approbation but your Own:
In Throngs, not conscious of those Eyes that gaze
In Wonder fix'd, tho' resolute to please;
You, were All blind, would still deserve Applause,
The World's your Glory's Witness, not its Cause;
That lies beyond the Limits of the Day,
Angels behold it, and their God obey.

You take Delight in Others Excellence,
A Gift, which Nature rarely does dispence:
Of all that breathe 'tis you, perhaps, alone
Would be well pleas'd to see yourself outdone.
You wish not those, who shew your Name Respect,
So little Worth, as might excuse Neglect;
Nor are in Pain lest Merit you should know;
Nor shun the Well-deserver as a Foe;
A troublesome Acquaintance, that will claim
To be well us'd, or dye your Cheek with Shame.

You wish your Country's Good; that told, so well
 Your Pow'rs are known, th' Event I need not tell.
 When NESTOR spoke, none ask'd if he prevail'd;
 That God of sweet Persuasion never fail'd:
 And such great Fame had HECTOR's Valour wrought,
 Who meant he Conquer'd, only said he Fought.

WHEN you, my Lord, to Sylvan Scenes retreat,
 No Crouds around for Pleasure, or for State,
 You are not cast upon a Stranger Land,
 And wander pensive o'er the barren Strand;
 Nor are You by receiv'd Example taught,
 In Toys to shun the Discipline of Thought;
 But unconfin'd by Bounds of Time and Place,
 You chuse Companions from all Human Race;
 Converse with those the Deluge swept away,
 Or those whose Midnight is BRITANNIA's Day.

Books not so much inform, as give Consent
 To those Ideas your own Thoughts present;
 Your only Gain from turning Volumes o'er,
 Is finding Cause to like yourself the more:

In *Grecian* Sages you are only taught
 With more Respect to value your Own Thought:
 Great TULLY grew Immortal, while he drew
 Those Precepts we behold alive in You:
 Your Life is so adjusted to their Schools,
 It makes that History they meant for Rules.
 What Joy, what pleasing Transport must arise
 Within your Breast, and lift you to the Skies,
 When in each learned Page that you unfold,
 You find some Part of your own Conduct told?

So pleas'd, and so surpriz'd ÆNEAS stood,
 And such Triumphant Raptures fir'd his Blood,
 When far from *Trojan* Shores the Hero spy'd
 His Story shining forth in all its Pride;
 Admir'd Himself, and saw his Actions stand
 The Praise and Wonder of a Foreign Land.

He knows not half his Being, who's confin'd
 In Converse, and Reflection on Mankind:
 Your Soul, which understands her Charter well,
 Disdains imprison'd by those Skies to dwell;

Ranges

Ranges Eternity without the Leave
Of Death, nor waits the Passage of the Grave.

WHEN Pains Eternal, and Eternal Bliss,
When these high Cares your weary Thoughts dismiss,
In Heav'nly Numbers you your Soul unbend,
And for your Ease to deathless Fame descend.
Ye Kings! would Ye true Greatness understand,
Read *SENECA* grown rich in *GRANVILLE*'s Hand.*

BEHOLD the Glories of your Life compleat!
Still at a Flow, and permanently Great;
New Moments shed new Pleasures as they fly,
And yet your greatest is, that you must Die.

THUS *ANNA* saw, and rais'd you to the Seat
Of Honour, and confess'd her Servant Great;
Confess'd, not made him such; for faithful Fame
Her Trumpet swell'd long since with *GRANVILLE*'s
Name.

* See his Lordship's *TRAGEDY* intitled *HEROIC LOVE*.

Tho'

Tho' you in Modesty the Title wear,
Your Name shall be the Title of your Heir;
Farther than Ermin make his Glory known,
And cast in Shades the Favour of a Throne
From Thrones the Beam of high Distinction springs,
The Soul's Endowments from the KING of Kings.
Lo One great Day calls forth Ten mighty Peers!
Produce Ten GRANVILLES in Five Thousand Years;
ANNA, be Thou content to fix the Fate
Of various Kingdoms, and controul the Great;
But O! to bid thy GRANVILLE brighter shine!
To him that great Prerogative resign,
Who the Sun's Height can raise at Pleasure high'r,
His Lamp illumine, set his Flames on fire.

YET still One Bliss, One Glory I forbear,
A darling Friend whom near your Heart you wear;
That lovely Youth, my Lord, whom you must blame,
That I grow thus familiar with your Name.

HE's friendly, open, in his Conduct nice,
Nor serve these Virtues to atone for Vice:

Vice

Vice he has none, or such as none with less,
 But Friends indeed, Good-nature in Excess.
 You cannot boast the Merit of a Choice,
 In making him your Own, 'twas Nature's Voice,
 Which call'd too loud by Man to be withstood,
 Pleading a Tye far nearer than of Blood;
 Similitude of Manners, such a Mind,
 As makes you less the Wonder of Mankind.
 Such Ease his common Converse recommends,
 As he ne'er felt a Passion, but his Friend's;
 Yet fix'd his Principles, beyond the Force
 Of all beneath the Sun, to bend his Course.*

Thus the tall Cedar, beautiful and fair,
 Flatters the Motions of the wanton Air;
 Salutes each passing Breeze with Head reclin'd;
 The pliant Branches dance in ev'ry Wind:
 But fix'd the Stem her upright State maintains,
 And all the Fury of the North disdains.

How are You bless'd in such a matchless Friend?
 Alas! with Me the Joys of Friendship end;

* His Lordship's Nephew, who took Orders.

O HARRISON! I must, I will complain;
Tears sooth the Soul's Distress, tho' shed in vain;
Didst Thou return, and bless thy native Shore
With welcome Peace, and is my Friend no more?—
Thy Task was early done, and I must own
Death kind to Thee, but ah! to Thee alone.
But 'tis in Me a Vanity to mourn,
The Sorrows of the Great thy Tomb adorn;
STRAFFORD and BOLINGBROKE the Loss perceive,
They grieve, and make Thee envy'd in thy Grave.

With aking Heart, and a foreboding Mind,
I Night to Day in painful Journey join'd,
When first inform'd of his approaching Fate;
But reach'd the Partner of my Soul too late:
'Twas past, his Cheek was cold, that tuneful Tongue,
Which *Isis* charm'd with its melodious Song,
Now languish'd, wanted Strength to speak his Pain,
Scarce rais'd a feeble Groan, and sunk again:
Each Art of Life, in which he bore a Part,
Shot like an Arrow thro' my bleeding Heart.

To

To what serv'd all his promis'd Wealth and Power,
But more to load that most unhappy Hour?

—YET still prevail'd the Greatness of his Mind;
That not in Health, or Life itself confin'd,
Felt thro' his Mortal Pangs BRITANNIA's Peace,
Mounted to Joy, and smil'd in Death's Embrace:

HIS Spirit now just ready to resign,
No longer now his Own, no longer Mine,
He grasps my Hand, his swimming Eye-balls roll,
My Hand he grasps, and enters in My Soul;
Then with a Groan——Support me, O! beware
Of holding Worth, however Great, too Dear! *

PARDON, my Lord, the Privilege of Grief,
That in untimely Freedom seeks Relief;
To better Fate your Love I recommend,
O! may You never lose so dear a Friend!

* The *Author* here bewails that most ingenious Gentleman,
Mr. WILLIAM HARRISON, Fellow of *New-College, Oxon.*

May nothing interrupt your happy Hours ;
Enjoy the Blessings Peace on *Europe* showers :
Nor yet disdain those Blessings to adorn ;
To make the Muse Immortal You was born.
Sing ; and in latest Time, when Story's dark,
This Period your surviving Fame shall mark ;
Save from the Gulph of Years this glorious Age,
And thus Illustrate their Historian's Page.

THE Crown of *Spain* in doubtful Balance hung,
And ANNA *Britain* sway'd, when GRANVILLE
Sung :

That noted Year EUROPA sheath'd her Sword,
When this Great MAN was first saluted LORD.



ch
ons

XXVI

May nothing interrupt our happy hours;
I joy in playing Peace on Earth's flowers;
For you within those flowers to adore;
To me and to the immortal You was born;
Sing, and in sweet time, when Gaea's child,
This Poet, breathing life in all things,
Gave form to the Grief of I and the Grief of You;
And then, in the midst of the Grief, I sang,
The Grief of I and the Grief of You;
And then, in the midst of the Grief, I sang,
The Grief of I and the Grief of You;
Sing, and in sweet time, when Gaea's child,
This Poet, breathing life in all things,
Gave form to the Grief of I and the Grief of You;
And then, in the midst of the Grief, I sang,
The Grief of I and the Grief of You;





THE LAST DAY



Gravelot inv. et del.

THE LAST DAY.

R. Parr Sculp

A
P O E M
ON THE
LAST DAY.

IN THREE BOOKS.

By *EDWARD YOUNG*, Fellow
of *All-Souls College, Oxon.*

Venit Summa Dies.-----VIRG.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

Imprimatur,

BERN. GARDINER,

VICE-CAN. OXON.

Maii 19. 1713.

TO THE
QUEEN.

MADAM,

7. **M**Y only Title to the great Honour I now do myself, is the Obligation I have formerly received from Your Royal Indulgence; which I remember with the utmost Gratitude. I was indeed uneasy, till I had bethought myself of some Means of relieving my Heart, by expressing its Acknowledgment. My Inclination carried me to Poetry; Your Virtues determined me to sacred Poetry above all other; and in that Kind there is no Subject more exalted and affecting, than this which I have chosen. Its very first Mention snatches away the Soul to the Borders of Eternity, surrounds it with Wonders, opens to it on every Hand the most surprising Scenes of Awe and Astonishment, and terminates its View with nothing less than the Fulness of Glory, and the Throne of God.

BUT this may seem a very improper Season for any Thing of so grave and solemn a Nature to present itself before You, and mingle with the Gaiety and Splendor of Universal Joy and Thanksgiving: Yet if we consider that the Thoughts which You will meet in the following Pages, are such as are ever uppermost in Your own Heart;

and that, in all Probability, those Great Blessings, which Your *People* now enjoy, are the Reward of that Religious Bent of Mind, and Virtuous Disposition in their PRINCE ; I hope *That* may seem less Foreign and Unseasonable, which is the Root of the Felicity now flourishing among Us, and shedding its ripened Fruits on our Land.

THEY are Strangers to your Majesty, who think, when they write to the *British* Throne, that Victories and Triumphs must be their constant Theme ; they know not there is something You hold much Dearer than either your Fortune or your Glory. They have not attended to Your Unbounded Charities ; they have not heard of Your Royal Care and Generosity to those who serve at the Holy Altar ; they never sufficiently admired Your Resolution of building magnificently to the Lord, and setting wide the Gates of Salvation : In a Word, they are still to be informed, that prudent Councils and successful Arms, well-ordered States, and humbled Foes, are only the second Glories of Your most Illustrious Reign.

IT is, *Madam*, a Prospect truly great, to behold You seated on your Throne, surrounded with Your Faithful Councillors, and Mighty Men of War, issuing forth Commands to Your own *People*, or giving Audience to the Great Princes and Powerful Rulers of the Earth. But why should we confine Your Glory here ? I am pleased to see You rise from this lower World, soaring above the Clouds, passing the First and Second Heavens, leaving the fixed Stars behind You ; nor will I lose You there, but keep You still in View thro' the boundless Spaces on the
other

D E D I C A T I O N.

other Side of Creation, in Your Journey toward Eternal Bliss, till I behold the Heaven of Heavens open, and Angels receiving, and conveying You still onward from the Stretch of my Imagination, which tires in her Pursuit, and falls back again to the Earth.

WHAT a Panegyrick is it on Human Nature to consider, that it shall come to pass in some future Time, thro' which the Thread of Your Existence shall run, that You Yourself may forget this *Glorious Year*, or make its Remembrance only serve by Comparison to recommend superior Honours, and more splendid Renown? Let us tremble at the Power of God, and adore the Profusion of his Goodness on us his Creatures! We behold thee, O QUEEN! Greater in Peace and War, Great in thy Alliance, Great in thyself; We see Thee blessing thy People, and composing the Strifes of *Europe*; We survey Thee in this full Light, this Blaze of Sublunary Greatness, and own Thy Glory is not yet begun.

SUCH Thoughts might appear too warm and affected on another Occasion; but they are so natural to him who presents such a Theme to such a QUEEN, that they are not without Violence to be suppressed. When at Your Royal Leisure You turn over the following Sheets, if you find any Thing that encourages Virtue, or disheartens Vice, let it intercede for Pardon of my many Defects and Errors.

THAT Your Reign may be as Pious as it is Glorious, and give Posterity as many Instances of exemplary Virtue and Religion, as it will of emi-

nent Talents, and extraordinary Capacities; that it may not only shine in History, and be Great in the *Annals* of the Earth, but also be set down in the Observation of Angels, and with distinguished Characters be written in the Book of Life, to give Joy at the GREAT DAY; is the constant Prayer of him who is, as most particularly obliged to be,

Your MAJESTY'S

Most Humble,

And Most Obedient Subject,

EDWARD YOUNG,

V E R S E S

TO THE A U T H O R.

NOW let the *Atheist* tremble ; Thou alone
Canst bid his conscious Heart the *Godhead* own.
Whom shalt Thou not reform ? O thou hast seen,
How God descends to judge the Souls of Men.
Thou heard'st the Sentence how the Guilty mourn,
Driven out from God, and never must return !

YET more, behold ten thousand Thunders fall,
And sudden Vengeance wrap the flaming Ball :
When Nature sunk, when every Bolt was hurl'd,
Thou saw'st the boundless Ruins of the World.

WHEN guilty *Sodom* felt the burning Rain,
And Sulphur fell on the devoted Plain ;
The *Patriarch* thus the fiery Tempest past,
With pious Horror view'd the desert Waste ;
The restless Smoke still wav'd its Curls around,
For-ever rising from the glowing Ground.

To Dr. YOUNG.

BUT tell me, oh! what heav'nly Pleasure tell,
To think so greatly, and describe so well!
How wast thou pleas'd the wond'rous Theme to try,
And find the Thought of Man could rise so high?
Beyond this World the Labour to pursue,
And open all ETERNITY to View?

BUT thou art best delighted to rehearse
Heaven's holy Dictates in exalted Verse:
O thou hast Power the harden'd Heart to warm,
To grieve, to raise, to terrify, to charm;
To fix the Soul on God; to teach the Mind
To know the Dignity of Human-kind;
By stricter Rules well-govern'd Life to scan,
And practise o'er the Angel in the Man.

Magd. Col.
Oxon.

T. WHARTON.

To

TO a LADY with the LAST DAY.

MADAM,

HERE, sacred Truths, in lofty Numbers told,
The Prospect of a future State unfold:
The Realms of Night to mortal View display,
And the glad Regions of eternal Day.
This daring Author scorns, by vulgar Ways
Of guilty Wit, to merit worthless Praise.
Full of her glorious Theme, his tow'ring Muse,
With gen'rous Zeal a nobler Fame pursues:
Religion's Cause her ravish'd Heart inspires,
And with a thousand bright Ideas fires;
Transports her quick, impatient, piercing Eye,
O'er the strait Limits of *Mortality*,
To boundless Orbs, and bids her fearless soar,
Where only MILTON gain'd Renown before;
Where various Scenes alternately excite
Amazement, Pity, Terror, and Delight.

Thus did the Muses sing in early Times,
'Ere skill'd to flatter Vice, and varnish Crimes:
Their Lyres were tun'd to virtuous Songs alone,
And the chaste Poet, and the Priest, were One.
But now forgetful of their Infant State,
They sooth the wanton Pleasures of the Great:
And from the Press, and the licentious Stage,
With luscious Poison taint the thoughtless Age;

De.

On Dr. YOUNG's LAST DAY.

Deceitful Charms attract our wond'ring Eyes,
And specious Ruin unsuspected lies.
So the rich Soil of *India's* blooming Shores,
Adorn'd with lavish Nature's choicest Stores,
Where Serpents lurk, by Flowers conceal'd from
Sight,
Hides fatal Danger under gay Delight.

THESE purer Thoughts from gross Allays refin'd,
With heav'nly Raptures elevate the Mind;
Not fram'd to raise a giddy short-liv'd Joy,
Whose false Allurements, while they please, destroy;
But Bliss resembling that of Saints above,
Sprung from the Vision of th' Almighty's Love:
Firm, solid Bliss, for-ever great and new,
The more 'tis known, the more admir'd like You;
Like You, fair Nymph, in whom united meet
Endearing Sweetness, unaffected Wit,
And all the Glories of your sparkling Race,
While inward Virtues heighten ev'ry Grace.
By these secured, you will with Pleasure read
Of future Judgment, and the rising Dead;
Of Time's grand Period, Heav'n and Earth o'erthrown;
And gasping Nature's last tremendous Groan.
These, when the Stars and Sun shall be no more,
Shall Beauty to your ravag'd Form restore:
Then shall You shine with an immortal Ray,
Improv'd by Death, and brighten'd by Decay,
Pemb. Col.
Oxon.

T. TRISTRAM.

T. O

TO DR. YOUNG.

On his *Last Day*, and *Universal Passion*.

AND must it be as thou hast sung,
Celestial Bard, seraphic YOUNG?

Will there no Trace, no Point be found
Of all this spacious glorious Round?

Yon Lamps of Light, must they decay?

On Nature's Self Destruction prey?

Then Fame, the most immortal Thing

Ev'n thou can'st hope, is on the Wing.

Shall NEWTON's System be admir'd,

When Time and Motion are expir'd?

Shall Souls be curious to explore

Who rul'd an Orb that is no more?

Or shall they quote the pictur'd Age,

From POPE's and Thy corrective Page,

When Vice and Virtue lose their Name

In deathless Joy, or endless Shame?

While wears away the grand Machine,

The Works of Genius shall be seen?

Beyond, what Laurels can there be,

For HOMER, HORACE, POPE, or THEE?

Thro'

To Dr. YOUNG.

Thro' Life we chase, with fond Pursuit,
What mocks our Hope, like *Sodom's* Fruit:
And sure, thy Plan was well design'd,
To cure this Madness of the Mind;
First, beyond Time our Thoughts to raise;
Then lash our Love of transient Praise.
In both, we own thy Doctrine just;
And Fame's a Breath, and Men are Dust.

J. BANCKS.

1736.



T H E

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK I.

*Ipse Pater media nimborum in nocte, corusca
Fulmina molitur Dextra; quo maxima motu
Terra tremit, fugere feræ, & mortalia corda
Per gentes, humilis stravit pavor.—— VIRG.*

WHILE others sing the Fortune of the Great;
Empire and Arms, and all the Pomp of State;
With *Britain's* Hero* fet their Souls on fire,
And grow immortal as his Deeds inspire;
I draw a deeper Scene: A Scene that yields
A louder Trumpet, and more dreadful Field;

* The Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

The World alarm'd, both Earth and Heav'n o'er-
thrown,

And gasping Nature's last tremendous Groan ;
Death's antient Sceptre broke, the teeming Tomb,
The Righteous Judge, and Man's Eternal Doom.

'TWIXT Joy and Pain I view the bold Design,
And ask my anxious Heart, if it be mine.

Whatever great or dreadful has been done,
Within the Sight of conscious Stars or Sun,
Is far beneath my Daring : I look down
On all the Splendors of the *British* Crown.

This Globe is for my Verse a narrow Bound ;

Attend me all ye glorious Worlds around !

O! all ye Angels, howfoe'er disjoin'd,

Of every various Order, Place, and Kind,

Hear and assist a feeble Mortal's Lays,

'Tis your *Eternal King* I strive to praise.

BUT chiefly Thou, Great Ruler! Lord of all!
Before whose Throne Archangels prostrate fall ;

If

If at thy Nod, from Discord, and from Night
 Sprang Beauty, and yon sparkling Worlds of Light,
 Exalt e'en me ; all inward Tumults quell ;
 The Clouds and Darkneſs of my Mind diſpel ;
 To my great Subject Thou my Breſt inſpire,
 And raiſe my labouring Soul with equal Fire.

MAN bear thy Brow aloft, view every Grace
 In God's great Offspring, beauteous Nature's Face:
 See Spring's gay Bloom ; ſee golden Autumn's Store;
 See how Earth ſmiles, and hear old Ocean roar.
 Leviathans but heave their cumb'rous Mail,
 It makes a Tide, and Wind-bound Navies fail.
 Here, Foreſts riſe, the Mountains awful Pride ;
 Here, Rivers meaſure Climes, and Worlds divide:
 There, Vallies fraught with Gold's reſplendent Seeds,
 Hold Kings, and Kingdoms Fortunes in their Beds:
 There, to the Skies, aſpiring Hills aſcend,
 And into diſtant Lands their Shades extend.
 View Cities, Armies, Fleets ; of Fleets the Pride,
 See *Europe's* Law, in *Albion's* Channel ride.

View

View the whole Earth's vast Landskip unconfin'd,
Or view in *Britain* all her Glories join'd.

THEN let the Firmament thy Wonder raise;
'Twill raise thy Wonder, but transcend thy Praise.
How far from East to West? The labouring Eye
Can scarce the distant azure Bounds descry:
Wide Theatre! where Tempests play at large,
And God's Right Hand can all its Wrath discharge.
Mark how those radiant Lamps inflame the Pole,
Call forth the Seasons, and the Year controul:
They shine thro' Time, with an unalter'd Ray:
See This grand Period rise, and That decay:
So vast, This World's a Grain; yet Myriads grace
With Golden Pomp the throng'd Ethereal Space;
So bright, with such a Wealth of Glory stor'd,
'Twere Sin in Heathens not to have ador'd.

How great, how firm, how sacred All appears!
How worthy an immortal Round of Years!
Yet all must drop, as Autumn's sickliest Grain,
And Earth and Firmament be sought in vain:

The

The Tract forgot where *Constellations* shone,
Or where the STUARTS fill'd an awful Throne;
Time shall be slain, all Nature be destroy'd,
Nor leave an Atom in the mighty Void.

SOONER, or later, in some future Date,
(A dreadful Secret in the Book of Fate!)
This Hour, for aught all human Wisdom knows,
Or when ten thousand Harvests more have rose;
When Scenes are chang'd on this revolving Earth,
Old Empires fall, and give new Empires Birth;
While other *Bourbons* rule in other Lands,
And (if Man's Sin forbids not) other ANNES:
While the still busy World is treading o'er
The Paths they trod five thousand Years before,
Thoughtless as those who *Now* Life's Mazes run,
Of Earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd Sun.

(YE Sublunary Worlds, awake, awake!
Ye Rulers of the Nations hear and shake!)
Thick Clouds of Darkness shall arise on Day;
In sudden Night all Earth's Dominions lay;

Impetuous Winds the scatter'd Forests rend ;
Eternal Mountains like their Cedars, bend ;
The Valleys yawn, the troubled Ocean roar,
And break the Bondage of his wonted Shore ;
A sanguine Stain the Silver Moon o'erspread ;
Darkness the Circle of the Sun invade ;
From inmost Heav'n incessant Thunders roll,
And the strong Echo bound from Pole to Pole.

WHEN lo! a might Trump, one half conceal'd
In Clouds, one half to mortal Eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful Note: The piercing Call,
Shall rattle in the Centre of the Ball ;
Th' extended Circuit of Creation shake,
The Living die with Fear, the Dead awake.

ON pow'rful Blast ! to which no equal Sound
Did e'er the frightened Ear of Nature wound,
Tho' rival Clarions have been strain'd on high,
And kindled Wars Immortal thro' the Sky,
Tho' God's whole Enginry discharg'd, and all
The Rebel Angels bellow'd in their Fall.

HAVE

HAVE Angels sinn'd? and shall not Man beware?
 How shall a Son of Earth decline the Snare?
 Not folded Arms, and Slackness of the Mind,
 Can promise for the Safety of Mankind:
 None are supinely Good: Thro' Care and Pain,
 And various Arts, the steep Ascent we gain.
 This is the Scene of Combat, not of Rest,
 Man's is laborious Happiness at best;
 On this Side Death his Dangers never cease,
 His Joys are Joys of Conquest, not of Peace.

If then, obsequious to the Will of Fate,
 And bending to the Terms of human State,
 When guilty Joys invite us to their Arms,
 When Beauty smiles, or Grandeur spreads her Charms,
 The conscious Soul would *This* great Scene display,
 Call down th' Immortal Hosts in dread Array,
 The *Trumpet* sound, the Christian Banner spread,
 And raise from silent Graves the trembling Dead;
 Such deep Impression would the Picture make,
 No Pow'r on Earth her firm Resolve could shake;

Engag'd with Angels she would greatly stand,
And look regardless down on Sea and Land;
Not proffer'd Worlds her Ardour could restrain,
And Death might shake his threatning Launce in vain;
Her certain Conquest would endear the Fight,
And Danger serve but to supply Delight.

INSTRUCTED thus to shun the fatal Spring,
Whence flow the Terrors of that *Day* I sing;
More boldly we our Labours may pursue,
And all the dreadful Image set to view.

THE sparkling Eye, the sleek and painted Breast,
The burnish'd Scale, curl'd Train, and rising Crest,
All that is lovely in the noxious Snake,
Provokes our Fear, and bids us fly the Brake:
The Sting once drawn, his guiltless Beauties rise
In pleasing Lustre, and detain our Eyes;
We view with Joy, what once did Horror move,
And strong Aversion softens into Love.

SAY

SAY then, my Muse, whom dismal Scenes delight,
Frequent at Tombs, and in the Realms of Night;
Say, melancholy Maid, if bold to dare
The last Extremes of Terror and Despair;
Oh say, what Change on Earth, what Heart in Man,
This blackest Moment since the World began.

AN mournful Turn! the blisful Earth who late
At Leisure on her Axle roll'd in State;
While thousand golden Planets knew no Rest,
Still onward in their circling Journey prest;
A grateful Change of Seasons some to bring,
And sweet Vicissitude of Fall and Spring:
Some thro' vast Oceans to conduct the Keel,
And some those watry Worlds to sink, or swell:
Around her some their Splendors to display,
And gild her Globe with tributary Day:
This World so great, of Joy the bright Abode,
Heav'n's darling Child, and Fav'rite of her God,
Now looks an Exile from her Father's Care,
Deliver'd o'er to Darkness and Despair.

No Sun in radiant Glory shines on high;
 No Light, but from the Terrors of the Sky
 Fall'n are her Mountains, her fam'd Rivers lost,
 And all into a second Chaos tost:
 One universal Ruin spreads abroad;
 Nothing is safe beneath the Throne of God.

SUCH, Earth, thy Fate: What then canst thou afford
 To comfort, and support thy guilty Lord?
 Man, haughty Lord of all beneath the Moon,
 How must he bend his Soul's Ambition down?
 Prostrate the Reptile own, and disavow
 His boasted Stature, and assuming Brow?
 Claim Kindred with the Clay, and curse his Form,
 That speaks Distinction from his Sister Worm?
 What dreadful Pangs the trembling Heart invade?
 Lord, why dost thou forsake, whom thou hast made?
 Who can sustain thy Anger? who can stand
 Beneath the Terrors of thy lifted Hand?
 It flies the Reach of Thought; Oh save me, Pow'r
 Of Pow'r's Supreme, in that tremendous Hour!

Thou

Thou, who beneath the Frown of Fate hast stood,
 And in thy dreadful Agony sweat Blood ;
 Thou, who for me thro' every throbbing Vein
 Hast felt the keenest Edge of mortal Pain ;
 Whom Death led Captive thro' the Realms below,
 And taught those horrid Mysteries of Woe ;
 Defend me, O my God ! Oh save me, Pow'r
 Of Pow'r's Supreme, in that tremendous Hour !

FROM East to West they fly, from Pole to Line,
 Imploring Shelter from the Wrath Divine ;
 Beg Flames to wrap, or whelming Seas to sweep,
 Or Rocks to yawn compassionately deep :
 Seas cast the Monster forth to meet his Doom,
 And Rocks but prison up for Wrath to come.

So fares a Traytor to an earthly Crown ;
 While Death sits threat'ning in his Prince's Frown,
 His Heart's dismay'd ; and now his Fears command
 To change his native for a distant Land :
 Swift Orders fly, the King's severe Decree
 Stands in the Channel, and locks up the Sea ;

The Port he seeks, obedient to her Lord,
Hurls back the Rebel to his lifted Sword.

BUT why this idle Toil to paint *That* Day?
This Time elaborately thrown away?
Words all in vain pant after the Distress,
The Height of Eloquence would make it less;
Heav'ns! e'en the good Man trembles—

AND is there a *Last Day*? and must there come
A Sure, a Fix'd, Inexorable Doom?
Ambition swell, and thy proud Sails to show,
Take all the Winds that *Vanity* can blow;
Wealth, on a golden Mountain blazing stand,
And reach an *India* forth in either Hand;
Spread all thy Purple Clusters, tempting *Vine*,
And Thou, more dreaded Foe, bright *Beauty* shine;
Shine All; in all your Charms together rise;
That all, in all your Charms, I may despise,
While I mount upward on a strong Desire,
Borne, like *Elijah*, in a Car of Fire.

IN hopes of Glory to be quite involv'd!
To smile at Death! to long to be dissolv'd!
From our Decays a Pleasure to receive!
And kindle into Transport at a Grave!
What equals This? And shall the Victor now
Boast the proud Laurels on his loaded Brow?
Religion! Oh thou Cherub, heavenly bright!
Oh Joys unmix'd, and fathomless Delight!
Thou, thou art All; nor find I in the whole
Creation aught, but God and my own Soul.

FOR ever then, my Soul, thy God adore,
Nor let the brute Creation praise him more.
Shall Things inanimate my Conduct blame,
And flush my conscious Cheek with spreading Shame?
They all for him pursue, or quit their End;
The mounting Flames their burning Pow'r suspend;
In solid Heaps th' unfrozen Billows stand,
To Rest and Silence aw'd by his Command:
Nay, the dire Monsters that infest the Flood,
By Nature dreadful, and a-thirst for Blood,

His

His Will can calm, their savage Tempers bind,
And turn to mild Protectors of Mankind.
Did not the Prophet this great Truth maintain
In the deep Chambers of the gloomy Main;
When Darkness round him all her Horrors spread,
And the Sea bellow'd o'er his sinking Head?

When now the Thunder roars, the Lightning flies,
And all the warring Winds tumultuous rise;
When now the foaming Surges tost on high,
Disclose the Sands beneath, and touch the Sky;
When Death draws near, the Mariners aghast,
Look back with Terror on their Actions past;
Their Courage sickens into deep Dismay,
Their Hearts thro' Fear and Anguish melt away,
Nor Tears, nor Pray'rs, the Tempest can appease;
Now they devote their Treasure to the Seas;
Unload their shatter'd Barque, tho' richly fraught,
And think the Hopes of Life are cheaply bought
With Gems and Gold; but oh, the Storm so high!
Nor Gems nor Gold the Hopes of Life can buy.

THE trembling Prophet then, themselves to save,
They headlong plunge into the briny Wave ;
Down he descends, and booming o'er his Head
The Billows close ; he's number'd with the Dead.
(Hear, O ye Just ! attend, ye Virtuous Few !
And the bright Paths of Piety pursue.)
Lo ! the great Ruler of the World from high
Looks smiling down with a propitious Eye,
Covers his Servant with his gracious Hand,
And bids tempestuous Nature silent stand ;
Commands the peaceful Waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a soft Embrace :
He bridles in the Monsters of the Deep,
The bridled Monsters awful Distance keep ;
Forget their Hunger, while they view their Prey ;
And guiltless gaze, and round the Stranger play.

BUT still arise new Wonders ; Nature's Lord
Sends forth into the Deep his pow'rful Word,
And calls the great Leviathan : The great
Leviathan attends in all his State ;

Exults

Exults for Joy, and with a mighty Bound
 Makes the Sea shake, and Heav'n and Earth resound;
 Blackens the Waters with the rising Sand,
 And drives vast Billows to the distant Land.

As yawns an Earthquake, when imprison'd Air
 Struggles for Vent, and lays the Centre bare,
 The Whale expands his Jaws enormous Size:
 The Prophet views the Cavern with Surprise;
 Measures his monstrous Teeth afar descry'd,
 And rolls his wondring Eyes from Side to Side:
 Then takes Possession of the spacious Seat,
 And fails secure within the dark Retreat;

Now is he pleas'd the Northern Blast to hear,
 And hangs on liquid Mountains void of Fear;
 Or falls immerst into the Depths below,
 Where the dead silent Waters never flow;
 To the Foundations of the Hills convey'd,
 Dwells in the shelving Mountains dreadful Shade:
 Where Plummēt never reach'd, he draws his Breath,
 And glides serenely thro' the Paths of Death.

Two wondrous Days and Nights thro' Coral
 Groves,
 Thro' Labyrinths of Rocks, and Sands he roves:
 When the third Morning with its level Rays
 The Mountains gilds, and on the Billows plays,
 It sees the King of Waters rise, and pour
 His sacred Guest un-injur'd on the Shore:
 A Type of that great Blessing, which the Muse
 In her next Labour ardently pursues.

THE

LAST DAY.

BOOK II.

— Εὐχαρίστησιν ἐκπύζονται ἐν σάου ἔσθῃ
 Αἰΐσαν ἀποχχομένων ὀπίσω δὲ Θεοὶ τελέθουσι.
 PHOCYL.

— *We hope, that the Departed will rise again from
 the Dust: After which, like the Gods, They will
 be Immortal.*

NOW Man awakes, and from his silent Bed,
 Where he has slept for Ages, lifts his Head;
 Shakes off the Slumber of ten thousand Years,
 And on the Borders of new Worlds appears.
 Whate'er the bold, the rash Adventure cost,
 In wide *Eternity* I dare be lost.
 The Muse is wont in narrow Bounds to sing,
 To teach the Swain, or celebrate the King.
 I grasp the Whole, no more to Parts confin'd,
 I lift my Voice, and sing to *Human Kind*:

I sing

I sing to Men and Angels ; Angels join,
While such the Theme, their sacred Songs with mine.

AGAIN the Trumpet's intermitted Sound
Rolls the wide Circuit of Creation round,
An universal Concourse to prepare
Of all that ever breath'd the vital Air ;
In some wide Field, which active Whirlwinds sweep,
Drive Cities, Forests, Mountains to the Deep,
To smoothe and lengthen out th' unbounded Space,
And spread an Area for all Human Race.

Now Monuments prove faithful to their Trust,
And render back their long committed Dust.
Now Charnels rattle ; scatter'd Limbs, and all
The various Bones obsequious to the Call,
Self-mov'd advance ; the Neck perhaps to meet
The distant Head, the distant Legs the Feet.
Dreadful to view, see through the dusky Sky
Fragments of Bodies in Confusion fly,
To distant Regions journeying, there to claim
Deserted Members, and compleat the Frame.

WHEN

WHEN the World bow'd to *Rome's* Almighty
Sword,

Rome bow'd to POMPEY, and confess'd her Lord.

Yet one Day lost, this Deity below

Became the Scorn and Pity of his Foe.

His Blood a Traitor's Sacrifice was made,

And smok'd indignant on a Ruffian's Blade.

No Trumpet's Sound, no gasping Army's Yell,

Bid with due Horror his great Soul farewell.

Obscure his Fall! all welt'ring in his Gore,

His Trunk was cast to perish on the Shore!

While JULIUS frown'd the bloody Monster dead,

Who brought the World in his great Rival's Head.

This sever'd Head and Trunk shall join once more,

Tho' Realms now rise between, and Oceans roar.

The Trumpet's Sound each vagrant Mote shall hear,

Or fix'd in Earth, or if afloat in Air,

Obeys the Signal wafted in the Wind,

And not one sleeping Atom lag behind.

So swarming Bees, that on a Summer's Day
In airy Rings, and wild Meanders play,

Charm'd

Charm'd with the brazen Sound, their Wandrings end,
And gently circling on a Bough descend.

THE Body thus renew'd, the conscious Soul,
Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the Pole,
Or midst the burning Planets wond'ring stray'd,
Or hover'd o'er, where her pale Corps was laid ;
Or rather coasted on her final State,
And fear'd, or wish'd for her appointed Fate :
This Soul returning with a constant Flame,
Now weds forever her immortal Frame.
Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,
The Springs maintain an everlasting Round.

THUS a frail Model of the Work design'd
First takes a Copy of the Builder's Mind,
Before the Structure firm with lasting Oak,
And marble Bowels of the solid Rock,
Turns the strong Arch, and bids the Columns rise,
And bear the lofty Palace to the Skies ;
The Wrongs of Time enabled to surpass,
With Bars of Adamant, and Ribs of Brass.

THAT antient, sacred, and illustrious * Dome,
Where soon or late fair *Albion's* Heroes come,
From Camps, and Courts, tho' great, and wise, and just,
To feed the Worm, and moulder into Dust ;
That solemn Mansion of the Royal Dead,
Where passing Slaves o'er sleeping Monarchs tread,
Now populous o'erflows : A numerous Race
Of rising Kings fill all th' extended Space :
A Life well spent, not the victorious Sword,
Awards the Crown, and stiles the Greater Lord.

NOR Monuments alone, and Burial-Earth,
Labours with Man to this his second Birth ;
But where gay Palaces in Pomp arise,
And gilded Theatres invade the Skies,
Nations shall wake, whose unsuspected Bones
Support the Pride of their luxurious Sons.
The most magnificent, and costly Dome,
Is but an upper Chamber to a Tomb.
No Spot, on Earth, but has supply'd a Grave,
And human Skulls the spacious Ocean pave.

* *Westminster-Abbey.*

All's

All's full of Man, and at this dreadful Turn,
The Swarm shall issue, and the Hive shall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like Manner rise:
Some lift with Pain their slow unwilling Eyes;
Shrink backward from the Terror of the Light,
And bless the Grave, and call for lasting Night.
Others, whose long-attempted Virtue stood
Fix'd as a Rock, and broke the rushing Flood,
Whose firm Resolve, nor Beauty could melt down,
Nor raging Tyrants from their Posture frown;
Such in this Day of Horrors shall be seen,
To face the Thunders with a Godlike Mien;
The Planets drop, their Thoughts are fix'd above;
The Centre shakes, their Hearts disdain to move:
An Earth dissolving, and a Heav'n thrown wide,
A yawning Gulph, and Fiends on every Side,
Serene they view, impatient of Delay,
And bless the Dawn of everlasting Day.

Oh wondrous Change! what unknown Objects rise,
Shake my Belief, and fill me with Surprise?

Here, *Greatness* prostrate falls, there, *Strength* gives
Place ;

Here, *Lazars* smile, there, *Beauty* hides her Face.
Christians, and *Jews*, and *Turks*, and *Pagans* stand,
A blended Throng, one undistinguish'd Band.
Some who perhaps by mutual Wounds expir'd,
With Zeal for their distinct Persuasions fir'd,
In mutual Friendship their long Slumber break,
And Hand in Hand their Saviour's Love partake.

But none are flush'd with brighter Joy, or warm
With juster Confidence enjoy the Storm,
Than those, whose pious Bounties unconfin'd
Have made them publick Fathers of Mankind.
In that illustrious Rank, what shining Light
With such distinguish'd Glory fills my Sight ?
Bend down, my grateful Muse, that Homage shew,
Which to such Worthies thou art proud to owe.
WICKHAM ! FOX ! CHICHELEY ! hail illustrious
* Names,

Who to far distant Times dispense your Beams ;

* *Founders of New-College, Corpus-Christi, and All-Souls in Oxford.*

Beneath.

Beneath your Shades, and near your Chrystal Springs,
I first presum'd to touch the trembling Strings.
All hail thrice-honour'd! 'Twas your great Renown
To bless a People, and oblige a Crown.
When other Records Length of Years shall blast,
In your adopted Sons your Fame shall last,
And make those Kings to latest Ages known,
Those happy Monarchs, under whom you shone:
A Moment shone, illustriously bright,
Then left the mourning World, and set in Night;
But now you rise eternally to shine,
Eternally to drink the Rays divine.

INDULGENT God! Oh how shall Mortal raise
His Soul to due Returns of grateful Praise,
For Bounty so profuse to Human Kind,
Thy wondrous Gift of an Eternal Mind?
Shall I, who some few Years ago was less
Than Worm, or Mite, or Shadow can express,
Was nothing; shall I live, when ev'ry Fire
Of ev'ry Star shall languish or expire?

When

When Earth's no more, shall I survive above,
And through the radiant Files of Angels move
Or, as before the Throne of God I stand,
See new Worlds rolling from his spacious Hand,
Where our Adventures shall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how MICHAEL fung or fought
All that has Being in full Concert join,
And celebrate the Depths of *Love Divine!*

BUT oh! before this blisful State, before
Th' aspiring Soul this wondrous Height can soar,
The Judge descending, thunders from afar,
And all Mankind is summon'd to the Bar.

THIS mighty Scene I next presume to draw:
Attend, Great ANNA, with religious Awe.
Expect not here the known successful Arts
To win Attention, and command our Hearts:
Fiction be far away, let no Machine
Descending here, no fabled God be seen;
Behold the Gop of *Gods* indeed descend,
And Worlds unnumber'd his Approach attend.

Lo!

Lo! the wide Theatre, whose ample Space
Must entertain the whole of human Race,
At Heav'n's All-pow'rful Edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal Guard.
Tribes, Provinces, Dominions, Worlds o'erflow
The mighty Plain, and deluge all below:
And every Age, and Nation pours along;
NIMROD and BOURBON mingle in the Throng:
ADAM salutes his youngest Son; no Sign
Of all those Ages, which their Births disjoin.

How empty Learning, and how vain is Art,
But as it mends the Life, and guides the Heart?
What Volumes have been swell'd, what Time been
 spent,
To fix a Hero's Birth-Day or Descent?
What Joy must it now yield, what Rapture raise,
To see the glorious Race of antient Days?
To greet those Worthies, who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on Record before the Flood?
Alas! a nearer Care your Soul demands,
CÆSAR un-noted in your Presence stands.

How vast the Concourse, not in Number more
The Waves that break on the resounding Shore,
The Leaves that tremble in the shady Grove,
The Lamps that gild the spangled Vaults above.
Those overwhelming Armies, whose Command
Said to one Empire, *Fall*; another, *Stand*:
Whose Rear lay wrapt in Night, while breaking Dawn
Rous'd the broad Front, and call'd the Battle on:
Great XERXES' World in Arms, proud Cannæ's Field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield,
(Another Blow had broke the Fates Decree,
And Earth had wanted her fourth Monarchy)
Immortal *Blenheim*, fam'd *Ramillia's* Host,
They All are here, and here they All are lost:
Their Millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
Lost as a Billow in th' unbounded Main.

THIS echoing Voice now rends the yielding Air,
For Judgment, Judgment, Sons of Men, prepare!
Earth shakes anew, I hear her Groans profound,
And Hell through all her trembling Realms resound.

WHOF'ER

WHOE'ER Thou art, Thou greatest Pow'r of Earth,
Blest with most equal Planets at thy Birth;
Whose Valour drew the most successful Sword,
Most Realms united in one common Lord;
Who on the Day of Triumph saidst, Be thine
The Skies, JEHOVAH, all this World is mine:
Dare not to lift thine Eye.—Alas! my Muse,
How art thou lost? what Numbers canst thou chuse?

A sudden Blush inflames the waving Sky,
And now the Crimson Curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all Height,
Where Heav'n's great Sovereign reigns in Worlds of
Light,
Whence Nature he informs, and with one Ray
Shot from his Eye, does all her Works survey,
Creates, supports, confounds! Where Time, and Place,
Matter, and Form, and Fortune, Life and Grace,
Wait humbly at the Footstool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful Nod;
Whence he beholds us vagrant Emmets crawl
At random on this Air-suspended Ball,

(Speck

(Speck of Creation) if he pour one Breath,
The Bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal Death.

THENCE issuing I behold (but mortal Sight
Sustains not such a rushing Sea of Light!)
I see on an empyreal flying Throne
Awfully rais'd Heav'n's everlasting SON;
Crown'd with that Majesty, which form'd the World,
And the Grand Rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, Dominion, Praise, Omnipotence,
Support the Train of their triumphant Prince.
A Zone, beyond the Thought of Angels bright,
Around him like the Zodiac winds its Light,
Night shades the solemn Arches of his Brows,
And in his Cheek the purple Morning glows.
Where'er serene he turns propitious Eyes,
Or we expect, or find a Paradise:
But if Resentment reddens their mild Beams,
The *Eden* kindles, and the World's in Flames.
On one Hand, Knowledge shines in purest Light,
On one, the Sword of Justice fiercely bright.

Now

Now bend the Knee in Sport, present the Reed;
Now tell the scourg'd Impostor he shall bleed!

BUT oh! you Sons of Men, exalt your Voice,
And bid the Soul through all her Pow'rs rejoice:
Mercy, his Darling, in his Bosom found,
Scatters ambrosial Odours all around;
Unbends his Brow, and mitigates his Frown,
And sooths his Rage, and melts his Thunders down.
My Thoughts are chang'd; now Man exalt thine Eye,
In thy dread Judge thy dear Redeemer spy:
Ev'n JUDAS struggles his Despair to quell;
Hope almost blossoms in the Shades of Hell.

Thus glorious through the Courts of Heav'n, the
Source

Of Life and Death Eternal bends his Course;
Loud Thunders round him roll, and Lightnings play;
Th' Angelick Host is rang'd in bright Array:
Some touch the String, some strike the sounding Shell,
And mingling Voices with rich Concert swell;

Voices

Voices Seraphick ; blest with such a Strain,
Cou'd *Satan* hear, he were a God again ;
All Heav'n shines forth, in all her Pomp compleat,
For God, himself, magnificently Great.

TRIUMPHANT King of GLORY ! Soul of Bliss !
What a stupendious Turn of Fate is this ?
Or whither art thou rais'd above the Scorn,
And Indigence of him, in *Bethlem* born ;
A needy, helpless, unaccounted Guest,
And but a Second to the fodder'd Beast ?
How chang'd from him, who meekly prostrate laid,
Vouchsaf'd to wash the Feet himself had made ?
From him, who was betray'd, forsook, deny'd,
Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd,
and dy'd ;

Hung pierc'd and bare, insulted by the Foe,
All Heav'n in Tears above, Earth unconcern'd below ?

AND was't enough to bid the Sun retire ?
Why did not Nature at thy Groan expire ?

I see,

I see, I hear, I feel the Pangs Divine,
The World is vanish'd,——I am wholly thine.

MISTAKEN CAIAPHAS! Ah! which blasphem'd,
Thou or thy Pris'ner? which shall be condemn'd?
Well might'st thou rend thy Garments, well exclaim;
Deep are the Horrors of eternal Flame!
But God is good! 'Tis wondrous all! Ev'n He
Thou gav'st to Death, Shame, Torture, dy'd for Thee.

Now the descending Triumph stops its Flight
From Earth full twice a Planetary Height.
There all the Clouds condens'd, two Columns raise
Distinct with Orient Veins, and Golden Blaze.
One fix'd on Earth, and one in Sea, and round
Its ample Foot the swelling Billows found.
These an immeasurable Arch support,
The Grand Tribunal of this awful Court.
Sheets of bright Azure, from the purest Sky
Stream from the Chrystal Arch, and round the Co-
lumns fly.

Death

Death wrapt in Chains low at the Basis lies,
And on the Point of his own Arrow dies.

HERE high enthron'd th' Eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the Grandeur of his Godhead grac'd ;
Stars on his Robes in beauteous Order meet,
And the Sun burns beneath his dreadful Feet.

Now an Archangel eminently bright,
From off his Silver Staff of wondrous Height,
Unfurls the *Christian* Flag, which waving flies,
And shuts and opens more than half the Skies :
The Cross so strong a Red, it sheds a Stain,
Where'er it floats, on Earth, in Air, or Main ;
Flushes the Hill, and sets on Fire the Wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd Ocean into Blood.

Oh formidable GLORY ! dreadful Bright !
Refulgent Torture to the guilty Sight.
Ah turn, unwary Muse, nor dare reveal
What horrid Thoughts with the Polluted dwell.

Say

Say not (to make the *Sun* shrink in his Beam)
 Dare not affirm, they wish it all a Dream;
 Wish, or their Souls may with their Limbs decay,
 Or God be spoil'd of his eternal Sway.
 But rather, if thou know'st the Means, unfold
 How they with Transport may the Scene behold.

Ah how! but by Repentance, by a Mind
 Quick, and severe its own Offence to find?
 By Tears, and Groans, and never-ceasing Care,
 And all the pious Violence of Pray'r?
 Thus then with Fervency till now unknown,
 I cast my Heart before th' Eternal Throne,
 In this great Temple, which the Skies surround
 For Homage to its Lord, a narrow Bound.

“ O thou! whose Balance does the Mountains weigh,
 “ Whose Will the wild tumultuous Seas obey,
 “ Whose Breath can turn those watry Worlds to Flame,
 “ That Flame to Tempest, and that Tempest tame;
 “ Earth's meanest Son, with Trembling, prostrate falls,
 “ And on the Plenty of thy Goodness calls.

“ Ah!

“ Ah! give the Winds all past Offence to sweep,
“ To scatter wide, or bury in the the Deep :
“ Thy Pow’r, my Weakness may I ever see,
“ And wholly dedicate my Soul to Thee.
“ Reign o’er my Will ; my Passions ebb and flow
“ At thy Command, nor human Motive know !
“ If Anger boil, let Anger be my Praise,
“ And Sin the graceful Indignation raise.
“ My Love be warm to succour the Distress’d,
“ And lift the Burden from the Soul oppress’d.

“ Oh may my Understanding ever read
“ This glorious Volume, which thy Wisdom made !
“ Who decks the maiden Spring with flowry Pride ?
“ Who calls forth Summer, like a sparkling Bride ?
“ Who joys the Mother-Autumn’s Bed to crown ?
“ And bids old Winter lay her Honours down ?
“ Not the Great OTTOMAN, or Greater CZAR,
“ Not *Europe’s* Arbitress of Peace and War.
“ May Sea and Land, and Earth and Heav’n be
“ join’d,
“ To bring th’ eternal Author to my Mind !

“ When

“ When Oceans roar, or awful Thunders roll, ”

“ May Thoughts of Thy dread Vengeance shake my
Soul ;

“ When Earth’s in Bloom, or Planets proudly shine,

“ Adore, my Heart, the MAJESTY *Divine*. ”

“ THRO’ every Scene of Life, or Peace, or War,

“ Plenty, or Want, thy Glory be my Care ! ”

“ Shine we in Arms ? or sing beneath our Vine ? ”

“ Thine is the Vintage, and the Conquest Thine : ”

“ Thy Pleasure points the Shaft, and bends the Bow ;

“ The Cluſter blaſts, or bids it richly flow : ”

“ ’Tis Thou that lead’ſt our pow’rful Armies forth,

“ And giv’ſt Great ANNE Thy Sceptre o’er the North.

“ GRANT I may ever at the *Morning-Ray* ”

“ Open with Pray’r the consecrated Day ; ”

“ Tune thy great Praise, and bid my Soul arise,

“ And with the mounting Sun ascend the Skies :

“ As that advances, let my Zeal improve, ”

“ And glow with Ardour of consummate Love ; ”

D “ No

“ Nor cease at Eve, but with the *Setting Sun*

“ My endless Worship shall be still begun.

“ AND oh! permit the Gloom of solemn Night

“ To sacred Thought may forcibly invite,

“ When this World’s shut, and awful Planets rise,

“ Call on our Minds, and raise them to the Skies ;

“ Compose our Souls with a less dazzling Sight,

“ And shew all Nature in a milder Light ;

“ How every boistrous Thought in Calms subsides !

“ How the smooth’d Spirit into Goodness glides !

“ O how divine! to tread the milky Way,

“ To the bright Palace of the Lord of Day ;

“ His Court admire, or for his Favour sue,

“ Or Leagues of Friendship with his Saints renew ;

“ Pleas’d to look down, and see the *World* asleep,

“ While I long Vigils to its *Founder* keep!

“ CANST thou not shake the Centre? Oh controul;

“ Subdue by Force the Rebel in my Soul :

“ Thou, who canst still the Raging of the Flood,

“ Restrain the various Tumults of my Blood ;

“ Teach

- “ Teach me with equal Firmness to sustain
 “ Alluring Pleasure, and assauling Pain.
 “ O may I pant for thee in each Desire!
 “ And with strong Faith foment the holy Fire!
 “ Stretch out my Soul in Hope, and grasp the Prize,
 “ Which in *Eternity*’s deep Bosom lies!
 “ At the *Great Day* of Recompence behold,
 “ Devoid of Fear, the *fatal Book* unfold!
 “ Then wafted upward to the blissful Seat,
 “ From Age to Age my grateful Song repeat ;
 “ My Light, my Life, my God, my *Saviour* see,
 “ And rival Angels in the Praise of **THEE**.

THE
LAST DAY.

BOOK III.

*Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur affore tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cæli
Ardeat, & mundi moles operosa laboret.*

OID MET.

THE Book unfolding, the resplendent Seat
Of Saints and Angels, the tremendous Fate
Of guilty Souls, the gloomy Realms of Woe,
And all the Horrors of the World below,
I next presume to sing: What yet remains
Demands my last, but most exalted Strains.
And let the *Muse* or now affect the Sky,
Or in inglorious Shades for ever lie.
She kindles, she's inflam'd so near the Goal;
She mounts, she gains upon the starry Pole;
The World grows less as she pursues her Flight,
And the Sun darkens to her distant Sight.

Heav'n

Hean'n opening all its sacred Pomp displays,
And overwhelms her with the rushing Blaze!
The Triumph rings! Archangels shout around!
And echoing Nature lengthens out the Sound!

TEN thousand Trumpets *now* at once advance;
Now deepest Silence lulls the vast Expanse:
So deep the Silence, and so strong the Blast,
As Nature dy'd, when she had groan'd her last.
Nor Man, nor Angel moves; the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his Glory fills the Sky:
Then on the fatal Book his Hand he lays,
When high to view supporting Seraphs raise;
In solemn Form the Rituals are prepar'd,
The Seal is broken, and a Groan is heard.
Not guilty Fear, not Fancy's Self can draw
A Meeting more august, of greater Awe.
And thou, my Soul, (oh fall to sudden Pray'r,
And let the Thought sink deep!) shalt thou be there?

SEE on the Left, (for by the great Command
The Throng divided falls on either Hand;)

How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene,
What more than Death in every Face and Mien?
With what Distress, and Glarings of Affright,
They shock the Heart, and turn away the Sight?
In gloomy Orbs their trembling Eye-balls roll,
And tell the horrid Secrets of the Soul.
Each Gesture mourns, each Look is black with Care,
And ev'ry Groan is loaden with Despair.
Reader, if guilty, spare the Muse, and find
A truer Image pictur'd in thy Mind.

SHOULD'ST thou behold thy Brother, Father, Wife,
And all the soft Companions of thy Life,
Whose blended Int'rests levell'd at one Aim,
Whose mix'd Desires sent up one common Flame,
Divided far; Thy wretched Self alone
Cast on the Left, of all whom thou hast known;
How wou'd it wound? what Millions would'st thou
give
For one more Trial, one Day more to live?
Flung back in Time an Hour, a Moment's Space,
To grasp with Eagerness the Means of Grace;
Contend

Contend for Mercy with a pious Rage,
And in that Moment to redeem an Age?
Drive back the Tide, suspend a Storm in Air,
Restrain the *Sun*; but still of this despair.

MARK on the Right, how amiable a Grace!
Their Maker's Image fresh in ev'ry Face!
What purple Bloom my ravish'd Soul admires,
And their Eyes sparkling with immortal Fires!
Triumphant Beauty! Charms that rise above
This World, and in blest Angels kindle Love!
To the Great Judge with holy Pride they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's Anger burn;
Its Flash sustain, against its Terror rise,
And on the dread Tribunal fix their Eyes.
Are these the Forms that moulder'd in the Dust?
Oh the transcendent Glory of the Just!
Yet still some thin Remains of Fear and Doubt,
Th' infected Brightness of their Joy pollute.

Thus the chaste Bridegroom, when the Priest draws
nigh,

Beholds his Blessing with a trembling Eye,

Feels doubtful Passions throb in every Vein,
 And in his Cheeks are mingled Joy and Pain,
 Left still some intervening Chance should rise,
 Leap forth at once, and snatch the glorious Prize,
 In flame his Woe, by bringing it so late,
 And stab him in the Crisis of his Fate.

SINCE ADAM'S Family, from first to last,
 Now into one distinct Survey is cast,
 Look round, vain-glorious Muse, and you whoe'er
 Devote yourselves to Fame, and think her fair,
 Look round, and view the Lights of human Race,
 Whose shining Acts Time's brightest Annals grace;
 Who founded Sects; Crowns conquer'd, or resign'd;
 Gave Names to Nations; or fam'd Empires join'd;
 Who rais'd the Vale, and laid the Mountain low;
 And taught obedient Rivers where to flow;
 Who with vast Fleets, as with a mighty Chain,
 Cou'd bind the Madness of the roaring Main:
 All lost? all undistinguish'd? no where found?
 How will this Truth in BOURBON'S Palace sound?

Round

Round gilded Roofs how heavy will it fly?
With what a Weight on Crowns and Sceptres lie?
E'en Great and Good AUGUSTUS is not seen,
Nor haughty *Babylon's* victorious QUEEN.

WHAT then is He, * who 'midst the radiant Bands
Of spotless Saints, and laurel'd Martyrs stands,
Conspicuous from afar? Whose Rays so bright
Solicit, and attract the ravish'd Sight?
In whom I see two distant Virtues join'd,
A Royal Greatness, and an humble Mind?
His lifted Hands his lofty Neck surround,
To hide the Scarlet of a circling Wound;
Th' Almighty Judge bends forward from his Throne,
These Scars to mark, and then regards his own.
Jerusalem's Foundations groan aloud,
And *Albion* sinks beneath her ambient Flood.

NOT far, methinks, I Kindred-Features trace
In a Majestick, tho' a Female Face,

* King CHARLES I.

Her

Her Comfort by ; around them smiling move
The beauteous Blossoms of their fruitful Love :
Known of their Parents, they their Parents know ;
Their Bosoms with a double Transport glow ;
Blest in themselves, but more than blest to find
All held most dear in equal Blessing join'd.
In ONE, superior Majesty appears,
Advanc'd in Beauty, as advanc'd in Years.
What melting Sweetness, what commanding Grace
Meet on his Brow like Victory and Peace ?
Oh ! to what fav'rite Part of Human-Kind
Was this so great, but dangerous Gift design'd ?
What Nation humbly cou'd enjoy his Reign ?
If lost, with Patience such a Loss sustain ?

AN say *Britannia*, whence this Vengeance flow'd ?
Hast thou not yet aton'd thy Martyr's Blood ?
EDWARDS and HENRYS still aloud resound ?
Nor are their Names in greater GLOSTER drown'd ;
Oh ! what a Godlike Race in him is lost ?
(What has his Death e'en future Ages cost ?

BUT

BUT us'd with Art, and rightly understood,
All Dispensations from above are good ;
And though with frightful Aspect they surprize,
Most Ills are only Blessings in Disguise.
Oh happy Issue ! to whom ne'er was known
The bright Temptations sparkling from a Throne ;
Great Parents ! who those bright Temptations knew,
Knowing engag'd, engaging overthrew.

NOW, just Reward ! celestial Crowns enclose
With deathless Glories your victorious Brows.
For see the Volume vast, since Time begun
Just Register of all beneath the Sun,
Is thrown full wide ; Peace Ocean ! Silence lull
The sounding Winds ! ye Spheres forbear to roll !
Hear, O Creation, thy Great Master speak !
Now first for guilty Man blest Angels shake.

THAT Hour, on which th' Almighty King on high
From all Eternity has fix'd his Eye,
Whether his Right Hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
Continu'd, alter'd, threaten'd, or destroy'd,

Southern

Southern or Eastern Sceptre downward hurl'd,
Gave North or West Dominion o'er the World ;
The Point of Time, for which the World was built,
For which the Blood of God himself was spilt,
That dreadful Moment is arriv'd.

A LOFT, the Seats of Bliss their Pomp display
Brighter than Brightness, the distinguish'd Day ;
Less glorious, when of old th' Eternal Son
From Realms of Night return'd with Trophies won ;
Thro' Heav'n's high Gates, when he triumphant rode,
And shouting Angels hail'd the Victor God.
Horrors, *beneath*, Darknefs in Darknefs, Hell
Of Hell, where Torments behind Torments dwell ;
A Furnace formidable, deep and wide,
O'er-boiling with a mad sulphureous Tide,
Expands its Jaws, most dreadful to survey,
And roars outrageous for the destin'd Prey.
The Sons of Light scarce unappal'd look down,
And nearer press Heav'n's Everlasting Throne.

SUCH

“ SUCH is the Scene, and one short Moment’s Space
Concludes the Hopes and Fears of Human Race.
Proceed who dares,—I tremble as I write ;
The whole Creation swims before my Sight :
I see, I see the Judge’s frowning Brow ;
Say not ’tis distant, I behold it *Now* ;
I faint, my tardy Blood forgets to flow,
My Soul recoils at the stupendous Woe ;
That Woe, those Pangs, which from the guilty Breast
In these, or Words like these, shall be express’d.

“ WHO burst the Barriers of my peaceful Grace?
“ Ah! cruel Death that wou’d no longer save,
“ But grudg’d me e’en that narrow dark Abode,
“ And cast me out into the Wrath of God ;
“ Where Shrieks, the roaring Flame, the rattling
Chain,
“ And all the dreadful Eloquence of Pain,
“ Our only Song ; black Fire’s malignant Light,
“ The sole Refreshment of the blasted Sight.

“ MUST

“ Must all those Pow’rs, Heav’n gave me to
supply

“ My Soul with Pleasure, and bring in my Joy,

“ Rise up in Arms against me, join the Foe,

“ *Sense, Reason, Memory*, increase my Woe?

“ And shall my Voice, ordain’d on Hymns to dwell,

“ Corrupt to Groans, and blow the Fires of Hell?

“ Oh! must I look with Terror on my Gain,

“ And with Existence only measure Pain?

“ What! no Reprieve, no least Indulgence giv’n,

“ No Beam of Hope from any Point of Heav’n!

“ Ah Mercy! Mercy! art thou dead above?

“ Is Love extinguish’d in the Source of Love?

“ BOLD that I am, did Heav’n stoop down to Hell?

“ Th’ expiring Lord of Life my Ransom seal?

“ Have I not been industrious to provoke?

“ From his Embraces obstinately broke?

“ Pursued, and panted for his mortal Hate,

“ Earn’d my Destruction, labour’d out my Fate?

“ And dare I on extinguish’d Love exclaim?

“ Take, take full Vengeance, rouse the slack’ning
Flame ;

“ Just

“ Just is my Lot—but oh! must it transcend
 “ The Reach of Time, despair a distant End?
 “ With dreadful Growth shoot forward, and arise,
 “ Where Thought can’t follow, and bold Fancy dies!

“ *NEVER!* where falls the Soul at that dread
 Sound?

“ Down an Abyfs how dark, and how profound?
 “ Down, down (I still am falling, horrid Pain!)
 “ Ten thousand thousand Fathoms still remain;
 “ My Plunge but still begun.—And this for Sin?
 “ Cou’d I offend, if I had never been,
 “ But still increas’d the senseless happy Mass,
 “ Flow’d in the Stream, or flourish’d in the Grass?

“ FATHER of Mercies! why from silent Earth
 “ Did’st thou awake, and curse me into Birth?
 “ Tear me from Quiet, ravish me from Night,
 “ And make a thankless Present of thy Light?
 “ Push into Being a Reverse of Thee,
 “ And animate a Clod with Misery?

THE

“ THE Beasts are happy, they come forth and keep
“ Short Watch on Earth, and then lay down to sleep.
“ Pain is for Man, and oh! how vast a Pain
“ For Crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in vain?
“ Stifled his Groans, as far as in them lay,
“ And flung his Agonies, and Death away?
“ As our dire Punishment for ever strong,
“ Our Constitution too for ever young,
“ Curs’d with Returns of Vigour, still the same,
“ Powerful to bear, and satisfy the Flame.
“ Still to be caught, and still to be pursu’d!
“ To perish still, and still to be renew’d!
“ AND this, *My Help! My God!* at thy Decree?
“ Nature is chang’d, and *Hell* should *succour* me.
“ And can’st thou then look down from perfect Bliss,
“ And see me plunging in the dark Abyss?
“ Calling thee Father, in a Sea of a Fire?
“ Or pouring Blasphemies at thy Desire?
“ With Mortals Anguish wilt thou raise *thy* Name,
“ And by my Pangs Omnipotence proclaim?

“ THOU

- “ THOU, who can’st tols the Planets to and fro,
 “ Contract not thy great Vengeance to my Woe;
 “ Crush Worlds; in hotter Flames fall’n Angels lay;
 “ On me Almighty Wrath is cast away.
 “ Call back thy Thunders, Lord, hold in thy Rage,
 “ Nor with a Speck of Wretchedness engage:
 “ Forget me quite, nor stoop a Worm to blame.
 “ But lose me in the Greatness of thy Name.
 “ Thou art all Love, all Mercy, all Divine,
 “ And shall I make those Glories cease to shine?
 “ Shall sinful Man grow great by his Offence,
 “ And from its Course turn back Omnipotence?

- “ FORBID it! and oh! grant, Great God, at least
 “ This one, this slender, almost no Request;
 “ When I have wept a thousand Lives away,
 “ When Torment is grown weary of its Prey,
 “ When I have rav’d ten thousand Years in Fire,
 “ Ten thousand Thousands, let me then expire.

DEEP Anguish! but too late; the hopeless Soul
 Bound to the Bottom of the burning Pool,

E

Though

Though loth, and every loud blaspheming owns
He's justly doom'd to pour eternal Groans;
Enclos'd with Horrors, and transfix'd with Pain,
Rolling in Vengeance, struggling with his Chain:
To talk to fiery Tempests, to implore
The raging Flame to give its Burnings o'er,
To tols, to writhe, to pant beneath his Load,
And bear the Weight of an offended God.

THE Favour'd of their Judge, in Triumph move
To take Possession of their Thrones above;
Satan's accurs'd Desertion to supply,
And fill the vacant Stations of the Sky;
Again to kindle long extinguish'd Rays,
And with new Lights dilate the heavenly Blaze;
To crop the Roses of Immortal Youth,
And drink the Fountain-Head of Sacred Truth;
To swim in Seas of Bliss, to strike the String,
And lift the Voice to their Almighty KING;
To lose Eternity in grateful Lays,
And fill Heav'n's wide Circumference with Praise.

BUT

BUT I attempt the wond'rous Height in vain,
And leave unfinish'd the too lofty Strain :
What boldly I begin, let others end ;
My Strength exhausted fainting I descend,
And chuse a less, but no ignoble Theme,
Diffolving Elements, and Worlds in Flame.

THE fatal Period, the great Hour is come,
And Nature shrinks at her approaching Doom ;
Loud Peals of Thunder give the Sign, and all
Heav'n's Terrors in Array surround the Ball ;
Sharp Lightnings with the Meteors Blaze conspire,
And darted downward set the World on fire ;
Black rising Clouds the thicken'd *Æther* choke,
And spiry Flames shoot thro' the rolling Smoke,
With keen Vibrations cut the fullen Night,
And strike the darken'd Sky with dreadful Light ;
From Heav'n's four Regions with immortal Force
Angels drive on the Wind's impetuous Course,
T'enrage the Flame ; it spreads, it soars on high,
Swells in the Storm, and billows through the Sky.

Here winding Pyramids of Fire ascend,
 Cities and Desarts in one Ruin blend;
 Here, blazing Volumes wafted overwhelm
 The spacious Face of a far distant Realm:
 There, undermin'd, down rush eternal Hills,
 The neighbouring Vales the vast Destruction fills.

HEAR'ST thou that dreadful Crack? that Sound,
 which broke

Like Peals of Thunder, and the Centre shook?
 What Wonders must that Groan of Nature tell?
Olympus there, and mightier *Atlas* fell;
 Which seem'd above the Reach of Fate to stand,
 A tow'ring Monument of God's Right Hand;
 Now Dust and Smoak, whose Brow so lately spread
 O'er shelter'd Countries its diffusive Shade.

HIGH midst the Clouds the boiling Ocean roars,
 And looks far down on his decreasing Shores;
Leviathans in plaintive Thunder cry,
 In distant, dismal Pants the long-liv'd Echoes die.

SHEW

SHEW me that celebrated Spot, where all
The various Rulers of the sever'd Ball
Have humbly fought Wealth, Honour, and Redress,
That Land which Heav'n seemed diligent to bless,
Once call'd *Britannia*: Can her Glories end?
And can't surrounding Seas her Realms defend?
Alas! in Flames behold surrounding Seas!
And all their Waters but augment the Blaze.

SOME Angel say, Where ran proud *Asia's* Bound,
Or where with Fruits was fair *Europa* crown'd?
Where stretch'd waste *Lybia*? where did *India's* Store
Sparkle in Diamonds, and her golden Oar?
Each lost in each, their mingling Kingdoms glow,
And all dissolv'd, one fiery Deluge flow:
Thus Earth's Contending Monarchies are join'd,
And a full Period of Ambition find.

AND now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of Sea, of Earth, or Skies;
All on whom ADAM's Wisdom fix'd a Name,
All plunge, and perish in the conquering Flame.

THIS Globe alone would but defraud the Fire,
 Starve its devouring Rage: The Flakes aspire,
 And catch the Clouds, and make the Heav'ns their
 Prey;
 The Sun, the Moon, the Stars all melt away,
 And leave a mighty Blank: Involv'd in Flame,
 The whole Creation sinks! the Glorious Frame,
 In which ten thousand Worlds in radiant Dance,
 Orb above Orb their wondrous Course advance,
 By that o'er-ruling Hand, which kindled all
 The Stars, and rounded in its Palm the Ball,
 Is crush'd and lost; no Monument, no Sign,
 Where once so proudly blaz'd the gay Machine.
 So Bubbles on the foaming Stream expire,
 So Sparks that scatter from the kindling Fire;
 The Devastations of one dreadful Hour,
 The Great Creator's Six Day's Work devour.

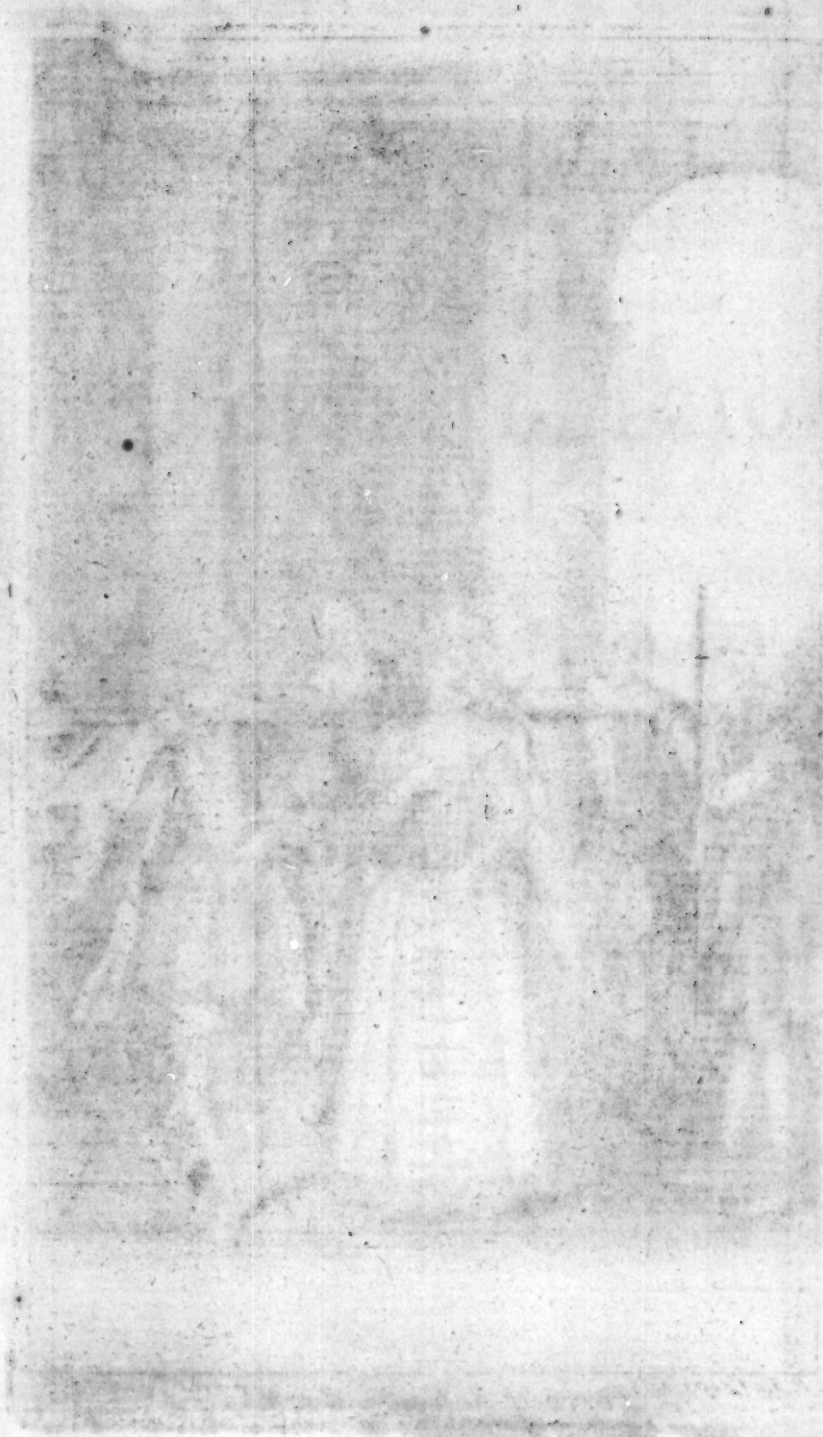
How rich that God who can such Charge defray,
 And bear to fling ten thousand Worlds away?
 Great Wealth! and yet (ye Nations hear!) one Soul
 Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole;

Exalted

Exalted in superior Excellence,
 Casts down to nothing, such a vast Expence.
 Have ye not seen th' Eternal Mountains nod,
 An Earth dissolving, a descending God?
 What strange Surprizes thro' all Nature ran
 For whom these Revolutions, but for Man?
 For him Omnipotence new Measures takes,
 For him through all Eternity awakes;
 Pours on him Gifts sufficient to supply
 Heav'n's Loss, and with fresh Glories fill the Sky.

THINK deeply then, O Man, how great thou art,
 Pay thy self Homage with a trembling Heart;
 What Angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
 Slighting thy self, affront not God's Respect.
 Enter the sacred Temple of thy Breast,
 And gaze, and wander there a ravish'd Guest;
 Gaze on those hidden Treasures, thou shalt find,
 Wander thro' all the Glories of thy Mind.
 Of perfect Knowledge, see, the dawning Light
 Fortels a Noon most exquisitely bright!

Here, Springs of endless Joy are breaking forth!
 There, buds the Promise of Celestial Worth!
 Worth, which must ripen in a happier Clime,
 And brighter *Sun*, beyond the Bounds of Time.
 Thou, Minor, canst not guess thy vast Estate,
 What Stores, on foreign Coasts, thy Landing wait.
 Lose not thy Claim, let Virtue's Paths be trod;
 Thus glad all Heav'n, and please that bounteous God,
 Who to light thee to Pleasures, hung on high
 Yon radiant Orb, proud Regent of the Sky:
 That Service done, its Beams shall fade away,
 And God shine forth in one *Eternal Day*.





P. La Vega del. *Force of Religion, Book I.* N. P. Gaulty Sc.

THE
FORCE of RELIGION:
OR,
VANQUISH'D LOVE.

A
P O E M.

In Two Books.

Gratior & pulchro veniens in Corpore Virtus. Virg.

THE THIRD EDITION.

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P. O. E. M.

IN TWO BOOKS.

CHAS. G. WOODS, in Concord, N. H.

THE THIRD EDITION.

TO THE
Countess of SALISBURY.

MADAM,

THE Nature of my Subject pointed out my Patroness, and scarce left me the Liberty of a Choice. I hope it may be some Excuse for my Presumption, that the following Story could not have been read without Thoughts of the Countess of *Salisbury*, though it had been dedicated to another.

VIRTUE and Beauty met in the youthful and and high-born Lady JANE GRAY, in a wonderful Perfection; and, as their Nature is, they mutually assisted each other. Her Beauty was more beautiful, because she was virtuous; nor am I afraid to say, on the other Hand, that her Religion itself admitted of Advantage, and receiv'd Prevalency, as well as Lustre, from the Elegance of her Mien, and the Gracefulness of her Person.

THOSE good Men rather wish well to Virtue, than understand her true Interest, who think too slightly of what is agreeable to Sight. As
long

DEDICATION.

long as we have Passions as well as Reason, we shall own the Force of outward Appearances: By the Misfortune of Humanity, our Hearts are naturally shut against that which is *only* Good; but when that which is Lovely joins with it, the latter makes Interest with our Senses for the Admission of the former, and the former calls in our Reason to embrace the latter; and thus is brought about a happy Union and Concurrence of the whole Person, so miserably divided usually, and at Variance with himself. We may fix our Eyes on a fair Example of Piety, to an utter Detestation of our Vices, and gaze ourselves into a Newness of Life.

HENCE arises a double Obligation on the Beautiful to be good; and to see the Charms of Mind and Person separated, becomes a too just Occasion of our Concern. To behold a Person *only* Virtuous, stirs in us a prudent Regret; to behold a Person *only* Amiable to the Sight, warms us with a religious Indignation; but to turn our Eyes on a Countess of *Salisbury*, gives us Pleasure and Improvement; it works a Sort of Miracle, occasions the Bias of our Nature to fall off from Sin, and makes our very *Senses* and *Affections* Converts to our Religion, and Promoters of our Duty.

THERE is not in Nature a more glorious Scene than he enjoys, who by Accident oversees a Great, and Young, and Beautiful Lady in her
Closset

DEDICATION.

Closet of Devotion. Instead of Gaiety, and Noise, and Throng, so natural to the Qualities just mentioned; all is solemn, and silent, and private. Pious Meditation has carried her away into a Forgetfulness of her lovely Person, which no one but herself can forget! All her exquisite Features are animated with Religion in such a Manner, as to make any licentious Thought in the Beholder impious and shocking! All her Motions and Postures, whose Gracefulness in others might be a Foundation for Pride, and be thought an Excuse for Omissions in Duty, are full of Humiliation, and pious Neglect! Those Eyes, which cannot be shewed in Publick without interrupting the Business of the World, fixing Thousands in Attention, and suspending the Pursuits of Avarice and Ambition, are devoutly raised, and importunately fastened on an Invisible Object; offering holy Violence *for those good Things*, the Thoughts of which in vulgar Minds, keep Company, for the most Part, with nothing but *Wrinkles, Grey-Hairs, and Infirmary!* What a radiant Glimpse of Heaven is this! All the divine and ravishing Appearances, which were formed of Angels and Saints in Glory, were at first suggested to the Minds of Man by such a Sight.

THEY who are acquainted with the Character of the Lady JANE, will not look on this as foreign; they that are not, but have the Honour,

DEDICATION.

Honour of knowing the Countess of Salisbury,
will make another sufficient Excuse for this
seeming Digression of,

MADAM,

Your most Obedient

And most Humble Servant,

1714.

EDWARD YOUNG.

THE
FORCE of RELIGION:

OR,

VANQUISH'D LOVE.

BOOK I.

— *Ad Cælum ardentia lumina tollens,
Lumina ; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.*

VIRG.

FROM lofty Themes, from Thoughts that
soar'd on high,
And open'd wond'rous Scenes above the Sky,
My Muse descend : Indulge my fond Desire,
With softer Thoughts my melting Soul inspire,
And smoothe my Numbers to a Female's Praise :
A partial World will listen to my Lays,
While ANNA reigns, and sets a Female Name
Unrival'd in the Glorious Lists of Fame.

HEAR

HEAR, ye fair Daughters of this happy Land,
 Whose radiant Eyes the vanquish'd World command,
 Who, round your Queen Majestick and Divine,
 Like Glories beaming from an Angel, shine,
Virtue is Beauty : But when Charms of Mind
 With Elegance of outward Form are join'd ;
 When Youth makes such bright Objects still more
 bright,

And Fortune sets them in the strongest Light ;
 'Tis all of Heav'n that we below may view,
 And all, but Adoration, is your Due.

FAM'D Female Virtue did this Isle adorn
 'Ere Ormond, or her Glorious QUEEN was born !
 When now Maria's pow'rful Arms prevail'd,
 And haughty DUDLEY's bold Ambition fail'd,
 The beauteous Daughter of great SUFFOLK's Race,
 In blooming Youth, adorn'd with ev'ry Grace ;
 Who gain'd a Crown by Treason not her own,
 And innocently fill'd Another's Throne ;
 Hurl'd from the Summit of Imperial State,
 With equal Mind sustain'd the Stroke of Fate.

BUT

BUT how will GUILFORD, her far dearer Part,
With manly Reason fortify his Heart?
At once she longs, and is afraid to *know* :
Now swift she moves, and now advances slow,
To find her Lord ; and finding, passes by
Silent with Fear, nor dares she meet his Eye :
Left that unask'd, in speechless Grief, disclose
The mournful Secret of his inward Woes.
Thus after Sickness, doubtful of her Face,
The melancholy Virgin shuns the Glass.

AT Length, with troubled Thought, but Look
 serene,
And Sorrow soften'd by her heav'nly Mien,
She clasps her Lord, brave, beautiful, and young ;
While tender Accents melt upon her Tongue ;
Gentle, and sweet, as vernal *Zephyr* blows,
Fanning the Lilly, or the blooming Rose.

“ Grieve not, my Lord, a Crown indeed is lost ;
“ What far out-shines a Crown, we still may boast ;

F

“ A Mind

“ A Mind compos’d ; a Mind that can disdain
“ A fruitless Sorrow for a Loss so vain,
“ Nothing is Loss that Virtue can improve
“ To Wealth eternal, and Return above ;
“ Above, where no Distinction shall be known
“ ’Twixt him whom Storms have shaken from a
“ Throne,
“ And him, who basking in the Smiles of Fate,
“ Shone forth in all the Splendor of the Great ;
“ Nor can I find the Diff’rence here below ;
“ I lately was a Queen, I still am so,
“ While GUILFORD’S Wife : Thee rather I obey,
“ Than o’er Mankind extend Imperial Sway.
“ When we lie down in some obscure Retreat,
“ Incens’d MARIA may her Rage forget ;
“ And I to Death my Duty will improve,
“ And what you miss in Empire, add in Love—
“ Your Godlike Soul is open’d in your Look,
“ And I have faintly your great Meaning spoke.
“ For this alone I’m pleas’d I wore the Crown,
“ To find with what Content we lay it down.

“ Heroes

“ Heroes may win, but 'tis a heav'nly Race

“ Can quit a Throne with a becoming Grace.

THUS spoke the fairest of her Sex, and cheer'd
Her drooping Lord, whose boding Bosom fear'd
A darker Cloud of Ills would burst, and shed
Severer Vengeance on her guiltless Head;
Too just alas the Terrors which he felt!
For lo a Guard!——Forgive him if he melt——
How sharp her Pangs, when sever'd from his Side,
The most sincerely lov'd, and loving Bride
In Space confin'd, the Muse forbears to tell,
Deep was her Anguish, but she bore it well.
His Pain was equal, but his Virtue less,
He thought in Grief there could be no Excess.
Pensive he sat, o'ercast with gloomy Care,
And often fondly clasp'd his absent Fair;
Now silent, wander'd through his Rooms of State,
And sicken'd at the Pomp, and tax'd his Fate;
Which thus adorn'd in all her shining Store,
A splendid Wretch, magnificently poor.

Now on the Bridal-Bed his Eyes were cast,
And Anguish fed on his Enjoyments past ;
Each recollected Pleasure made him smart,
And ev'ry Transport stabb'd him to the Heart.

THAT happy Moon, which summon'd to Delight,
That Moon which shone on his dear nuptial Night,
Which saw him fold her yet untasted Charms
(Deny'd to Princes) in her longing Arms ;
Now sees the transient Blessing fleet away,
Empire and Love ! the Vision of a Day.

THUS in the *British* Clime a Summer-Storm
Will oft' the smiling Face of Heav'n deform ;
The Winds with Violence at once descend,
Sweep Flow'rs and Fruits, and make the Forest bend ;
A sudden Winter, while the Sun is near,
O'ercomes the Season, and inverts the Year.

BUT whither is the Captive borne away,
The-beauteous Captive, from the chearful Day?

The

The Scene is chang'd indeed; before her Eyes
Ill-boding Looks, and unknown Horrors rise:
For Pomp and Splendor, for her Guard and Crown,
A gloomy Dungeon and a Keeper's Frown;
Black Thoughts, each Morn, invade the *Lover's* Breast,
Each Night, a Ruffian locks the *Queen* to Rest.

AH mournful Change, if judg'd by vulgar Minds!
But SUFFOLK's Daughter its Advantage finds.
Religion's Force Divine is best display'd
In a Desertion of all Human Aid:
To succour in Extremes is her Delight,
And cheer the Heart, when Terror strikes the Sight.
We, disbelieving our own Senses, gaze,
And wonder what a Mortal's Heart can raise
To triumph o'er Misfortunes, smile in Grief,
And comfort those who come to bring Relief:
We gaze; and as we gaze, Wealth, Fame, decay,
And all the World's vain Glories fade away.

AGAINST her Cares she rais'd a dauntless Mind,
And with an ardent Heart, but most resign'd,

Deep in the dreadful Gloom, with pious Heat,
Amid the Silence of her dark Retreat,
Address her God—"Almighty Pow'r Divine!
" 'Tis Thine to raise, and to depress is Thine;
" With Honour to light up the Name unknown,
" Or to put out the Lustre of a Throne.
" In my short Span both Fortunes I have prov'd,
" Nor hope the Prisoner less than QUEEN belov'd;
" I bear it all (O strengthen me to bear!)
" And if my Piety may claim thy Care;
" If I remember'd in Youth's giddy Heat,
" And Tumult of a Court, a future State;
" O favour! when thy Mercy I implore
" For one who never guilty Sceptre bore!
" 'Twas I receiv'd the Crown; my Lord is free;
" If it must fall, let Vengeance fall on me.
" Let him survive, his Country's Name to raise,
" And in a guilty Land to speak Thy Praise!
" O may th' Indulgence of a Father's Love,
" Pour'd forth on me be doubl'd from above!
" If these are safe, I'll think my Pray'rs succeed,
" And bless thy tender Mercies whilst I bleed.

'T WAS

'Twas now the mournful Eve before that Day
In which the Queen to her full Wrath gave Way;
Thro' rigid Justice rush'd into Offence,
And drank in Zeal the Blood of Innocence.
The Sun went down in Clouds, and seem'd to mourn
The sad Necessity of his Return:
The hollow Wind, and melancholy Rain,
Or did, or was imagin'd to complain.
The Tapers cast an inauspicious Light;
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the Night.

SWEET Innocence in Chains can take her Rest,
Soft Slumber gently creeping thro' her Breast,
She sinks; and in her Sleep is re-inthron'd,
Mock'd by a gaudy Dream, and vainly crown'd.
She views her Fleets and Armies, Seas and Land,
And stretches wide her Shadow of Command:
With Royal Purple is her Vision hung;
By Fantom Hosts are Shouts of Conquest rung;
Low at her Feet the suppliant Rival lies;
Our Captive mourns her Fate, and bids her rise.

Now level Beams upon the Waters play'd,
Glanc'd on the Hills, and Westward cast the Shade.
The busy Trades in Cities had began
To sound, and speak the painful Life of Man.
In Tyrants Breasts the Thoughts of Vengeance
rouze,

And the fond Bridegroom turns him to his Spouse.
At this first Birth of Light, while Morning breaks,
Our Spouseless Bride, our Widow'd Wife awakes;
Awakes, and smiles; nor Night's Imposture blames;
Her real Pomps were little more than Dreams;
A short-liv'd Blaze, a Light'ning quickly o'er,
That dy'd in Birth, that shone, and were no more:
She turns her Side, and soon resumes a State
Of Mind, well suited to her alter'd Fate,
Serene, tho' serious; when dread Tidings come
(Ah wretched GUILFORD!) of her instant Doom.
Sun, hide thy Beams; in Clouds as black as Night
Thy Face involve; be guiltless of the Sight;
Or haste more swiftly to the Western Main;
Nor let her Blood the conscious Day-light stain.

O H

OH how severe! to fall so new a Bride,
Yet blushing from the Priest, in youthful Pride ;
When Time had just matur'd each perfect Grace,
And open'd all the Wonders of her Face!
To leave her GUILFORD dead to all Relief,
Fond of his Woe, and obstinate in Grief.
Unhappy Fair ! whatever Fancy drew,
(Vain promis'd Blessings!) vanish from her View ;
No Train of chearful Days, endearing Nights,
No sweet domestick Joys, and chaste Delights ;
Pleasures that blossom ev'n from Doubts, and Fears ;
And Blifs, and Rapture rising out of Cares :
No little GUILFORD, with paternal Grace,
Lull'd on her Knee, or smiling in her Face ;
Who, when her dearest Father shall return,
From pouring Tears on her untimely Urn,
Might Comfort to his Silver Hairs impart,
And fill her Place in his indulgent Heart :
As where Fruits fall, quick rising Blossoms smile,
And the blest'd *Indian* of his Care beguile.

IN vain these various Reasons jointly press,
To blacken Death, and heighten her Distress ;
She thro' th' encircling Terrors darts her Sight,
To the blest'd Regions of eternal Light,
And fills her Soul with Peace : To weeping Friends
Her Father and her Lord she recommends ;
Unmov'd her Self : Her Foes her Air survey,
And rage to see their Malice thrown away.
She soars ; now naught on Earth detains her Care—
But GUILFORD ; who still struggles for his Share.
Still will his Form importunately rise,
Clog, and retard her Transport to the Skies ;
As trembling Flames now take a feeble Flight,
Now catch the Brand with a returning Light.
Thus her Soul onward, for the Seats above,
Falls fondly back, and kindles into Love :
At length she conquers in the doubtful Field ;
That Heav'n she seeks will be her GUILFORD'S
Shield.

Now Death is welcome ; his Approach is slow ;
'Tis tedious longer to expect the Blow.

OH!

OH! Mortals, short of Sight, who think the past
O'erblown Misfortune, still shall prove the last:
Alas! Misfortunes travel in a Train,
And oft in Life form one perpetual Chain;
Fear buries Fear, and Ills on Ills attend,
'Till Life and Sorrow meet one common End.

SHE thinks that she has naught but Death to fear,
And Death is conquer'd. Worse than Death is near:
Her rigid Trials are not yet complete,
The News arrives of her great Father's Fate:
She sees his hoary Head all white with Age,
A Victim to th' offended Monarch's Rage.
How great the Mercy, had she breath'd her last,
'Ere the dire Sentence on her Father past.

A FONDER Parent Nature never knew,
And as his Age increas'd, his Fondness grew.
A Parent's Love ne'er better was bestow'd,
The pious Daughter in her Heart o'erflow'd.
And can she from all Weakness still refrain?
And still the Firmness of her Soul maintain?

Impossible! a Sigh will force its Way;
One patient Tear her mortal Birth betray;
She sighs and weeps, but so she weeps and sighs,
As silent Dews descend, and Vapours rise,

CELESTIAL Patience! How dost thou defeat
The Foe's proud Menace, and elude his Hate?
While Passion takes his Part, betrays our Peace;
To Death and Torture swells each slight Disgrace;
By not opposing, Thou dost Ills destroy,
And wear thy conquer'd Sorrows into Joy.

Now she revolves within her anxious Mind,
What Woe still lingers in Reserve behind.
Griefs rise on Griefs, and she can see no Bound,
While Nature lasts, and can receive a Wound.
The Sword is drawn; the Queen to Rage inclin'd,
By Mercy, nor by Piety confin'd.
What Mercy can the Zealot's Heart assuage,
Whose Piety itself converts to Rage?
She thought, and sigh'd. And now the Blood began
To leave her beauteous Cheek all cold and wan.

New Sorrow dimm'd the Lustre of her Eye,
And on her Cheek the fading Roses die.

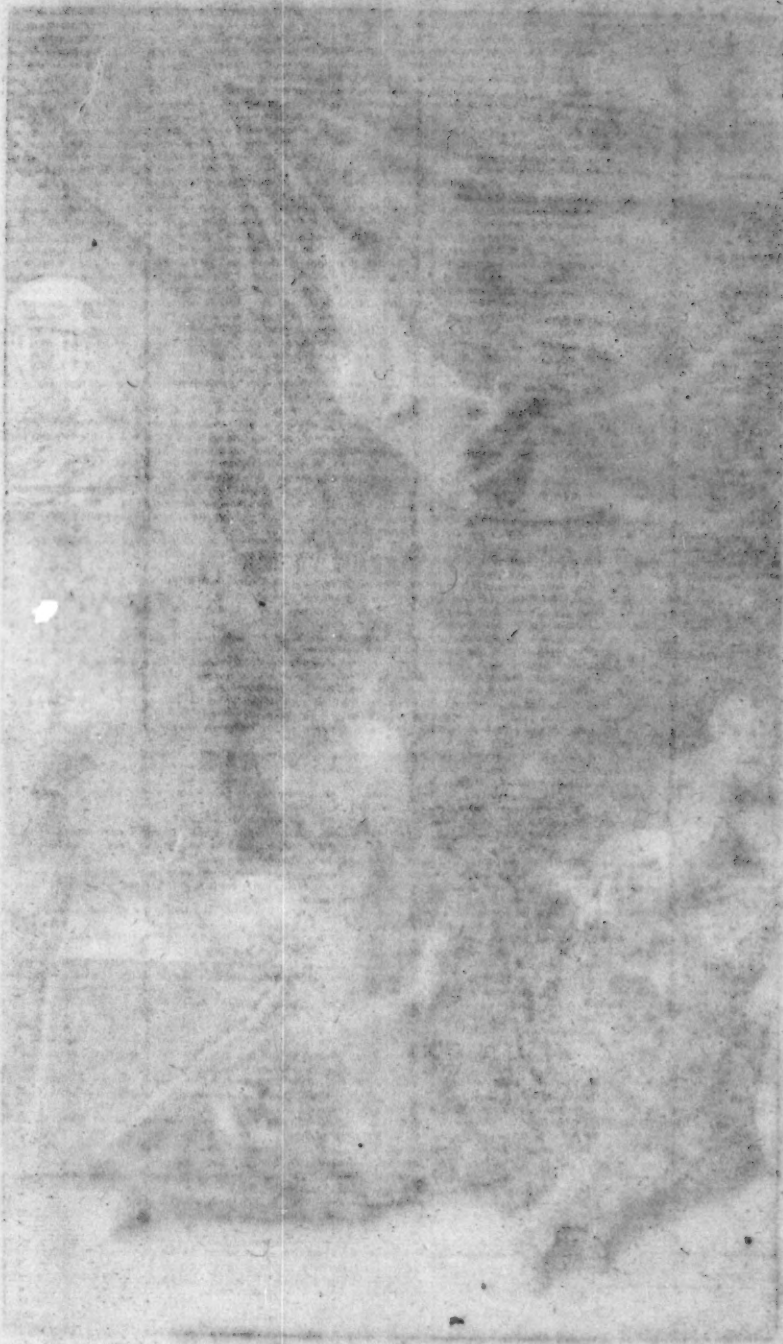
Alas! should GUILFORD too——When now she's
brought

To that dire View, that Precipice of Thought ;
While there she trembling stands, nor dares look down,
Nor can recede, 'till Heav'n's Decrees are known,
Cure of all Ills, till now, her Lord appears,
But not to chear her Heart, and dry her Tears :
Not now, as usual, like the rising Day,
To chase the Shadows, and the Damps away :
But, like a gloomy Storm, at once to sweep
And plunge her to the Bottom of the Deep.
Black were his Robes, dejected was his Air,
His Voice was frozen by his cold Despair ;
Slow, like a Ghost, he mov'd with solemn Pace ;
A dying Paleness fate upon his Face.
Back she recoil'd, she smote her lovely Breast,
Her Eyes the Anguish of her Heart confess'd ;
Struck to the Soul, she stagger'd with the Wound,
And sunk a breathless Image to the Ground.

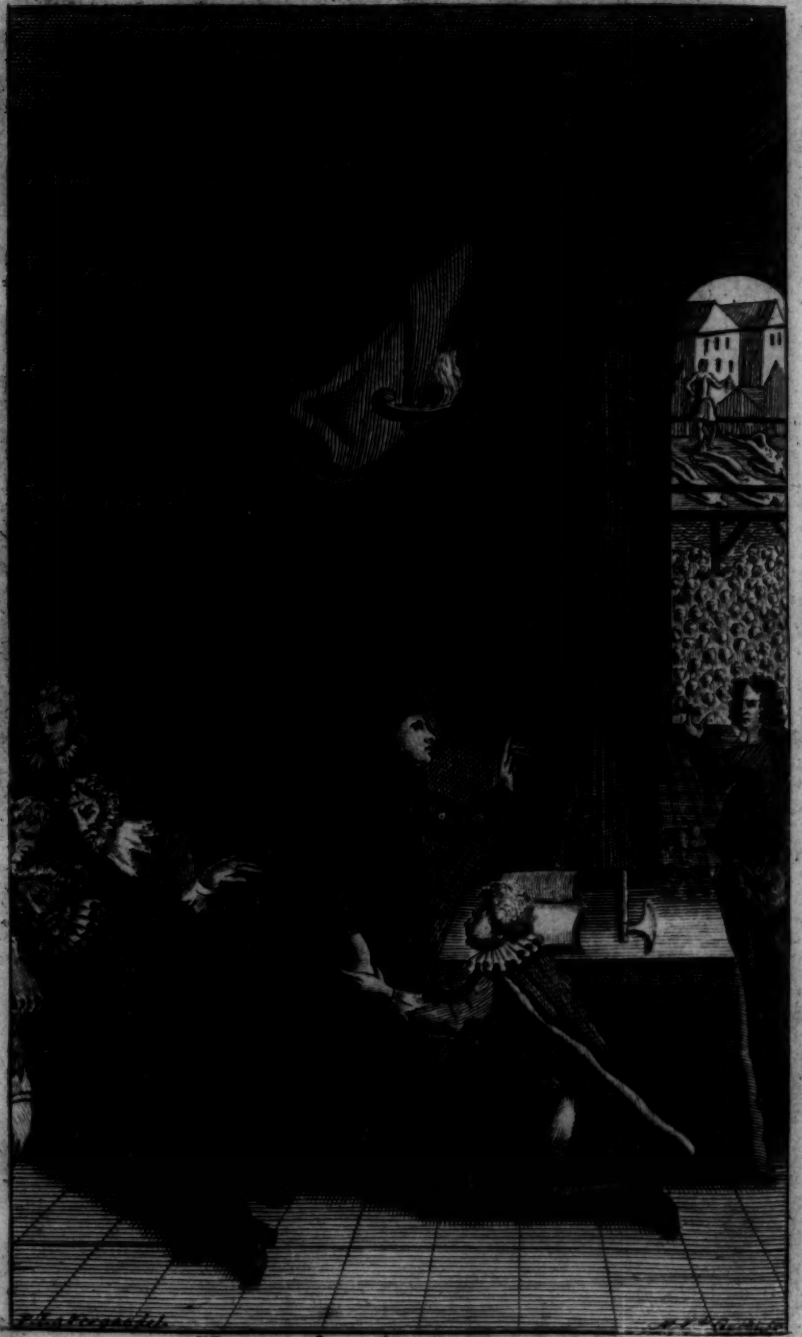
THUS

Thus the fair Lilly, when the Sky's o'ercast,
 At first but shudders in the feeble Blast;
 But when the Winds, and weighty Rains descend,
 The fair and upright Stem is forc'd to bend;
 Till broke at Length, its snowy Leaves are shed,
 And strew with dying Sweets their native Bed.

THE



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



Force of Religion, Book, II.

THE
FORCE of RELIGION;

O R,
VANQUISH'D LOVE.

BOOK II.

Hic Pietatis bonos? sic nos in Sceptra reponis?

VIRG.

TELL me fair CECIL, (who should better tell,
Than You, in whom resembling Beauties
dwell?)

Where, for that Moment, fled the brighter Grace,
The Bloom, and sprightly Lustre of her Face?
Say, loiter'd it below, and humbly chose
To make the Lilly fair, and flush the Rose?
Or did it mount to Heav'n, from whence it came,
And there with Ease assume an Angel's Name?

BUT

BUT rather say, where pleas'd her Soul to rove?
Sought it the glorious Martyrs crown'd above?
Or did it Here its airy Being spread,
Hov'ring in Fondness o'er her GUILFORD's Head?
GUILFORD, who clasps her beautiful in Death,
And with a Kiss recalls her fleeting Breath.
To Tapers thus, which by a Blast expire,
A lighted Taper touch'd, restores the Fire.
She rear'd her swimming Eye, and saw the Light,
And GUILFORD too, or she had loath'd the Sight:
Her Father's Death she bore, despis'd her own,
But now she must, she will have Leave to groan:
AH! GUILFORD, she began, and would have spoke,
But Sobs rush'd in, and ev'ry Accent broke;
Reason itself, as Gusts of Passion blew,
Was ruffled in the Tempest, and withdrew.

So the Youth lost his Image in the Well,
When Tears upon the yielding Surface fell:
The scatter'd Features slid into Decay,
And spreading Circles drove his Face away.

To

To touch the soft Affections, and controul
The manly Temper of the bravest Soul,
What with afflicted Beauty can compare,
And Drops of Love distilling from the Fair?
It melts us down; our Pains Delight bestow,
And we with Fondness languish o'er our Woe.

THIS GUILFORD prov'd, and with Excess of Pain,
And Pleasure too, did to his Bosom strain
The weeping Fair. Sunk deep in soft Desire,
Indulg'd his Love, and nurs'd the raging Fire.
Then tore himself away, and standing wide,
As fearing a Relapse of Fondness, cry'd,
With ill-dissembled Grief; " My Life, forbear,
" You wound your GUILFORD with each cruel Tear.
" Did you not chide my Grief? repress your own;
" Nor want Compassion for yourself alone.
" Have you beheld how from the distant Main,
" The thronging Waves rowl on a num'rous Train,
" And foam and bellow, till they reach the Shore,
" There burst their noisy Pride, and are no more?

G

" Thus

- “ Thus the successive Flows of human Race,
 “ Chac’d by the coming, the preceding Chace;
 “ They found, and swell, their haughty Heads they
 rear,
 “ Then fall, and flatten, break, and disappear.
 “ Life is a Trifle we must shortly pay,
 “ And where’s the mighty Lucre of a Day?
 “ Why should you mourn my Fate? ’Tis most un-
 kind;
 “ Your own you bore with an unshaken Mind;
 “ And which can you imagine was the Dart
 “ That drank most Blood, sunk deepest in my Heart?
 “ I cannot live without you, and my Doom
 “ I meet with Joy, to share one common Tomb.—
 “ And are again your Tears profusely spilt!
 “ Oh! then my Kindness blackens to my Guilt;
 “ It foils itself, if it recal your Pain;
 “ Life of my Life, I beg you to refrain;
 “ The Load which Fate imposes, you increase,
 “ And help MARIA to destroy my Peace.

BUT

BUT oh! against himself his Labour turn'd;
 The more He comforted, the more She mourn'd;
 Compassion swells our Grief, Words soft and kind
 But sooth our Weakness, and dissolve the Mind:
 Her Sorrow flow'd in Streams, nor Her's alone,
 While That he blam'd, he yielded to his own.
 Where are the Smiles she wore, when she so late
 Hail'd him, great Partner of the Regal State;
 When orient Gems around her Temples blaz'd,
 And bending Nations on the Glory gaz'd?

BUT there's a sure Vicissitude below
 Of Light and Darkness, Happiness and Woe;
 The Dawn of Day is an Approach to Night,
 And Grief is the Conclusion of Delight.

'Tis now the Queen's Command, they both retreat
 To weep with Dignity, and mourn in State:
 She forms the decent Misery with Joy,
 And loads with Pomp the Wretch she would destroy.
 A spacious Hall is hung with Black, all Light
 Shut out, and the Noon-day darken'd into Night.

From the Mid-roof a Lamp depends on high,
Like a dim Crescent in a clouded Sky.
It sheds a quiv'ring melancholy Gloom,
Which only shews the Darkness of the Room.
A shining Ax is on the Table laid,
A dreadful Sight, and glitters thro' the Shade.

IN this sad Scene the Lovers are confin'd ;
A Scene of Terrors to a guilty Mind!
A Scene that wou'd have damp'd with rising Cares,
And quite extinguish'd ev'ry Love but theirs.
What can they do? They fix their mournful Eyes,
Then GUILFORD thus abruptly ; “ I despise
“ An Empire lost, I fling away the Crown ;
“ Numbers have laid that bright Delusion down :
“ But where's the CHARLES, or DIOCLESIAN where,
“ Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping Fair?
“ Oh! to dwell ever on thy Lip! to stand
“ In full Possession of thy snowy Hand!
“ And thro' th' unclouded Chrystal of thy Eye,
“ The heav'nly Treasures of thy Mind to spie!
“ Till

“ Till Rapture Reason happily destroys,
“ And my Soul wanders thro' immortal Joys!
“ Give me the World, and ask me where's my Bliss,
“ I clasp thee to my Breast, and answer *This*.
“ And shall the Grave--He groans, and can no more,
But all her Charms in Silence traces o'er;
Her Lip, her Cheek, and Eye, to Wonder wrought,
And wond'ring sees in sad presaging Thought,
From that fair Neck, that World of Beauty fall,
And rowl along the Dust, a ghastly Ball

OH! let those tremble who are greatly blest'd?
For who but GUILFORD, could be thus distress'd?
Come hither, all you Happy, all you Great,
From flow'ry Meadows, and from Rooms of State;
Nor think I call, your Pleasures to destroy,
But to refine, and to exalt your Joy;
Weep not, but smiling fix your ardent Care
On nobler Titles, than the *Brave* or *Fair*.

Was ever such a mournful moving Sight?
See, if you can, by that dim, trembling Light;

Now they embrace ; and mix'd in bitter Woe,
Like *Isis* and her *Thames*, one Stream they flow.
Now they start wide ; fix'd in benumbing Care,
They stiffen into Statues of Despair.
Now tenderly severe, and fiercely kind,
They rush at once, they fling their Cares behind,
And clasp, as if to Death ; new Vows repeat,
And quite wrap'd up in Love, forget their Fate.
A short Delusion for the raging Pain
Returns, and their poor Hearts must bleed again.

So when fierce Tempests the rough Ocean swell'd,
Two friendly Vessels once these Eyes beheld ;
Now run in Circles, in a Line now fly,
Now reel, now sleep, now sink, now hang on high ;
Thus, with Variety of Terror, press
Through all the dreadful Changes of Distress.

MEAN Time, the QUEEN new Cruelty decreed ;
But, ill-content that they should only bleed,
A Priest is sent, who with insidious Art,
Instils his Poison into SUFFOLK's Heart ;

And

And GUILFORD drank it, hanging on the Breast;
He from his Childhood was with *Rome* possess'd.
When now the Ministers of Death draw nigh,
And in her dearest Lord she first must die,
The subtle Priest, who long had watch'd to find
The most unguarded Passes of her Mind;
Bespoke her thus: "Grieve not; 'tis in your Pow'r
" Your Lord to rescue from this fatal Hour."
Her Bosom pants; she draws her Breath with Pain;
A sudden Horror thrills thro' ev'ry Vein;
Life seems suspended, on his Words intent;
And her Soul trembles for the great Event.

THE Priest proceeds: "Embrace the Faith of
Rome,

" And ward your own, your Lord's, and Father's
Doom."

Ye blessed Spirits! now your Charge sustain;
The past was Ease; now first she suffers Pain.
Must she pronounce her Father's Death, must she
Bid GUILFORD bleed? it must not, cannot be.

It cannot be! But 'tis the Christian's Praise,
 Above Impossibilities to raise
 The Weakness of our Nature, and deride
 Of vain Philosophy the boasted Pride.
 What tho' our feeble Sinews scarce impart
 A Moment's Swiftneſs to the feather'd Dart;
 Though tainted Air our vigorous Youth can break,
 And a chill Blaſt the hardy Warrior ſhake,
 Yet are we ſtrong: Hear the loud Tempeſt roar
 From Eaſt to Weſt, and call us Weak no more;
 The Light'ning's unrefiſted Force proclaims
 Our Might; and Thunders raiſe our humble Names.
 'Tis our JEHOVAH fills the Heav'ns; as long
 As He ſhall reign Almighty, We are ſtrong:
 We, by Devotion, borrow from his Throne,
 And almoſt make Omnipotence our own:
 We force the Gates of Heav'n by fervent Prayer,
 And call forth Triumphs out of Man's Deſpair.

OUR lovely Mourner kneeling, liſts her Eyes
 And bleeding Heart in Silence to the Skies,

Devoutly,

Devoutly sad—Then bright'ning, like the Day,
When sudden Winds sweep scatter'd Clouds away,
Shining in Majesty, till now unknown,
And breathing Life and Spirit scarce her own;
She, rising, speaks: “If these the Terms—

HERE GUILFORD, cruel GUILFORD, (barb'rous
Man!

Is this thy Love?) as swift as Light'ning ran;
O'erwhelm'd her with tempestuous Sorrow fraught,
And stifled, in its Birth, the mighty Thought:
Then, bursting fresh into a Flood of Tears,
Fierce, resolute, delirious with his Fears,
His Fears for her alone: He beat his Breast,
And thus the Fervour of his Soul exprest.

“Oh! let thy Thought o'er our past Converse rove,

“And shew one Moment uninflam'd with Love!

“Oh! if thy Kindness can no longer last,

“In Pity to thyself, forget the past!

“Else wilt thou never, void of Shame and Fear,

“Pronounce his Doom, whom thou hast held so dear.

“Thou

" Thou, who hast took me to thy Arms, and swore
 " Empires were vile, and Fate could give no more;
 " That to continue, was its utmost Pow'r,
 " And make the future like the present Hour.
 " Now call a Ruffian; bid his cruel Sword
 " Lay wide the Bosom of thy worthless Lord;
 " Tranfix his Heart, (since you its Love disclaim)
 " And stain his Honour with a Traytor's Name.
 " This might perhaps be borne without Remorse;
 " But sure a Father's Pangs will have their Force;
 " Shall his good Age, so near its Journey's End,
 " Through cruel Torment to the Grave descend?
 " His shallow Blood all issue at a Wound,
 " Wash a Slave's Feet, and smother upon the Ground?
 " But he to you has ever been severe;
 " Then take your Vengeance—SUFFOLK now draw
 " near;
 " Bending beneath the Burthen of his Care;
 " His Robes neglected, and his Head was bare;
 " Decrepid Winter, in the yearly Ring,
 " Thus slowly creeps to meet the blooming Spring.

Down-

Downward he cast a melancholy Look;
Thrice turn'd to hide his Grief, then faintly spoke.

“ Now deep in Years, and forward in Decay,

“ That Ax can only rob me of a Day :

“ For thee, my Soul's Desire, I can't refrain ;

“ And shall my Tears, my last Tears, flow in vain ?

“ When you shall know a Mother's tender Name,

“ My Heart's Distress, no longer will you blame.”

At this, afar his bursting Groans were heard ;

The Tears ran trickling down his Silver Beard :

He snatch'd her Hand, which to his Lips he prest,

And bid her plant a Dagger in his Breast ;

Then, sinking, call'd her Piety unjust,

And foild his hoary Temples in the Dust.

HARD-HEARTED Men! will you no Mercy know?

Has the Queen brib'd you to distress her Foe?

O weak Deserters to Misfortune's Part,

By false Affection thus to pierce her Heart!

When she had soar'd, to let your Arrows fly,

And fetch her bleeding from the middle-Sky?

And

And can her Virtue, springing from the Ground,
 Her Flight recover, and disdain the Wound,
 When cleaving Love, and human Interest, bind
 The broken Force of her aspiring Mind?
 As round the gen'rous Eagle, which in vain
 Exerts her Strength, the Serpent wreaths his Train,
 Her struggling Wings entangles, curling plies
 His pois'nous Tail, and stings her as she flies.

WHILE yet the Blow's first dreadful Weight she
 feels,
 And with its Force her Resolution reels;
 Large Doors, unfolding with a mournful Sound,
 To View discover, weltring on the Ground,
 Three headless Trunks of those, whose Arms maintain'd,
 And in her Wars immortal Glory gain'd,
 The lifted Ax assur'd her ready Doom,
 And silent Mourners sadden'd all the Room.
 Shall I proceed, or here break off my Tale,
 Nor Truths, to stagger human Faith, reveal;

SHE

SHE met this utmost Malice of her Fate
 With Christian Dignity, and pious State.
 The beating Storm's propitious Rage she blest,
 And all the Martyr triumph'd in her Breast.
 Her Lord and Father, for a Moment's Space,
 She strictly folded in her soft Embrace!
 Then thus she spoke, while Angels heard on high,
 And sudden Gladness smil'd along the Sky.

" YOUR Over-fondness has not mov'd my Hate ;
 " I am well pleas'd you make my Death so great.
 " I joy I cannot save you, and have giv'n
 " Two Lives, much dearer than my own, to Heav'n,
 " If so the Queen decrees. But I have Cause
 " To hope my Blood will satisfy the Laws ;
 " And there is Mercy still, for you, in Store :
 " With me the Bitterness of Death is o'er.
 " He shot his String in that Farewel-Embrace ;
 " And all, that is to come, is Joy and Peace.
 " Then let mistaken Sorrow be suppress'd,
 " Nor seem to envy my approaching Rest."

Then,

Then, turning to the Ministers of Fate,
 She, smiling, says, " My Victory compleat :
 " And tell your Queen, I thank her for the Blow,
 " And grieve my Gratitude I cannot shew :
 " A poor Return I leave in *England's* Crown,
 " For everlasting Pleasure, and Renown.
 " Her Guilt alone allays this happy Hour ;
 " Her Guilt, the only Vengeance in her Pow'r."

HER Lord and Father view, with Transport fill'd,
 Their utmost Efforts to her Virtue yield ;
 Her firm Resistance, flush'd with Shame, approve,
 With Joy exulting, while they die with Love.
 Not *Rome*, untouch'd with Sorrow, heard her Fate ;
 And fierce MARIA pity'd her too late.

THUS to bright CECIL I presume to sing,
 While *Britain* serves a Greater than a King ;
 To vindicate her Sex, and Man chastise,
 Who dreams himself alone, or good, or wise.
 To what an Height this Female-Martyr rose,
 And number'd Life and Love among her Foes ;

While

While Man, Apostate to his better Thought,
Against his Wishes impotently fought ?
Our *British* Fair, ye Loves, and Graces, lead
Through ev'ry Grove, o'er ev'ry verdant Mead ;
On ev'ry Hill and Vale let CECIL tread,
That Flow'rs may spring, to strow the lovely Dead.
Ye Lillies, dip your Bells in whiter Snow ;
Ye Roses, with a richer Scarlet glow,
To deck her sacred Tomb. Bless'd Shade receive
These late, but earnest Honours paid thy Grave ;
Nor deem it, most Esteem'd, a slight Respect,
When living Wonders we for Thee neglect ;
When to thy Dust our zealous Harp is strung,
While Blooming CECIL's Self remains unsung.

V E R S E S

Occasioned by

That Famous PIECE of The CRUCI-
FIXION, done by MICHAEL ANGELO.*

W H I L E his REDEEMER on his *Canvas* dies,
Stabb'd at his *Feet* his BROTHER welt'ring lies:
The daring Artist, cruelly serene,
Views the pale Cheek and the distorted Mien;
He drains off Life by Drops, and, deaf to Cries,
Examines ev'ry Spirit as it flies:
He studies Torment, dives in mortal Woe,
To rouse up ev'ry Pang repeats his Blow;
Each rising Agony, each dreadful Grace,
Yet warm transplanting to his SAVIOUR'S Face,
O glorious Theft! O nobly wicked Draught!
With its full Charge of Death each Feature fraught!
Such wond'rous *Force* the *Magic Colours* boast,
From his *Own Skill* he starts, in *Horror* lost.

* Who obtained Leave to treat a Malefactor, condemned to be broke upon the Wheel, as he pleased for this Purpose. The Man being extended, this wonderful Artist directed that he should be stabbed in such Parts of the Body as he apprehended would occasion the most excruciating Torture, that he might represent the Agonies of Death in the most natural Manner.

A
PARAPHRASE

On PART of the
BOOK of *JOB*.

THE THIRD EDITION.

PARAPHRASE

ON PART OF THE

BOOK OF JOB.

THE THIRD EDITION.

TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE
THOMAS Lord *PARKER*,
Baron of *MACCLESFIELD*, Lord High-Chan-
cellor of *GREAT BRITAIN*, &c.

My LORD,

THOUGH I have not the Honour of being known to Your Lordship, I presume to take a Privilege which Men of Retirement are apt to think themselves in Possession of, as being the only Method they have of making their Way to Persons of Your Lordship's high Station, without struggling through Multitudes for Access. I may possibly fail in my Respect to Your Lordship, even while I endeavour to shew it most; but if I err, it is because I imagined I ought not to make my first Approach to one of Your Lordship's exalted Character with less Ceremony than that of a Dedication. It is annexed to the Condition of eminent Merit, not to suffer more from the Malice of its Enemies, than from the Importunity of its Admirers; and perhaps it would be unjust, that Your Lordship should hope to be exempted from the Troubles, when You possess all the Talents of a Patron.

I HAVE here a fair Occasion to celebrate those sublime Qualities, of which a whole Nation is sensible, were it not inconsistent with the Design of my present Application. By the just Discharge of Your great Employments, Your Lordship may well deserve the Prayers of the Distressed, the Thanks of Your Country, and the Approbation of Your Royal Master: This indeed is a Reason why every good *Briton*

H 2

should

DEDICATION.

should applaud Your Lordship, but it is equally a Reason why None should disturb You in the Execution of your important Affairs, by Works of Fancy and Amusement. I was therefore induced to make this Address to Your Lordship, by considering You rather in the amiable Light of a Person distinguished for a refined Taste of the polite Arts, and the Candour that usually attends it, than in the Dignity of Your publick Character.

The Greatness and Solemnity of the Subjects, treated of in the following Work, cannot fail in some measure to recommend it to a Person who holds in the utmost Veneration those sacred Books from which it is taken; and would at the same Time justify to the World my Choice of the great Name prefixed to it, could I be assured that the Undertaking had not suffered in my Hands. Thus much I think myself obliged to say, that if this little Performance had not been very indulgently spoken of by some whose Judgment is universally allowed in Writings of this Nature, I had not dared to gratify my Ambition in offering it to Your Lordship. I am sensible that I am endeavouring to excuse one Vanity by another; but I hope I shall meet with Pardon for it, since it is visibly intended to shew the great Submission and Respect with which I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obedient,

And most Humble Servant,

EDWARD YOUNG.

A
PARAPHRASE

On PART of the
BOOK of *JOB*.*

THREE happy *JOB* † long liv'd in Regal State,
Nor saw the sumptuous East a Prince so Great;
Whose Worldly Stores in such Abundance flow'd,
Whose Heart with such exalted Virtue glow'd:

At

* It is disputed among the Criticks who was the Author of the Book of *Job*; some give it to *Moses*, some to others. As I was engaged in this little Performance, some Arguments occurred to me which favour the former of these Opinions; and because I do not find them mentioned by any one else, I have flung them into the following Notes, where little else is to be expected.

† The Almighty's Speech, Chapter xxxviii, &c. which is what I paraphrase in this little Work, is by much the finest Part of the noblest, and most antient Poem in the World. Bishop *Patrick* says, its Grandeur is as much above all other Poetry, as Thunder is louder than a Whisper. In order to set this distinguished Part of the Poem in a fuller Light, and give the Reader a clearer Conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and subsequent Parts of the Poem, and joined them to it; so that this Piece is a Sort of an Epitome of the whole Book of *Job*.

I use the Word *Paraphrase*, because I want another which might better answer the uncommon Liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and transposed. The Verses upon the *Mountain*, the *Comet*, the *Sun*, and other Parts, are entirely added: Those upon the *Peacock*, the *Lion*, &c. are much enlarged: And I have thrown the whole into a Method more suitable to our Notions of Regularity. The Judicious, if they compare this Piece with the

At Length Misfortunes take their Turn to reign,
 And Ills on Ills succeed, a dreadful Train!
 What now but Deaths, and Poverty, and Wrong,
 The Sword wide-wasting, the reproachful Tongue,
 And spotted Plagues, that mark'd his Limbs all o'er
 So thick with Pains, they wanted Room for more?
 A Change so sad what Mortal Heart cou'd bear?
 Exhausted Woe had left him naught to fear,
 But gave Him All to Grief: Low Earth He prest,
 Wept in the Dust, and forely smote his Breast.
 His Friends around the deep Affliction mourn'd,
 Felt all his Pangs, and Groan for Groan return'd;
 In Anguish of their Hearts their Mantles rent,
 And seven long Days in solemn Silence spent;
 A Debt of Rev'rence to Distress so great!
 Then JOB contain'd no more, but curs'd his Fate:

Original, will, I flatter myself, find the Reasons for the great Liberties I have indulged myself in through the whole.

Longinus has a Chapter on Interrogations, which shews that they contribute much to the Sublime. This Speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems indeed the proper Style of Majesty incensed. It differs from other Manner of Reproof, as bidding a Person execute himself, does from a common Execution; for he that asks the Guilty a proper Question, makes him, in Effect, pass Sentence on himself.

His

His Day of Birth, it's inauspicious Light
He wishes sunk in Shades of endless Night,
And blotted from the Year; nor fears to crave
Death, instant Death, impatient for the Grave;
That Seat of Peace, that Mansion of Repose,
Where Rest and Mortals are no longer Foes;
Where Councillors are hush'd, and mighty Kings,
O happy Turn! no more are wretched Things.

His Words were daring, and displeas'd his Friends;
His Conduct they reprove, and he defends;
And now they kindled into warm Debate,
And Sentiments oppos'd with equal Heat;
Fix'd in Opinion, both refuse to yield,
And summon all their Reason to the Field.
So high at Length their Arguments were wrought,
They reach'd the last Extent of human Thought:
A Pause ensu'd. When lo! Heav'n interpos'd,
And awfully the long Contention clos'd.
Full o'er their Heads, with terrible Surprise,
A sudden Whirlwind blacken'd all the Skies;

(They saw, and trembled !)* from the Darkneſs broke
A dreadful Voice, and thus th' Almighty ſpoke.

Who gives his Tongue a Loofe ſo bold and vain,
Cenſures my Conduct, and reproves my Reign?
Lifts up his Thought againſt me from the Duſt,
And tells the World's Creator what is juſt ?
Of late ſo brave, now liſt a dauntleſs Eye,
Face my Demand, and give it a Reply.
Where didſt thou dwell at Nature's early Birth?
Who laid Foundations for the ſpacious *Earth*?
Who on its Surface did extend the Line,
Its Form determine, and its Bulk confine?
Who fix'd the Corner Stone? What Hand, declare,
Hung it on Naught, and faſten'd it in Air?
When the bright Morning Stars in Concert ſung,
When Heav'n's high Arch with loud Hoſanna's rung,

* The Book of *Job* is well known to be Dramatick, and, like the Tragedies of old *Greece*, is by ſome ſuppoſed to be a Fiction built on Truth. Probably this moſt noble Part of it, the Almighty ſpeaking out of the Whirlwind (ſo ſuitable to the After-practice of the *Greek Stage*, when there happen'd *Dignus Vindice Nodus*) is fictitious; but it is a Fiction more agreeable to the Time in which *Job* liv'd, than to any ſince. Frequent before the Law were the Appearances of the Almighty after this Manner, *Exod. c. 19.* Hence is He ſaid to dwell in thick Darkneſs: And have his Way in the Whirlwind.

When

When shouting Sons of God the Triumph crown'd,
And the wide Concave thunder'd with the Sound.
Earth's numerous *Kingdoms*, hast thou view'd them all?
And can thy Span of Knowledge grasp the Ball?
Who heav'd the *Mountain*, which sublimely stands,
And casts its Shadow into distant Lands?

Who stretching forth his Sceptre o'er the *Deep*
Can that wild World in due Subjection keep?
I broke the Globe, I scoop'd its hollow'd Side,
And did a Bason for the Floods provide;
I chain them with my Word; the boiling Sea
Work'd up in Tempests hears my great Decree;
“ * Thus far, nor farther, be thy Tide convey'd;
“ And here, O Sea, shall thy proud Waves be stay'd.
HAST thou explor'd the *Secrets* of the Deep,
Where, shut from Use, unnumber'd Treasures sleep;

* There is a very great Air in all that precedes, but this is signally Sublime. We are struck with Admiration to see the vast and ungovernable Ocean receiving Commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a managed Horse, raging, tossing, and foaming, but by the Rule and Direction of its Master. This Passage yields in Sublimity to that of *Let there be Light*, &c. so much only, as the absolute Government of Nature yields to the Creation of it.

The like Spirit in these two Passages is no bad concurrent Argument, that *Moses* is Author of the Book of *Job*.

Where

Where down a thousand Fathoms from the Day,
Springs the great Fountain, Mother of the Sea?
Those gloomy Paths did thy bold Feet e'er tread,
Whole Worlds of Waters rowling o'er thy Head?

HATH the cleft *Centre* open'd wide to thee?
Death's inmost Chambers didst thou ever see?
E'er knock at his tremendous Gate, and wade
To the black Portal through th' incumbent Shade?
Deep are those Shades, but deeper they that hide
My Counfels from the Ken of human Pride.

WHERE dwells the *Light*, in what refulgent Dome?
And where has *Darkness* made her dismal Home?
Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large Heart is
fraught

With ripen'd Wisdom through long Ages brought;
Since Nature was call'd forth when thou wast by,
And into Being rose beneath thine Eye.

ARE *Mists* begotten? Who their Father knew?
From whom descend the pearly Drops of *Dew*?
To bind the Stream by Night what Hand can boast,
Or whiten Morning with the hoary *Frost*?

Whose

Whose pow'rful Breath, from Northern Regions blown,
Touches the Sea, and turns it into Stone;
A sudden Defart spreads o'er Realms defac'd,
And lays one half of the Creation waste?

THOU know'st me not, thy Blindness cannot see
How vast a Distance parts thy God from thee.
Canst thou in *Whirlwinds* mount aloft? canst thou
In Clouds, and Darkness wrap thy awful Brow?
And, when Day triumphs in meridian Light,
Put forth thy Hand, and shade the World with Night?

WHO launch'd the *Clouds* in Air, and bid them rowl
Suspended Seas aloft, from Pole to Pole?
Who can refresh the burning sandy Plain,
And quench the Summer with a Waste of Rain?
Who in rough Defarts, far from human Toil,
Make Rocks bring forth, and Desolation smile?
There blooms the Rose, where human Face ne'er shone,
And spreads its Beauties to the Sun alone.

TO check the Show'r who lifts his Hand on high,
And shuts the Sluices of th' exhausted Sky,
When Earth no longer mourns her gaping Veins,
Her naked Mountains, and her russet Plains,

But

But new in Life a chearful Prospect yields
Of shining Rivers, and of verdant Fields;
When Groves and Forests lavish all their Bloom,
And Earth, and Heav'n are fill'd with rich Perfume?

HAST thou e'er scal'd my wint'ry Skies, and seen
Of *Hails*, and *Snows* my Northern Magazine?
These the dread Treasures of mine Anger are,
My Fund of Vengeance, for the Day of War,
When Clouds rain Death, and Storms, at my Com-
mand,

Rage through the World, or waste a guilty Land.

Who taught the rapid *Winds* to fly so fast,
Or shakes the Centre with his Eastern Blast?
Who from the Skies can a whole Deluge pour?
Who strikes thro' Nature with the solemn Roar
Of dreadful *Thunder*? points it where to fall,
And in fierce *Lightning* wraps the flying Ball?
Not he who trembles at the darted Fires,
Falls at the Sound, and in the Flash expires.

Who drew the *Comet* out to such a Size,
And pour'd his flaming Train o'er half the Skies?

Did

Did thy Resentment hang him out? does he
Glare on the Nations, and denounce from thee?

Who on low Earth can moderate the Rein
That guides the Stars along th' etherial Plain;
Appoint their Seasons, and direct their Course,
Their Lustre brighten, and supply their Force?
Canst thou the Skies Benevolence restrain,
And cause the *Pleiades* to shine in vain?
Or, when *Orion* sparkles from his Sphere,
Thaw the cold Season, and unbind the Year?
Bid *Mazaroth* his destin'd Station know,
And teach the bright *Arcturus* where to glow?
Mine is the *Night*, with all her Stars; I pour
Myriads, and Myriads I reserve in Store.

Do'st thou pronounce where Day-light shall be
born,

And draw the Curtain of the Purple Morn?
Awake the *Sun*, and bid him come away,
And glad thy World with his obsequious Ray?
Hast thou, enthron'd in flaming Glory, driv'n
Triumphant round the spacious Ring of Heav'n?

That

That Pomp of Light what Hand so far displays,
That distant Earth lies basking in the Blaze?

Who did the *Soul* with her rich Pow'rs invest,
And light up Reason in the human Breast,
To shine, with fresh Increase of Lustre, bright,
When Stars and Sun are set in endless Night?
To these my various Questions make Reply.

Th' Almighty spoke, and speaking shook the Sky.

What then, *Chaldean* Sire, was thy Surprise?
Thus thou, with trembling Heart, and down-cast Eyes,
“ Once and again, which I in Groans deplore,
“ My Tongue has err'd, but shall presume no more:
“ My Voice is in eternal Silence bound,
“ And all my Soul falls prostrate to the Ground.

He ceas'd: When lo! again th' Almighty spoke;
The same dread Voice from the black Whirlwind
broke.

Can that Arm measure with an Arm divine?
And canst thou thunder with a Voice like mine?
Or in the Hollow of thy Hand contain
The Bulk of Waters, the wide-spreading Main,

When

When mad with Tempests all the Billows rise
In all their Rage, and dash the distant Skies?

COME forth in Beauty's Excellence array'd,
And be the Grandeur of thy Pow'r display'd;
Put on Omnipotence, and frowning make
The spacious Round of the Creation shake;
Dispatch thy Vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant Vice, lay lofty Tyrants low,
And crumble them to Dust: When this is done,
I grant thy Safety lodg'd in thee alone;
Of thee thou art, and may'st undaunted stand,
Behind the Buckler of thy own Right Hand.

FOND Man! the Vision of a Moment made!
Dream of a Dream! and Shadow of a Shade!
What Worlds hast thou produc'd, what Creatures
fram'd,

What Insects cherish'd, that thy God is blam'd?
When * pain'd with Hunger the wild *Raven's* Brood
Calls upon God importunate for Food,

Who

* Another Argument that *Moses* was the Author, is, that most of the Creatures here mentioned are *Egyptian*. The Reason given why the *Raven* is particularly mentioned as an Object of the Care of Providence, is, because by her clamorous and importunate Voice

Who hears their Cry, who grants their hoarse Request,
And stills the Clamour of the craving Nest?

Who in the stupid * *Ostrich* has subdu'd

A Parent's Care, and fond Inquietude?

While far she flies, her scatter'd Eggs are found,

Without an Owner, on the sandy Ground;

Cast out on Fortune, they at Mercy lie,

And borrow Life from an indulgent Sky;

Adopted by the Sun, in Blaze of Day,

They ripen under his prolifick Ray;

Voice, she particularly seems always calling upon it; thence *κράζω à κράξ*, *Ælian*. 1. 2. c. 48. is to ask earnestly. And since there were Ravens on the Banks of the Nile remarkably clamorous, those probably are meant in this Place.

* There are many Instances of this Bird's Stupidity; let two suffice. First, It covers its Head in the Reeds, and thinks itself all out of Sight,

Stat lumine clauso
Ridendum revoluta Caput, creditque latere
Quæ non ipsa videt

Claud.

Secondly, They that go in pursuit of them, draw the Skin of an Ostrich's Neck on one Hand, which proves a sufficient Lure to take them with the other.

They have so little Brain, that *Heliogabalus* had six hundred Heads for his Supper.

Here you may observe that our judicious as well as sublime Author, just touches the great Points of Distinction in each Creature, and then hastens to another. A Description is exact when you can neither add any Thing but what is common to another Subject, nor withdraw any Thing but what is peculiar to the Subject described. A Likeness is often lost in too much Description, as a Meaning in too much Illustration.

Unmindful

Unmindful she, that some unhappy Tread
 May crush her Young, in their neglected Bed ;
 * What Time she skims along the Field with Speed,
 † She scorns the Rider, and pursuing Steed.

How rich the ‡ Peacock ? what bright Glories run
 From Plume to Plume, and vary in the Sun?
 He proudly spreads them to the golden Ray,
 Gives all his Colours, and adorns the Day,
 With conscious State the spacious Round displays,
 And slowly moves amid the waving Blaze.

Who taught the Hawk to find, in Seasons wise,
 Perpetual Summer, and a Change of Skies?

* Here is marked another peculiar Quality of this Creature,
 which neither flies nor runs directly, but has a Motion composed
 of both, and using its Wings as Sails, makes great Speed.

*Vasta velut Lybiæ venantium vocibus Ales
 Cum premitur calidas cursu transmittit arenas,
 Inque modum Veli sinuatis flamine Pennis
 Pulverulenta volat* ————— Claud. in Eutr.

† Xenophon says, Cyrus had Horses that could overtake the
 Goat and the Wild Ais; but none that could reach this Creature.
 A thousand golden Ducats, or a hundred Camels, was the stated
 Price of a Horse that could equal their Speed.

‡ Though this Bird is but just mentioned in my Author, I could
 not forbear going a little farther, and spreading those beautiful
 Plumes (which are there shut up) into half a dozen Lines. The
 Circumstance I have marked of his opening his Plumes to the
 Sun is true in Fact, and thought worthy a Remark by Pliny.
Expandit Colores adverso maxime sole, quia sic fulgentius radiant.
 Plin. lx. c. 20.

When Clouds deform the Year, she mounts the
Wind,

Shoots to the South, nor fears the Storm behind ;
The Sun returning, she returns again,
Lives in his Beams, and leaves ill Days to Men.

Tho' strong the * Hawk, tho' practis'd well to fly,
An *Eagle* drops her in a lower Sky ;
An *Eagle* when deserting human Sight,
She seeks the Sun in her unweary'd Flight :
Did thy Command her yellow Pinion lift
So high in Air, and seat her on the Clift,
Where far above thy World she dwells alone,
And proudly makes the Strength of Rocks her own ;
† Thence wide o'er Nature takes her dread Survey,
And with a Glance predestinates her Prey ?
She feasts her Young with Blood, and hov'ring o'er
Th' unslaughter'd Host, enjoys the promis'd Gore.

* *Thuanus (de Re Accip.)* mentions a Hawk that flew from *Paris* to *London* in a Night.

And the *Egyptians*, in regard to its Swiftneſs, made it their Symbol for the Wind; for which Reason we may ſuppoſe the Hawk, as well as the Crow *above-mentioned*, to have been a Bird of note in *Egypt*.

† The *Eagle* is ſaid to be of ſo acute a Sight, that when ſhe is ſo high in the Air that Man cannot ſee her, ſhe can diſcern the ſmalleſt Fiſh under Water. My Author accurately underſtood the Nature of the Creatures he deſcribes, and is no leſs a Naturaliſt than a Poet, which the next Note will confirm.

KNOW'ST

*KNOW'ST thou how many Moons, by me assign'd,
Rowl o'er the Mountain *Goat*, and Forest *Hind*,
While pregnant they a Mother's Load sustain?
They bend in Anguish, and cast forth their Pain.
Hale are their Young, from human Frailties freed,
Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted feed;
They live at once, forsake the Dam's warm Side,
Take the wide World, with Nature for their Guide;
Bound o'er the Lawn, or seek the distant Glade,
And find a Home in each delightful Shade.

WILL the tall *Reem*, which knows no Lord but me,
Lowe at the Crib, and ask an Alms of thee?
Submit his unworn Shoulder to the Yoke,
Break the stiff Clod, and o'er thy Furrow smoke?
Since great his Strength, go trust him void of Care,
Lay on his Neck the Toil of all the Year,

* The Meaning of this Question is, Knowest thou the *Time and Circumstances* of their bringing forth? For to know the Time only was easy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the Circumstances had something peculiarly expressive of God's Providence, which makes the Question proper in this Place. *Pliny* observes, that the Hind with Young is by Instinct directed to a certain Herb called *Seselis*, which facilitates the Birth. Thunder also (which looks like the more immediate Hand of Providence) has the same Effect. *Pf. xxix.*

Bid him bring home the Seasons to thy Doors,
And cast his Load among the gather'd Stores.

DIDST thou from Service the *Wild Ass* discharge,
And break his Bonds, and bid him live at large,
Through the wide WASTE, his ample Mansion, roam,
And lose himself in his unbounded Home?

By Nature's Hand magnificently fed,
His Meal is on the Range of Mountains spread;
As in pure Air aloft he bounds along,
He sees in distant Smoke the City Throng,
Conscious of Freedom, scorns the smother'd Train,
The threat'ning Driver, and the servile Rein.

* SURVEY the warlike *Horse*! didst thou invest
With Thunder his robust distended Chest?
No Sense of Fear his dauntless Soul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his Nostrils blaze:
To paw the Vale he proudly takes Delight,
And triumphs in the Fulness of his Might;

* The Description of the Horse is the most celebrated of any in the Poem. There is an excellent Critick on it in the *Guardians*. I shall therefore only need to observe that in this Description, as in other Parts of this Speech, our *Vulgar Translation* has much more Spirit than the Septuagint; it always takes the Original in the most poetical and exalted Sense, so that most Commentators, even on the *Hebrew* itself, fall beneath it.

High-

High-rai'd he snuffs the Battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging War,
And mocks at Death, and throws his Foam around,
And in a Storm of Fury shakes the Ground.
How does his firm his rising Heart advance
Full on the brandish'd Sword, and shaken Lance,
While his fixt Eye-balls meet the dazzling Shield,
Gaze, and return the Lightning of the Field?
He sinks the Sense of Pain in gen'rous Pride,
Nor feels the Shaft that trembles in his Side,
But neighs to the shrill Trumpet's dreadful Blast
Till Death; and when he groans, he groans his last.

BUT fiercer still the lordly Lion stalks,
Grimly majestick in his lonely Walks:
When round he glares, all living Creatures fly,
He clears the Desert with his rowling Eye.
Say, Mortal, does he rouse at thy Command,
And roar to thee, and live upon thy Hand?
Do'st thou for him in Forests bend thy Bow,
And to his gloomy Den the Morsel throw,
Where bent on Death lie hid his tawny Brood,
And couch'd in dreadful Ambush pant for Blood;

Or stretch'd on broken Limbs, consume the Day
 In Darkneſs wrapt, and ſlumber o'er their Prey ?
 * By the pale Moon they take their deſtin'd Round,
 And laſh their Sides, and furious tear the Ground ;
 Now Shrieks and dying Groans the Deſart fill ;
 They rage, they rend, their ravenous Jaws diſtil
 With crimſon Foam ; and when the Banquet's o'er,
 They ſtride away, and paint their Steps with Gore :
 In Flight alone the Shepherd puts his Truſt,
 And ſhudders at the Talon in the Duſt.

MILD is my *Behemoth*, tho' large his Frame,
 Smooth is his Temper, and reſt his Flame,
 While unprovok'd : This Native of the Flood
 Lifts his broad Foot, and puts a-ſhore for Food :
 Earth ſinks beneath him as he moves along
 To ſeek the Herds, and mingle with the Throng.
 See with what Strength his harden'd Loins are bound,
 All over Proof, and ſhut againſt a Wound ;
 How like a Mountain Cedar moves his Tail,
 Nor can his complicated Sinews fail :

* Purſuing their Prey by Night is true of moſt wild Beaſts, particularly the Lion, *Pſal. civ. 20.* The *Arabians* have one among their 500 Names for the Lion, which ſignifies *The Hunter by Moon-ſhine.*

Built

Built high and wide, his solid Bones surpass
 The Bars of Steel, his Ribs are Ribs of Brass;
 His Port majestick, and his armed Jaw,
 Give the wide Forest, and the Mountain Law:
 The Mountains feed him ; there the Beasts admire
 The mighty Stranger, and in Dread retire ;
 At length his Greatness nearer they survey,
 Graze in his Shadow, and his Eye obey.
 The Fens and Marshes are his cool Retreat,
 His Noon-tide Shelter from the burning Heat ;
 Their sedgy Bosoms his wide Couch are made,
 And Groves of Willows give him all their Shade:
 His Eye drinks *Jordan* up, when fir'd with Drought,
 He thirsts to turn its Current down his Throat ;
 In lessen'd Waves it creeps along the Plain,
 * He sinks a River, and he thirsts again.

* *Cepheſi glaciale Caput quo ſuetas anhelam
 Ferre ſitim Python, annemque avertere Ponto.*

Stat. Theb. v. 349.

*Qui ſpiris tegetet Montes, hauriret biatu
 Flumina, &c.*

Claud. Pref. in Ruf.

Let not then this Hyperbole ſeem too much for an Eaſtern Poet,
 tho' ſome Commentators of Name ſtrain hard in this Place for a
 new Conſtruction, through fear of it.

* Go to the *Nile*, and from its fruitful Side,
 Cast forth thy Line into the swelling Tide ;
 With slender Hair *Leviathan* command,
 And stretch his Vastness on the loaded Strand :
 Will he become thy Servant, will he own
 Thy Lordly Nod, and tremble at thy Frown,
 Or with his Sport amuse thy leisure Day,
 And bound in Silk with thy soft Maidens play ?

SHALL pompous Banquets swell with such a Prize,
 And the Bowl journey round his ample Size ?
 Or the debating Merchants share the Prey,
 And various Limbs to various Marts convey ?
 Through his firm Skull what Steel its Way can win ?
 What forceful Engine can subdue his Skin ?
 Fly far, and live ; tempt not his matchless Might ;
 The Bravest shrink to Cowards in his Sight,
 † The Rashest dare not rouse him up ; who then
 Shall turn on me, among the Sons of Men ?

* The Taking the Crocodile is a difficult Task. *Diodorus* says, they are not to be taken but by Iron Nets. When *Augustus* conquer'd *Egypt*, he struck a Medal, the Impress of which was a Crocodile chained to a Palm-Tree, with this Inscription, *NE MO ANTEA RELIGAVIT*.

† This alludes to a Custom of this Creature, which is, when fated with Fish, to come ashore and sleep among the Reeds.

AM

AM I a Debtor? hast thou ever heard
Whence come the Gifts which are on me conferr'd?
My lavish Fruit a thousand Vallies fills,
And mine the Herds, that graze a thousand Hills;
Earth, Sea, and Air, all Nature is my own,
And Stars, and Sun, are Dust beneath my Throne;
And dar'st thou with the World's great Father vie,
Thou, who do'st tremble at my Creature's Eye?
At full my huge Leviathan shall rise,
Boast all his Strength, and spread his wond'rous Size.

WHO, great in Arms, e'er stripp'd his shining Mail,
Or crown'd his Triumph with a single Scale?
Whose Heart sustains him to draw near? * Behold
Destruction yawns, his spacious Jaws unfold,
And, marshal'd round the wide Expanse, disclose
Teeth edg'd with Death, and crowding Rows on Rows:
What hideous Fangs on either Side arise,
And what a deep Abyss between them lies?

* The Crocodile's Mouth is exceeding wide. When he gapes,
says *Pliny*, *fit totum Os*. *Martial* says to his old Woman,

*Cum comparata rictibus tuis Ora
Niliacus habet Crocodilus angusta.*

Mete

Mete with thy Lance, and with thy Plumet found,
The one how long, the other how profound.

HIS Bulk is charg'd with such a furious Soul,
Thick Clouds of Smoke from his spread Nostrils rowl
As from a Furnace; and, when rous'd his Ire,
* Fate issues from his Jaws in Streams of Fire:
The Rage of Tempests, and the Roar of Seas,
Thy Terror, this thy great Superior please;
Strength on his ample Shoulder fits in State,
His well-join'd Limbs are dreadfully compleat,
His Flakes of solid Flesh are slow to part,
As Steel his Nerves, as Adamant his Heart.

WHEN late-awak'd he rears him from his Floods,
And stretching forth his Stature to the Clouds,

* This is nearer Truth than at first View may be imagined. The Crocodile, say the Naturalists, lying long under Water, and being there forced to hold its Breath, when it emerges, the Breath long repress'd is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles Fire and Smoke. The Horse suppresses not his Breath by any Means so long, neither is he so fierce or animated; yet the most correct of Poets ventures to use the same Metaphor concerning him.

Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus Ignem.

By this and the foregoing Note I would caution against a false Opinion of the Eastern Boldness, from Passages in them ill understood.

Writhes

Writhes in the Sun aloft his scaly Height,
And strikes the distant Hills with transient Light,
Far round are fatal Damps of Terror spread,
The Mighty fear, nor blush to own their Dread.

*BROAD is his Front ; and when his burnish'd Eyes
Lift their broad Lids, the Morning seems to rise.

IN vain may Death in various Shapes invade,
The swift-wing'd Arrow, the descending Blade ;
His naked Breast their Impotence defies,
The Dart rebounds, the brittle Faulchion flies:

* *His Eyes are like the Eye-lids of the Morning.* I think this gives us as great an Image of the Thing it would express, as can enter the Thought of Man. It is not improbable that the *Egyptians* stole their Hieroglyphick for the Morning, which is the Crocodile's Eye, from this Passage, though no Commentator, I have seen, mentions it. It is easy to conceive how the *Egyptians* should be both Readers, and Admirers of the Writings of *Moses*, whom I suppose the Author of this Poem.

I have observed already that three or four of the Creatures here described are *Egyptian* ; the two last are notoriously so, they are the River-horse and the Crocodile, those celebrated Inhabitants of the *Nile* ; and on these two it is that our Author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an Author more remote from that River than *Moses*, in a Catalogue of Creatures produced to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the two largest Works of his Hand, *viz.* the Elephant and the Whale. This is so natural an Exposition, that some Commentators have rendered *Bebemoth* and *Leviathan*, the Elephant and Whale, tho' the Descriptions in our Author will not admit of it ; but *Moses* living among the *Egyptians*, who were (as we may well suppose) under an immediate Terror of the *Hippotamos* and Crocodile, from their daily Mischiefs and Ravages around him, it is very unaccountable why he should permit them to take Place.

Shut

Shut in himself, the War without he hears,
 Safe in the Tempest of their rattling Spears ;
 The cumber'd Strand their wasted Vollies strow,
 His Sport, the Rage and Labour of the Foe.

HIS Pastimes like a Caldron boil the Flood,
 And blacken Ocean with the rising Mud ;
 The Billows feel him, as he works his Way ;
 His hoary Footsteps shine along the Sea ;
 The Foam high-wrought with White divides the
 Green,

And distant Sailors point where Death has been.

HIS Like Earth bears not on her spacious Face,
 Alone in Nature stands his dauntless Race,
 For utter Ignorance of Fear renown'd :
 In Wrath he rowls his baleful Eye around,
 Makes every sworn disdainful Heart subside,
 And holds Dominion o'er the Sons of Pride.

THEN the *Chaldean* eas'd his lab'ring Breast,
 With full Conviction of his Crime oppress'd.

“ THOU can'st accomplish all Things, Lord of
 Might!

“ And every Thought is naked to thy Sight :

“ But

- “ But oh ! thy Ways are wonderful, and lie
“ Beyond the deepest Reach of mortal Eye.
“ Oft’ have I heard of thine Almighty Pow’r,
“ But never saw thee till this dreadful Hour.
“ O’erwhelm’d with Shame, the Lord of Life I see,
“ Abhor myself, and give my Soul to thee :
“ Nor shall my Weakness tempt thine Anger more :
“ Man was not made to Question, but Adore.



ON
The Death of Queen ANNE,
AND
The Accession of King GEORGE.

Inscribed to

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

Secretary to their Excellencies the Lords Justices,
in the Year 1714.

Gaudia Curis.

HOR.

SIR, I have long, and with Impatience, sought
To ease the Fullness of my grateful Thought:
My Fame at once, and Duty to pursue,
And please the Public, by Respect to You.

Tho' You, long since beyond *Britannia* known,
Have spread your Country's Glory with your own;
To *Me* you never did more lovely shine,
Than when so late the kindled Wrath Divine
Quench'd our Ambition, in Great *ANNA's* Fate,
And darken'd all the Pomp of human State.

Tho'

Tho' You are rich in Fame, and Fame decay,
Tho' rais'd in Life, and Greatness fade away,
Your Lustre brightens: Virtue cuts the Gloom
With purer Rays, and sparkles near a Tomb.

Know, *Sir*, the great Esteem and Honour due,
I chose, that Moment, to profess to *You*,
When Sadness reign'd, when Fortune, so severe,
Had warm'd our Bosoms to be most sincere,
And when no Motives could have Force to raise
A serious Value, and provoke my Praise,
But such as rise above, and far transcend
Whatever Glories with this World shall end,
Then shining forth, when deepest Shades shall blot
The Sun's bright Orb, and CA to be forgot.

I SING---But ah! my Theme I need not tell!
See every Eye with conscious Sorrow swell:
Who now to Verse would raise his humble Voice,
Can only shew his Duty, not his Choice.
How great the Weight of Grief our Hearts sustain!
We languish, and to speak is to complain.

LET us look back, (for who too oft can view
That most illustrious Scene, for ever new!)

See

144 *On the Death of Queen ANNE,*

See all the Seasons shine on *ANNA*'s Throne,
 And pay a constant Tribute, not their own.
 Her Summers Heats not Fruits alone bestow,
 They reap the Harvest, and subdue the Foe ;
 And when black Storms confess the distant Sun,
 Her Winters wear the Wreaths her Summers won.
 Revolving Pleasures in their Turns appear,
 And Triumphs are the Product of the Year.
 To crown the whole, great Joys in greater cease,
 And glorious Victory is lost in Peace.

WHENCE this Profusion on our favour'd Isle?
 Did partial Fortune on our Virtue smile,
 Or did the Sceptre, in Great *ANNA*'s Hand,
 Stretch forth this rich Indulgence o'er our Land?
 Ungrateful *Britain!* quit thy groundless Claim ;
 Thy *QUEEN* and thy *Good-Fortune* are the same.

HEAR, with Alarms our Trumpets fill the Sky ;
 'Tis *ANNA reigns!* the *Gallic* Squadrons fly.
 We spread our Canvass to the Southern Shore ;
 'Tis *ANNA reigns!* the South resigns her Store.
 Her Virtue smoothes the Tumult of the Main,
 And swells the Field with Mountains of the Slain.

ARGYLL

ARGYLL and CHURCHILL but the Glory share,
While Millions lie subdu'd by *ANNA's* Pray'r.

How great her Zeal! how fervent her Desire!
How did her Soul in holy Warmth expire!
Constant Devotion did her Time divide,
Not set Returns of Pleasure or of Pride.
Not Want of Rest, or the Sun's parting Ray,
But finish'd Duty, limited the Day.
How sweet succeeding Sleep! what lovely Themes
Smil'd in her Thoughts, and soften'd all her Dreams!
Her Royal Couch descending Angels spread,
And join'd their Wings, a Shelter o'er her Head.

Tho' *Europe's* Wealth and Glory claim'd a Part,
Religion's Cause reign'd Mistress of her Heart:
She saw, and griev'd to see the mean Estate
Of those who round the hallow'd Altar wait;
She shed her Bounty, piously profuse,
And thought it more her own in sacred Use.

Thus on his Furrow see the Tiller stand,
And fill with genial Seed his lavish Hand;
He trusts the Kindness of the fruitful Plain,
And providently scatters all his Grain.

146 *On the Death of Queen ANNE,*

WHAT strikes my Sight? does proud AUGUST A life
 New to behold, and awfully surprize?
 Her lofty Brow more num'rous Turrets crown,
 And sacred Domes on Palaces look down:
 A noble Pride of Piety is shown,
 And Temples cast a Lustre on the Throne.
 How would this Work another's Glory raise!
 But ANNA's Greatness robs her of the Praise.
 Drown'd in a brighter Blaze it disappears.
 Who dry'd the Widow's, and the Orphan's Tears?
 Who stoop'd from high to succour the Distrest,
 And reconcile the wounded Heart to Rest?
 Great in her Goodness, well could we perceive,
 Whoever fought, it was a QUEEN that gave.
 Misfortune lost her Name; her guiltless Frown
 But made another Debtor to the Crown;
 And each unfriendly Stroke, from Fate we bore,
 Became our Title to the Regal Store.

THUS injur'd Trees adopt a foreign Shoot,
 And their Wounds blossom with a fairer Fruit.

YE Numbers, who on your Misfortunes thriv'd,
 When first the dreadful Blast of Fame arriv'd,

TANW

Say

Say what a Shock, what Agonies you felt,
How did your Souls with tender Anguish melt!
That Grief, which living *ANNA*'s Love suppress'd,
Shook like a Tempest ev'ry grateful Breast.
A second Fate our sinking Fortunes try'd!
A second Time our tender Parents dy'd!

HEROES returning from the Field we crown,
And deify the haughty Victor's Frown.
His splendid Wealth too rashly we admire,
Catch the Disease, and burn with equal Fire.
Wisely to spend is the great Art of Gain;
And one reliev'd transcends a Million slain.
When Time shall ask, where once *Ramillia* lay,
Or *Danube* flow'd that swept whole Troops away,
One Drop of Water, that refresh'd the Dry,
Shall rise a Fountain of eternal Joy.

BUT ah! to that unknown and distant Date,
Is Virtue's great Reward push'd off by Fate;
Here random Shafts in ev'ry Breast are found,
Virtue and Merit but provoke the Wound.

AUGUST in native Worth, and regal State,
ANNA sat Arbitress of *Europe*'s Fate;

148 *On the Death of Queen ANNE,*

To distant Realms did ev'ry Accent fly,
And Nations watch'd each Motion of her Eye,
Silent, nor longer awful to be seen,
How small a Spot contains the mighty QUEEN?
No Throng of suppliant Princes mark the Place,
Where *Britain's* Greatness is compos'd in Peace:
The broken Earth is scarce discern'd to rise,
And a Stone tells us where the Monarch lies.

Thus end maturest Honours of a Crown!
This is the last Conclusion of Renown!

So when with idle Skill the wanton Boy
Breathes thro' his Tube; he sees, with eager Joy,
The trembling Bubble, in its rising small,
And by Degrees expands the glitt'ring Ball.
But when, to full Perfection blown, it flies
High in the Air, and shines in various Dyes,
The little Monarch, with a falling Tear,
Sees his World burst at once, and disappear.

'Tis not in Sorrow to reverse our Doom;
No Groans unlock th' inexorable Tomb!
Why then this fond Indulgence of our Woe!
What Fruit can rise, or what Advantage flow!

Yes,

Yes, this Advantage ; from our deep Distress
We learn how much in *GEORGE* the Gods can bless.
Had a less glorious Princess left the Throne,
But half the Hero had at first been shewn ;
An *ANNA* falling All the *KING* employs,
To vindicate from Guilt our rising Joys :
Our Joys arise, and innocently shine,
Auspicious Monarch! what a Praise is thine?

WELCOME great Stranger to *Britannia's* Throne!
Nor let thy Country think thee all her own.
Of thy Delay how oft' did we complain!
Our Hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the Main.
With Pray'r we smooth'd the Billows for thy Fleet ;
With ardent Wishes fill'd thy swelling Sheet ;
And when thy Foot took Place on *Albion's* Shore,
We bending bless'd the Gods, and ask'd no more.
What Hand but thine should conquer, and compose,
Join those whom Int'rest joins, and chace our Foes?
Repel the daring Youth's presumptuous Aim,
And by his Rival's Greatness give him Fame?
Now in some foreign Court he may sit down,
And quit, without a Blush, the *British* Crown.

150 *On the Death of Queen ANNE,*

Secure his Honour, tho' he lose his Store,
And take a lucky Moment to be poor.

NOR think, Great SIR, now first, at this late Hour,
In *Britain's* Favour, you exert your Power;
To us, far back in Time, I joy to trace
The num'rous Tokens of your Princely Grace.
Whether you chose to thunder on the *Rhine*,
Inspire grave Councils, or in Courts to shine;
In the more Scenes your Genius was display'd,
The greater Debt was on *Britannia* laid:
They all conspir'd this mighty Man to raise,
And your new Subjects proudly share the Praise.

ALL share; but may not we have leave to boast,
That we contemplate, and enjoy it most?
This antient Nurse of Arts, indulg'd by Fate
On gentle *Isis'* Bank, a calm Retreat,
For many rolling Ages justly fam'd,
Has thro' the World her Loyalty proclaim'd;
And often pour'd (too well the Truth is known!)
Her Blood and Treasure to support the Throne;
For *England's* Church her latest Accents strain'd,
And Freedom with her dying Hand retain'd;

No

No wonder then her various Ranks agree,
In all the Fervencies of Zeal, for THEE.

WHAT tho' thy Birth a distant Kingdom boast,
And Seas divide THEE from the *British* Coast?
The Crown's impatient to inclose thy Head;
Why stay thy Feet? The Cloth-of-Gold is spread.
Our strict Obedience thro' the World shall tell,
That KING's a *Briton*, who can govern well.



LETTER

TO

Mr. TICKELL.

Occasioned by the

DEATH of the Right Honourable
JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq; 1719.

—Tu nunc eris Alter ab Illo.

VIRG.

O LONG with ME in *Oxford* Groves confin'd,
In social Arts, and sacred Friendship join'd;
Fair *Isis*' Sorrow, and fair *Isis*' Boast,
Lost from her Side, but fortunately lost;
Thy wonted Aid, my dear Companion, bring,
And teach me thy departed Friend to sing.

A

A LETTER to Mr. TICKELL, &c. 153

A darling Theme! once pow'ful to inspire,
And now to melt the Muses mournful Choir:
Now, and now first, we freely dare commend
His modest Worth, nor shall our Praise offend.

EARLY he bloom'd amid the learned Train,
And ravih'd *I*sis listen'd to his Strain;
See, see, she cry'd, old *MAR O*'s Muse appears,
Wake'd from her Slumber of two thousand Years:
Her finish'd Charms to *ADDISON* she brings,
Thinks in his Thought, and in his Numbers sings.
All read transported his pure Classic Page,
Read, and forget their Climate and their Age.

THE State, when now his rising Fame was known,
Th' unrival'd Genius challeng'd for her own;
Nor wou'd, that one for Scenes of Action strong,
Shou'd let a Life evaporate in Song.

As Health and Strength the brightest Charms dis-
pense,

Wit is the Blossom of the soundest Sense.

Yet few, how few with lofty Thought inspir'd,
With Quickness pointed, and with Rapture fir'd,

In

In conscious Pride, their own Importance find,
 Blind to themselves, as the hard World is blind!
 Wit they esteem a gay, but worthless Pow'r,
 The slight Amusement of a leisure Hour;
 Unmindful, that conceal'd from vulgar Eyes,
 Majestic Wisdom wears the bright Disguise.

Poor *Dido* fondled thus, with idle Joy,
 Dread *Cupid* lurking in the *Trojan* Boy;
 Lightly she toy'd, and trifled with his Charms,
 And knew not that a *God* was in her Arms.

Who greatest Excellence of Thought cou'd boast,
 In Action too have been distinguish'd most.
 This *SOMERS* knew, and *ADDISON* sent forth
 From the malignant Regions of the North,
 To be mature'd in more indulgent Skies,
 Where all the Vigour of the Soul can rise;
 Thro' warmer Veins where sprightlier Spirits run,
 And Sense enliven'd sparkles in the Sun.
 With secret Pain the prudent Patriot gave
 The Hopes of *Britain* to the rolling Wave,
 Anxious the Charge to all the Stars resign'd,
 And plac'd a Confidence in Sea and Wind.

AUSONIA

AUSONIA soon receiv'd her wond'ring Guest,
And equal Wonder in her Turn confest,
To see her Fervours rival'd by the Pole,
Her Lustre beaming from a Northern Soul:
In like Surprise was her ÆNEAS lost,
To find his Picture grace a foreign Coast.

Now the wide Field of *Europe* he surveys,
Compares her Kings, her Thrones and Empires
weighs
In ripen'd Judgment, and consummate Thought.
Great Work! by *NASSAU*'s Favour cheaply bought.

He now returns, to *Britain* a Support,
Wife in her Senate, Graceful in her Court:
And, when the public Welfare wou'd permit,
The Source of Learning, and the Soul of Wit.
O *WARWICK*! (whom the Muse is fond to name,
And kindles, conscious of her future Theme :)
O *WARWICK*! by divine Contagion bright,
How early did'st thou catch his radiant Light!
By him inspir'd how shine before thy Time,
And leave thy Years, and leap into thy Prime!

ON

ON some warm Bank, thus, fortunately born,
 A Rose-bud opens to a Summer's Morn,
 Full blown e'er Noon her fragrant Pride displays,
 And shews th' Abundance of her purple Rays.

WIT, as her Bays, was once a barren Tree;
 We now surpris'd her fruitful Branches see;
 Or Orange-like, 'till his auspicious Time
 It grew indeed, but shiver'd in our Clime:
 He first the Plant to richer Gardens led,
 And fix'd indulgent in a warmer Bed.
 The Nation pleas'd enjoys the rich Produce,
 And gathers from her Ornament her Use.

WHEN loose from public Cares the Grove he sought,
 And fill'd the leisure Interval with Thought,
 The various Labours of his easy Page,
 A Chance-Amusement, polish'd half an Age.
 Beyond this Truth old Bards cou'd scarce invent,
 Who durst to frame a World by Accident.

WHAT he has sung, how early, and how well,
 The *Thames* shall boast, and *Roman Tyber* tell,
 A Glory more sublime remains in Store,
 Since such his Talents, that he sung no more.

No

No fuller Proof of Pow'r th' Almighty gave,
Making the Sea, then curbing her proud Wave.

NAUGHT can the Genius of his Works transcend,
But their fair Purpose and important End;
To rouse the War for injur'd *Europe's* Laws;
To steel the Patriot in great *BRUNSWICK's*
Cause;

With Virtue's Charms to kindle sacred Love,
Or paint th' eternal Bow'rs of Bliss above.

Where had'st thou Room, Great Author! where,
to roll

The mighty Theme of an immortal Soul?
Thro' Paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were brought
Thy Proofs so strong for immaterial Thought?
One let me join, all other may excel;

“ How could a mortal Essence think so well?

BUT why so large in the Great Writer's Praise?
More lofty Subjects shou'd my Numbers raise:
In him (illustrious Rivalry!) contend
The Statesman, Patriot, Christian, and the Friend!
His Glory such, it borders on Disgrace
To say he sung the best of human Race.

158 *A LETTER to Mr. TICKELL*

IN Joy once join'd, in Sorrow now for Years,
 Partner in Grief, and Brother of my Tears,
TICKELL, accept this Verse, thy mournful Due.
 Thou farther shalt the sacred Theme pursue ;
 And as thy Strain describes the matchless Man,
 Thy Life shall second, what thy Muse began.
 Tho' sweet the Numbers, tho' a Fire divine
 Dart thro' the Whole, and burn in ev'ry Line ;
 Who strives not for that Excellence he draws,
 Is stain'd by Fame, and suffers from Applause.

BUT haste to thy illustrious Task ; prepare
 The noble Work well trusted to thy Care ;
 The Gift bequeath'd by *ADDISON*'s Command,
 To *CRAGGS* made sacred by his dying Hand.
 Collect the Labours, join the various Rays,
 The scatter'd Light, in one united Blaze :
 Then bear to him so true, so truly lov'd,
 In Life distinguish'd, and in Death approv'd,
 Th' immortal Legacy. He hangs awhile
 In gen'rous Anguish o'er the glorious Pile :
 With anxious Pleasure the known Page reviews,
 And the dear Pledge with falling Tears bedews.

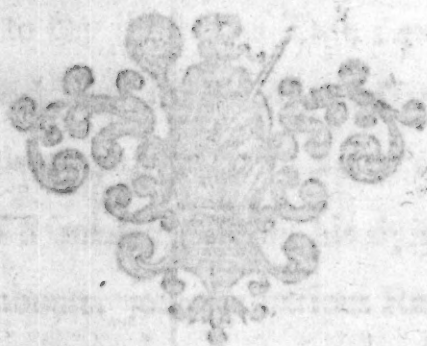
What

What tho' thy Tears pour'd o'er thy godlike Friend,
Thy other Cares for *Britain's* Weal suspend ;
Think not, O Patriot, while thy Eyes o'erflow,
Those Cares suspended for a private Woe ;
Thy Love to HIM is to thy COUNTRY shown,
He mourns for HER, who mourns for *ADDISON*.



On the Death of Mrs. Addison.

What tho' thy Tears pour'd o'er thy Godlike Friend,
Thy other Cares for Britain's Weak depend;
Think not, O Patriot, while thy Eyes are flow,
Thou' Cares suspended for a private Woe;
Thy Love to Him is to thy Country shown,
He mourns for Her, who mourns for MORTALITY.



LOVE of FAME,
THE
UNIVERSAL PASSION.
IN
Seven CHARACTERISTICAL
SATIRES.

— *Fulgente trahit constrictos Gloria curru*
Non minus ignotos, generosis. HOR.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

LOVE OF FAME,

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION,

IN

SEVEN CHARACTERISTICAL

SATIRES.

—PUBLISHED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

—NEW AND IMPROVED EDITION.

THE FIRST EDITION.

P R E F A C E.

THESSE Satires have been favourably received at Home and Abroad. I am not conscious of the least Malevolence to any particular Person through all the Characters; though some Persons may be so selfish, as to engross a general Application to themselves. A Writer in polite Letters should be content with Reputation, the private Amusement he finds in his Compositions, the good Influence they have on his severer Studies, that Admission they give him to his Superiors, and the possible good Effect they may have on the Public; or else he should join to his Politeness some more lucrative Qualification.

BUT it is possible that Satire may not do much good. Men may rise in their Affections to their Follies, as they do to their Friends, when they are abused by others. It is much *to be feared* that Misconduct will never be chased out of the World by *Satire*; all therefore that is to be said for it, is, that Misconduct will *certainly* be never chased out of the World by Satire, if no Satires are written: Which is applicable, likewise, to graver Compositions. *Ethics*, Heathen and Christian, and the Scriptures themselves are, in a great measure, a *Satire* on the Weakness and Iniquity of Men; and some Part of that Satire is in Verse too. Nay, in the first Ages, Philosophy and Poetry were the same Thing; Wisdom wore no other Dress. So that, I hope, these Satires will be the more

L 2

easily

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easily pardoned that Misfortune by the Severe. If they like not the Fashion, let them take them by the Weight; for some Weight they have, or the Author has failed of his Aim. Nay, *Historians* themselves may be considered as Satirists, and Satirists most severe; since such are most human Actions, that to *relate*, is to *expose* them.

No Man can converse much in the World, but, at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry, or smile. Some Passion (if we are not impassive) must be moved; for the general Conduct of Mankind is, by no Means, a Thing *indifferent*, to a reasonable and virtuous Man. Now to smile at it, and turn it into Ridicule, I think most eligible; as it hurts ourselves least, and gives Vice and Folly the greatest Offence: And that for *this* Reason; because what Men aim at by them, is, generally, public Opinion and Esteem. Which Truth is the Subject of the following Satires; and joins them together, as several Branches from the same Root. An Unity of Design, which has not, I think, in a Set of Satires, been attempted before.

LAUGHING at the Misconduct of the World, will, in a great Measure, ease us of any more disagreeable Passion about it. One Passion is more effectually driven out by another, than by Reason; whatever some may teach. For to Reason we owe our Passions: Had we not Reason, we should not be offended at what we find amiss.

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amiss. And the *Cause* seems not to be the natural Cure of any *Effect*.

MOREOVER, *Laughing Satire* bids the fairest for Success. The World is too proud to be fond of a serious Tutor: And when an Author is in a Passion, the Laugh, generally, as in Conversation, turns against him. This Kind of Satire only has any Delicacy in it. Of this Delicacy *Horace* is the best Master: He appears in good Humour while he censures; and therefore his Censure has the more Weight, as supposed to proceed from Judgment, not from Passion. *Juvenal* is ever in a Passion; he has but little valuable but his Eloquence and Morality: The last of which I have had in my Eye, but rather for Emulation, than Imitation, through my whole Work.

BUT though I, comparatively, condemn *Juvenal*, in Part of the sixth Satire (where the Occasion most required it) I endeavoured to touch on his Manner; but was forced to quit it soon, as disagreeable to the Writer, and Reader too. *Boileau* has joined both the *Roman* Satirists with great Success; but has too much of *Juvenal* in his very serious Satire on Woman, which should have been the gayest of all. An excellent Critic of our own commends *Boileau's* Closeness, or, as he calls it, *Pressness*, particularly: Whereas it appears to me, that Repetition is his Fault; if any Fault should be imputed to him.

THERE are some Prose-Satirists of the greatest Delicacy and Wit; the last of which can

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never, or should never succeed, without the former. An Author without it, betrays too great a Contempt for Mankind, and Opinion of himself; which are bad Advocates for Reputation and Success. What a Difference is there between the *Merit*, if not the *Wit* of *Cervantes* and *Rabelais*? The last has a particular Art of throwing a great deal of Genius and Learning into Frolic and Jest; but the Genius and the Scholar is all you can admire; you want the Gentleman to converse with in him. He is like a Criminal who receives his Life for some Services; you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our Pride, as Men; and our unaffected Taste, as Judges of Composition. Nature has wisely formed us with an Aversion to it: And he that succeeds in Spight of it, is,
 * *aliena venia, quam sua providentia tutior.*

SUCH Wits, like false Oracles of old, (which were Wits and Cheats,) should set up for Reputation among the *Weak*, in some *Bæotia*, which was the Land of Oracles; for the *Wise* will hold them in Contempt. Some Wits too, like Oracles, deal in *Ambiguities*; but not with equal Success; for though *Ambiguities* are the *first* Excellence of an Impostor, they are the *last* of a Wit.

SOME satirical Wits and Humorists, like their Father *Lucian*, laugh at every Thing indiscriminately; which betrays such a Poverty of Wit, as cannot afford to part with any Thing; and such a Want of Virtue, as to postpone it to a

* Val. Max.

Jest.

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Jest. Such Writers encourage Vice and Folly, which they pretend to combat, by setting them on an equal Foot with better Things: And while they labour to bring every Thing into Contempt, how can they expect their own Parts should escape? Some *French* Writers particularly, are guilty of this in Matters of the last Consequence, and some of our own. They that are for lessening the true Dignity of Mankind, are not sure of being successful, but with regard to *one Individual* in it. It is this Conduct that justly makes a *Wit* a Term of Reproach.

WHICH puts me in Mind of *Plato's* Fable of the Birth of *Love*; one of the prettiest Fables of all Antiquity; which will hold likewise with regard to modern *Poetry*. Love, says he, is the Son of the Goddess *Poverty*, and the God of *Riches*: He has from his *Father* his daring Genius; his Elevation of Thought; his building Castles in the Air; his Prodigality; his Neglect of Things serious and useful; his vain Opinion of his own Merit, and his Affectation of Preference and Distinction. From his *Mother* he inherits his Indigence, which makes him a constant Beggar of Favours; that Importunity, with which he begs; his Flattery; his Servility; his Fear of being despised, which is inseparable from him. This Addition may be made, *viz.* That Poetry, like Love, is a little subject to *Blindness*, which makes her mistake her Way to Preferments and Honours; that she has her satirical *Quiver*; and lastly, that she retains a dutiful Admiration of her *Father's* Family; but
divides

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divides her Favours, and generally lives with her *Mother's* Relations.

HOWEVER, this is not *Necessity* but *Choice*: Were Wisdom her Governess, she might have much more of the Father than the Mother; especially in such an Age as this, which shews a due Passion for her Charms.



SATIRE I.

To His GRACE the
DUKE of DORSET.

— *Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quàm
Virtutis.* Juv. Sat. 10.

MY Verse is Satire ; DORSET, lend your Ear,
And *patronize* a Muse you cannot fear.

To Poets sacred is a DORSET's Name,
Their wonted Passport thro' the Gates of Fame ;
It *bribes* the partial Reader into Praise,
And throws a Glory round the shelter'd Lays ;
The dazzled Judgment fewer Faults can see,
And gives Applause to *B——e*, or to me.
But you decline the *Mistress* we pursue ;
Others are fond of *Fame*, but *Fame* of you.

INSTRUCTIVE Satire, true to Virtue's Cause!
Thou shining *Supplement* of public *Laws* !
When *flatter'd Crimes* of a licentious Age
Reproach our Silence, and demand our Rage ;
When

When *purchas'd Follies*, from each distant Land,
 Like Arts improve in *Britain's* skilful Hand;
 When the *Law* shews her Teeth, but dares not bite,
 And *South-Sea* Treasures are not brought to light;
 When *Churchmen* Scripture for the Classics quit,
 Polite Apostates from God's *Grace* to *Wit*;
 When Men grow *Great* from their *Revenue spent*,
 And fly from Bailiffs into Parliament;
 When dying Sinners, to blot out their Score,
 Bequeath the *Church* the Leavings of a *Whore*;
 To chafe our Spleen when Themes like these increase,
 Shall *Panegyric* reign, and *Censure* cease?

SHALL *Poesy*, like *Law*, turn Wrong to Right,
 And Dedications wash an *Æthiop* white,
 Set up each senseless Wretch for Nature's Boast,
 On whom Praise shines, as *Trophies* on a *Post*?
 Shall Fun'ral Eloquence her Colours spread,
 And scatter *Roses* on the wealthy Dead?
 Shall Authors smile on such illustrious Days,
 And *satirise* with nothing—but their *Praise*?

WHY slumbers *Pope*, who leads the tuneful Train,
 Nor hears that *Virtue*, which he loves, complain?

DONNE,

DONNE, DORSET, DRYDEN, ROCHESTER are dead,
 And Guilt's chief Foe in ADDISON is fled;
 CONGREVE, who crown'd with Laurels fairly won,
 Sits smiling at the Goal while Others run,
 He will not write; and (more provoking still!)
 Ye Gods! he will not write, and MÆVIUS will.

DOUBLY distrest, what Author shall we find
 Discreetly daring, and severely kind,
 The courtly * *Roman's* shining Path to tread,
 And sharply *smile* prevailing Folly dead?
 Will no superior Genius snatch the Quill,
 And save me, on the Brink, from writing ill?
 Tho' vain the Strife, I'll strive my Voice to raise.
 What will not Men attempt for *sacred Praise*?

THE *Love of Praise*, howe'er conceal'd by Art,
 Reigns, more or less, and glows in ev'ry Heart:
 The *proud* to gain it Toils on Toils endure;
 The *Modest* shun it, but to make it sure.
 O'er Globes, and Sceptres, now, on Thrones it swells,
 Now, trims the midnight Lamp in College-Cells.

* HORACE.

'Tis

'Tis Tory, Whig ; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in Senates, squeaks in Masquerades.
Here, to S——e's *Humour* makes a bold Pretence ;
There, bolder aims at P——y's *Eloquence*.
It aids the *Dancer's* Heel, the *Writer's* Head,
And heaps the Plain with Mountains of the Dead ;
Nor ends with *Life* ; but nods in sable *Plumes*,
Adorns our *Hearse*, and flatters on our *Tombs*.

WHAT is not *proud* ? The *Pimp* is proud too see
So many like himself in high Degree :
The *Whore* is proud her Beauties are the Dread
Of peevish Virtue, and the Marriage-Bed ;
And the brib'd *Cuckold*, like crown'd Victims born
To Slaughter, glories in his gilded Horn.

SOME go to Church, *proud* humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went :
One Way they *look*, another Way they *steer*,
Pray to the Gods, but would have Mortals hear ;
And when their Sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their Religion has been one.

OTHERS with wishful Eyes on *Glory* look,
When they have got their *Picture* tow'rd a Book,

Or

Or pompous *Title*, like a gawdy Sign
 Meant to betray dull Sots to wretched Wine.
 If at his Title *T—* had dropt his Quill,
T— might have past for a great Genius still;
 But *T—* alas! (excuse him, if you can)
 Is now a *Scribbler*, who was once a *Man*.

IMPERIOUS some a Claffic *Fame* demand,
 For heaping up, with a laborious Hand,
 A Waggon-Load of Meanings for *one* Word,
 While *A's depos'd*, and *B* with Pomp restor'd.

SOME for *Renown* on Scraps of Learning doat,
 And think they grow immortal as they *quote*.
 To Patch-work learn'd Quotations are ally'd,
 Both strive to make our *Poverty* our *Pride*.

ON *Glass* how witty is a noble Peer?
 Did ever Diamond cost a Man so *dear*?

POLITE Diseases make some Ideots *vain*,
 Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.

OF Folly, Vice, Disease, Men proud we see;
 And (stranger still!) of Blockheads' Flattery,
 Whose Praise defames; as if a Fool should mean
 By spitting on your Face to make it clean.

NOR

NOR is't enough all Hearts are swoln with *Pride*,
Her *Power* is mighty, as her *Realm* is wide.
What can she not perform? The Love of Fame
Made bold ALPHONSUS his Creator blame,
EMPEDOCLES hurl'd down the burning Steep,
And (stronger still!) made ALEXANDER weep.
Nay it holds DELIA from a second Bed,
Tho' her lov'd Lord has four half Months been dead.

THIS Passion with a *Pimple* have I seen
Retard a Cause, and give a Judge the Spleen.
By *this* inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot)
Some Lords have learnt to *spell*, and some to *knot*.
It makes GLOBOSE a Speaker in the House;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his Mousse.
It makes *dear Self* on well-bred Tongues prevail,
And *I* the *little Hero* of each Tale.

SICK with the *Love of Fame* what Throngs pour in,
Unpeople *Court*, and leave the *Senate* thin?
My growing Subject seems but just begun,
And, Chariot-like, I kindle as I run.
Aid me, great HOMER! with thy *Epic Rules*
To take a Catalogue of *British* Fools.

Satire!

Satire! had I thy DORSET's Force divine,
A Knave, or Fool shou'd perish in each Line;
Tho' for the First all *Westminster* should plead,
And for the Last all *Gresham* intercede.

BEGIN. Who first the *Catalogue* shall grace?
To *Quality* belongs the highest Place.
My Lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye Vulgar! at your Peril give him Room:
He stands for *Fame* on his Forefathers' Feet,
By Heraldry prov'd *valiant* or *discreet*.
With what a decent Pride he throws his Eyes
Above the Man by *three Descents* less wise?
If Virtues at his noble Hands you crave,
You bid him raise his Fathers from the Grave.
Men should press forward in Fame's glorious Chace,
Nobles look *backward*, and so lose the Race.

LET high Birth triumph! What can be more great?
Nothing—but Merit in a low Estate.
To Virtue's humblest Son let none prefer
Vice, tho' descended from the Conqueror.
Shall Men, like *Figures*, pass for high, or base,
Slight, or important, only by their Place?

Titles

Titles are Marks of *honest* Men, and *wise* ;

The Fool, or Knave that wears a Title, *lies*.

THEY that on glorious Ancestors enlarge,
Produce their *Debt*, instead of their *Discharge*.

DORSET, let those who proudly boast their Line,
Like thee, in Worth hereditary, shine,

VAIN as false Greatness is, the Muse must own
We want not Fools to buy that *Bristol* Stone,
Mean Sons of Earth, who on a *South-Sea* Tide
Of full Success swam into *Wealth*, and *Pride*,
Knock with a Purse of Gold at ANSTIS' Gate,
And beg to be descended from the Great.

WHEN Men of Infamy to Grandeur soar,
They light a Torch to shew their Shame the more.
Those Governments which *curb* not Evils, *cause* ;
And a rich Knave's a *Libel* on our *Laws*.

BELUS with solid *Glory* will be crown'd ;
He buys no Phantome, no vain empty Sound,
But *builds* himself a Name ; and to be great,
Sinks in a Quarry an immense Estate ;
In Cost, and Grandeur, C——dos he'll out-do,
And, B——l——ton, thy Taste is not so true.

The

The Pile is finish'd, every Toil is past,
And full Perfection is arriv'd at last ;
When lo! my Lord to some small Corner runs,
And leaves State-Rooms to *Strangers*, and to *Duns*.

THE Man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a Home from which to run away.
In *Britain* what is many a lordly Seat,
But a Discharge in full for an Estate?

IN smaller Compass lies PYGMALION's Fame ;
Not Domes, but antique Statues are his Flame ;
Not *Fi-t-n*'s Self more *Parian* Charms has known ;
Nor is good *P-b-ke* more in Love with Stone.
The Bailiff's come (rude Men, prophanely bold!)
And bid him turn his VENUS into Gold.

" No, Sirs, he cries, I'll sooner rot in Jail.
" Shall *Grecian* Arts be truck'd for *English* Bail?"
Such *Heads* might make their very *Busto's* laugh.
His Daughter starves, but * CLEOPATRA's safe.

MEN overloaded with a large Estate
May spill their Treasure in a nice Conceit ;

* A famous Statue.

The *Rich* may be polite, but oh! 'tis sad
To say you're *curious*, when we swear you're *mad*.
By your Revenue measure your Expence,
And to your *Funds* and *Acres* join your *Sense*.
No Man is blest by *Accident* or *Guess*,
True *Wisdom* is the Price of *Happiness*;
Yet few without long Discipline are sage,
And our *Youth* only lays up Sighs for *Age*.

BUT how, my Muse, can'st thou resist so long
The bright Temptation of the Courtly Throng,
Thy most inviting Theme? The *Court* affords
Much Food for Satire, it abounds in Lords.
"What Lords are those saluting with a Grin?"
One is just *out*, and One as lately *in*.
"How comes it then to pass we see preside
"On both their Brows an equal Share of *Pride*?"
Pride, that impartial Passion, reigns thro' all,
Attends our Glory, nor deserts our Fall.
As in its Home, it triumphs in *High-Place*,
And frowns a haughty Exile in *Disgrace*.
Some Lords it bids admire their Wands so white,
Which bloom, like AARON's, to their ravish'd Sight;
Some

Some Lords it bids *resign*, and turn their Wands,
 Like *MOSES*, into Serpents in their Hands.
 These sink, as Divers, for Renown; and boast
 With Pride *inverted* of their Honours lost.
 But against Reason sure 'tis equal Sin
 To boast of merely being *out*, or *in*.

WHAT Numbers, *here*, thro' odd Ambition strive
 To seem the most transported Things alive?
 As if by *Joy*, *Desert* was understood,
 And all the Fortunate were *wise* and *good*.
 Hence aching Bosoms wear a Visage gay,
 And stifled Groans frequent the Ball, and Play.
 Compleatly drest by * *MONTEUIL*, and Grimace,
 They take their *Birth-day* Suit, and *publick* Face:
 Their Smiles are only Part of what they wear,
 Put off at Night with Lady B——'s Hair.
 What bodily Fatigue is half so bad?
 With anxious *Care* they labour to be *glad*.

WHAT Numbers, *here*, would into Fame advance,
 Conscious of Merit in the Coxcomb's *Dance*?

* A famous Taylor.

The Tavern! Park! Assembly! Mask! and Play!
Those dear Destroyers of the tedious Day!
That Wheel of Fops! that Saunter of the Town!
Call it *Diversion*, and the *Pill* goes down;
Fools grin on Fools, and *Stoic*-like, support,
Without one Sigh, the *Pleasures* of a Court.
Courts can give nothing, to the *Wife*, and *Good*,
But Scorn of Pomp, and Love of Solitude.
High Stations *Tumult*, but not *Bliss* create;
None think the Great unhappy, but the Great;
Fools gaze, and envy; Envy darts a Sting,
Which makes a Swain as wretched as a King.

I ENVY none their Pageantry, and Show,
I envy none the *Gilding* of their Woe.
Give me, indulgent Gods! with Mind serene,
And guiltless Heart to range the sylvan Scene.
No splendid Poverty, no smiling Care,
No well-bred Hate, or servile Grandeur *there*:
There pleasing Objects useful Thoughts suggest,
The *Sense* is ravish'd, and the *Soul* is blest;
On every Thorn delightful Wisdom grows,
In every Rill a sweet Instruction flows.

But

But some, *untaught*, o'erhear the whisp'ring Rill,
 In Spight of sacred Leisure Blockheads still;
 Nor shoots up Folly to a nobler Bloom
 In her own native Soil, the *Drawing-Room*.

THE *Squire* is proud to see his Courser strain,
 Or well-breath'd Beagles sweep along the Plain.
 Say, dear HIPPOLITUS, (whose Drink is Ale,
 Whose Erudition is a *Christmas-Tale*,
 Whose Mistress is saluted with a Smack,
 And Friend receiv'd with Thumps upon the Back)
 When thy sleek Gelding nimbly leaps the Mound,
 And RINGWOOD opens on the tainted Ground,
 Is that *thy* Praise? Let RINGWOOD's Fame alone;
 Just RINGWOOD leaves each Animal his own.
 Nor envies when a Gypsy *you* commit,
 And shake the clumsy *Bench* with Country Wit;
 When you the dullest of dull Things have said,
 And then ask Pardon for the *Jest* you made.

HERE breathe my Muse! and then thy Task renew,
 Ten thousand Fools unsung are still in View,
 Fewer Lay-atheists made by Church-Debates;
 Fewer great Beggars fam'd for large Estates:

Ladies, whose Love is constant as the Wind ;
 Cits, who prefer a Guinea to Mankind ;
 Fewer grave Lords to SCR—PE discreetly bend :
 And fewer *Shocks* a Statesman gives his *Friend*.

Is there a Man of an eternal Vein,
 Who lulls the Town in *Winter* with his Strain,
 At *Bath* in *Summer* chants the reigning Lads,
 And sweetly *whistles*, as the *Waters* pass ?
 Is there a Tongue, like DELIA's o'er her Cup,
 That runs for Ages without winding-up ?
 Is there, whom his *tenth Epic* mounts to Fame ?
 Such, and such only might exhaust my Theme ;
 Nor would these Heroes of the Task be glad ;
 For who can *write* so fast as Men run *mad* ?



SATIRE II.

MY Muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd End ;
Tho' *Toil*, and *Danger* the bold Task attend.

Heroes and *Gods* make other Poems fine,

Plain Satire calls for *Sense* in every Line :

Then, to what Swarms thy Faults I dare expose ?

All Friends to *Vice*, and *Folly* are thy Foes.

When *such* the Foe, a War eternal wage,

'Tis most Ill-nature to *repress* thy Rage ;

And if these Strains some nobler Muse excite,

I'll glory in the Verse I did *not* write.

So weak are Humankind by Nature made,

Or to such Weakness by their Vice betray'd,

Almighty Vanity ! to thee they owe

Their *Zest* of Pleasure, and their *Balm* of Woe.

Thou, like the Sun, all *Colours* dost contain,

Varying, like Rays of Light, on Drops of Rain.

For every Soul finds Reasons to be proud,

Tho' hiss'd, and hooted by the pointing Crowd.

WARM in Pursuit of Foxes, and Renown,

* HIPPOLITUS demands the *Sylvan* Crown ;

* This refers to the first Satire.

But FLORIO's Fame, the Product of a Shower,
 Grows in his Garden, an illustrious Flower!
 Why teems the Earth? why melt the vernal Skies?
 Why shines the Sun? To make * *Paul Diack* rise,
 From Morn to Night has FLORIO gazing stood,
 And wonder'd how the Gods could be so good.
 What Shape? what Hue? was ever Nymph so fair?
 He doats! he dies! he too is *rooted* there.
 O solid Blifs! which nothing can destroy,
 Except a Cat, Bird, Snail, or idle Boy.
 In Fame's full Bloom lies FLORIO down at Night,
 And wakes next Day a most inglorious Wight;
 The Tulip's dead! see thy fair Sister's Fate,
 O C——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

Nor are those Enemies I mention'd all;
 Beware, O Florist, thy Ambition's Fall,
 A Friend of mine indulg'd this noble Flame;
 A Quaker serv'd him, ADAM was his Name,
 To one lov'd Tulip oft' the Master went,
 Hung o'er it, and whole Days in Rapture spent;

* The Name of a Tulip.

But

But came, and mist it one ill-fated Hour.

He rag'd! he roar'd! "What *Dæmon* cropt my
Flow'r?"

Serene quoth ADAM, "Lo! 'twas crusht by me;
"Fall'n is the BAAL to which thou bow'dst thy
Knee."

"BUT all Men want *Amusement*, and what Crime
"In such a Paradise to fool their Time?"
None; but why proud of this? To Fame they soar;
We grant *they're idle*, if they'll ask no more.

WE smile at Florists, we despise their Joy,
And think their Hearts enamour'd of a Toy:
But are those wiser whom we most admire,
Survey with Envy, and pursue with Fire?
What's he, who sighs for Wealth, or Fame, or Power?
Another FLORIO doating on a Flower;
A short-liv'd Flower, and which has often sprung
From fordid Arts, as FLORIO's out of Dung.

WITH what, O CODRUS! is thy Fancy smit?
The *Flow'r* of Learning, and the *Bloom* of Wit.
Thy gawdy Shelves with crimson Bindings glow,
And EPICTETUS is a perfect Beau.

How

How fit for thee bound up in Crimſon too,
 Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the View?
 Thy Books are *Furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard
 That Science ſhould be purchas'd by the Yard,
 And T——N turn'd Upholſterer, ſend home
 The gilded Leather to *fit up* thy Room.

IF not to ſome peculiar End aſſign'd,
Study's the ſpecious *Trifling* of the Mind;
 Or is at beſt a ſecondary Aim,
 A Chace for *Sport* alone, and not for *Game*:
 If ſo, ſure they who the meer *Volume* prize,
 But love the Thicket where the *Quarry* lies.

ON buying Books LORENZO long was bent,
 But found at length that it reduc'd his Rent;
 His Farms were ſrown; when lo! a Sale comes on
 A choice Collection! What is to be done?
 He ſells his *laſt*; for he the whole will buy;
 Sells ev'n his Houſe, nay wants whereon to lie;
 So high the generous Ardour of the Man
 For *Romans*, *Greeks*, and *Orientalſ* ran.

When

When Terms were drawn, and brought him by the
Clerk,

LORENZO sign'd the Bargain—with his *Mark*.

Unlearned Men of Books assume the Care,
As Eunuchs are the Guardians of the Fair.

Not in his Authors' *Liveries* alone
Is CODRUS' erudite Ambition shown?
Editions various, at high Prices bought,
Inform the World what CODRUS would be *thought*;
And, to this Cost, another must succeed,
To pay a Sage, who *says* that he can read,
Who *Titles* knows, and *Indexes* has seen;
But leaves to——what lies between,
Of pompous Books who shuns the proud Expence,
And humbly is contented with their *Sense*.

O——, whose Accomplishments make good
The *Promise* of a long-illustrious Blood,
In *Arts*, and *Manners* eminently grac'd,
The strictest *Honour*! and the finest *Taste*!
Accept this Verse; if Satire can agree
With so consummate an *Humanity*.

Br

By your Example would HILARIO mend,
How would it grace the Talents of my Friend,
Who with the Charms of his own Genius smit,
Conceives all Virtues are compriz'd in Wit?
But Time his fervent Petulance may cool;
For tho' he is a *Wit*, he is no *Fool*.
In Time he'll learn to *use*, not *waste* his Sense,
Nor make a *Frailty* of an *Excellence*.
His brisk Attack on *Blockheads* we should prize,
Were not his Jest as flippant with the *Wife*.
He spares nor Friend, nor Foe; but calls to Mind,
Like *Doom's-Day*, all the Faults of all Mankind.

WHAT tho' *Wit* tickles? Tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis *painful* while it makes us *laugh*.
Who, for the poor Renown of being *smart*,
Would leave a Sting within a Brother's Heart?

PARTS may be prais'd, *Good-nature* is ador'd;
Then draw your *Wit* as seldom as your *Sword*,
And never on the *Weak*; or you'll appear
As *there* no Hero, no great Genius *here*.
As in smooth Oil the Razor best is whet,
So *Wit* is by *Politeness* sharpest set:

Their

Their Want of Edge from their *Offence* is seen;
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

The *Fame* Men give is for the *Joy* they find;
Dull is the *Jester*, when the *Joke's unkind*.

SINCE MARCUS, doubtless, thinks himself a Wit,
To pay my Compliment what Place so fit?
His most facetious * Letters came to Hand,
Which my first Satire sweetly reprimand.
If that a *just* Offence to MARCUS gave,
Say, MARCUS, which art thou, a *Fool*, or *Knave*?
For all but such with Caution I forbore;
That thou wast either, I ne'er knew before:
I know thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who*;
No Mask so good, but MARCUS must shine through;
False Names are vain, thy Lines their Author tell;
Thy best Concealment had been writing *well*:
But thou a brave Neglect of *Fame* hast shown,
Of *others' Fame*, great Genius! and thy *own*.
Write on unheeded, and this Maxim know,
The Man who *pardons*, *disappoints* his Foe.

IN Malice to *proud Wits*, some proudly lull
Their *peevish Reason*, vain of being dull;

* Letters sent to the Author, signed MARCUS.

When some home Joke has stung their *solemn* Souls,
 In Vengeance they determine—to be *Fools* ;
 Thro' Spleen, that *little* Nature gave, make *less*,
 Quite zealous in the Ways of *Heaviness* ;
 To *Lumps* inanimate a Fondness take,
 And disinherit Sons that are *awake*.
 These, when their utmost Venom they would spit,
 Most barbarously tell you—“ *he's a Wit.*”
 Poor *Negroes*, thus, to shew their burning Spite
 To *Cacodæmons*, say, they're *dev'lish white*.

LAMPRIIDIUS from the Bottom of his Breast
 Sighs o'er one Child, but triumphs in the rest.
 How just his *Grief*? one carries in his Head
 A less Proportion of the Father's Lead ;
 And is in Danger, without special Grace,
 To rise above a Justice of the Peace.
 The *Dunghill-Breed* of Men a *Diamond* scorn,
 And feel a Passion for a *Grain of Corn*,
 Some stupid, plodding, Money-loving Wight,
 Who wins their Hearts by knowing Black from White,
 Who with *much* Pains exerting *all* his Sense,
 Can range aright his Shillings, Pounds, and Pence.

The

The Booby-father craves a Booby-son,
And by Heav'n's *Blessing* thinks himself *undone*.

WANTS of all Kinds are made to Fame a Plea;
One learns to *lisp*, another *not* to see;

Miss D—— tottering catches at your Hand.

Was ever Thing so pretty born to stand?

Whilst these what Nature gave, disown thro' Pride,

Others affect what Nature has deny'd;

What Nature has deny'd Fools will pursue,

As *Apes* are ever walking upon *two*.

CRASSUS, a *grateful* Sage, our Awe and Sport!

Supports grave Forms, for Forms the Sage support.

He hems, and cries, with an important Air,

“If yonder Clouds withdraw, it will be fair:”

Then quotes the *Stagyrite* to prove it true,

And adds, “The Learn'd delight in something *new*.”

Is't not enough the Blockhead scarce can read,

But must he *wisely* look, and *gravely* plead?

As far a *Formalist* from *Wisdom* sits,

In judging Eyes, as *Libertines* from *Wits*.

YE subtle Wights (so blind are mortal Men,

Tho' Satire *couch* them with her keenest Pen)

For

For ever will hang out a solemn Face,
 To put off *Nonsense* with the better Grace:
 As Pedlars with some Hero's Head make bold,
 Illustrious Mark! where *Pins* are to be sold.

WHAT's the bent Brow, or Neck in Thought re-
 clin'd?

The *Body's* Wisdom to conceal the Mind.
 A Man of Sense can *Artifice* disdain,
 As Men of Wealth may venture to go plain;
 And be this Truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a Cover for a *Sot*.

I find the *Fool*, when I behold the *Skreen*;
 For 'tis the wise Man's Interest to be *seen*.

HENCE, —, that Openness of Heart,
 And just Disdain for that poor *Mimic* Art;
 Hence (manly Praise!) that Manner nobly free,
 Which all admire, and I commend in thee.

WITH generous Scorn how oft hast thou survey'd
 Of *Court*, and *Town* the noon-tide Masquerade,
 Where Swarms of *Knaves* the Vizard quite disgrace,
 And hide secure behind a *naked Face*?

Where

Where Nature's End of Language is declin'd,
And Men talk only to *conceal* the Mind ;
Where generous Hearts the greatest Hazard run,
And he who trusts a *Brother* is undone ?

THESE all their Care expend on outward Shew
For Wealth, and Fame ; for Fame alone, the *Beau*.
Of late at WHITE's was young FLORELLO seen.
How blank his Look ? how discompos'd his Mien ?
So hard it proves in Grief sincere to feign !
Sunk were his Spirits ; for his Coat was *plain*.

NEXT Day his Breast regain'd its wonted Peace,
His Health was mended with a *Silver Lace*.
A curious Artist long inur'd to Toils
Of gentler Sort, with Combs, and fragrant Oils,
Whether by Chance, or by some God inspir'd ;
So touch'd his *Curls*, his mighty Soul was fir'd.
The well-swoln Ties an equal Homage claim,
And either Shoulder has its Share of Fame ;
His sumptuous *Watch-case*, tho' conceal'd it lies,
Like a good *Conscience*, solid Joy supplies.
He only thinks himself (so far from vain!)
ST—PE in Wit, in Breeding D—L—NE.

N

Whene'er

Whene'er by seeming Chance he throws his Eye
On Mirrors flushing with the *Tyrian* Dye,
With how sublime a Transport leaps his Heart?
But Fate ordains that dearest Friends must part.
In active Measures brought from *France*, he wheels,
And triumphs conscious of his learned *Heels*.

So have I seen, on some bright Summer's Day,
A Calf of Genius debonnair, and gay,
Dance on the Bank, as if inspir'd by Fame,
Fond of the *pretty Fellow* in the Stream.

MOROSE is sunk with Shame, whene'er surpriz'd
In Linnen clean, or Peruke undisguis'd.
No sublunary Chance his Vestments fear,
Valu'd, like Leopards, as their *Spots* appear.
A fam'd Sur-tout he wears, which *once* was blue,
And his Foot swims in a capacious Shoe.
One Day his Wife (for who can Wives reclaim?)
Levell'd her barbarous *Needle* at his Fame;
But open Force was vain; by Night she went,
And, while he slept, surpriz'd the darling *Rent*;

Where

Where yawn'd the Frizé is now become a Doubt,
*And Glory at one Entrance quite shut out.**

HE scorns FLORELLO, and FLORELLO him ;
This hates the *filthy* Creature, that the *prim* :
Thus in each other both these Fools despise
Their own dear Selves, with undiscerning Eyes ;
Their Methods various, but alike their Aim :
The *Sloven*, and the *Fopling* are the same.

YE Whigs and Tories! thus it fares with you,
When Party-rage too warmly you pursue ;
Then both club Nonsense, and impetuous Pride,
And *Folly* joins whom *Sentiments* divide.
You vent your Spleen, as Monkeys, when they pass,
Scratch at the Mimick-Monkey in the Glass,
While both are *one* ; and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both Sides shall stand as Fools alone.

“ BUT who art thou ? ” methinks FLORELLO cries.
“ Of all thy Species art thou only wise ? ”
Since smallest Things can give our Sins a Twitch,
As crossing Straws retard a passing Witch,

* MILTON.

FLORELLO, thou my Monitor shalt be ;

I'll *conjure* thus some Profit out of *thee*.

O THOU myself! abroad our Counsels roam,

And, like ill Husbands, take no Care at home.

Thou too art wounded with the common Dart,

And Love of Fame lies throbbing at thy Heart ;

And what wise Means to gain it hast thou chose?

Know, *Fame* and *Fortune* both are made of Prose.

Is thy Ambition sweating for a *Rhyme*,

Thou unambitious Fool, at this late Time?

While I a Moment name, a Moment's past ;

I'm nearer Death in *this* Verse than the *last* :

What then is to be done? Be wise with Speed :

A Fool at forty is a Fool indeed.

AND what so foolish as the Chace of Fame?

How vain the Prize? how impotent our Aim?

For what are Men who grasp at Praise sublime,

But *Bubbles* on the rapid Stream of Time,

That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,

Born, and *forgot*, ten thousand in an Hour?

SATIRE III.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Mr. DODINGTON.

LONG, DODINGTON, in Debt, I long have
fought

To ease the Burthen of my grateful Thought ;
And now a Poet's Gratitude you see,
Grant him *two* Favours, and he'll ask for *three* :
For whose the present Glory, or the Gain?
You give Protection, I a worthless Strain.
You love, and feel the Poet's sacred Flame,
And know the Basis of a solid Fame ;
Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the *Malice* of a *Friend* ;
Nor favour my Attempts that Way alone,
But, more to raise my Verse, *conceal* your own.

AN ill-tim'd Modesty! turn Ages o'er,
When wanted *Britain* bright Examples more?
Her *Learning*, and her *Genius* too decays,
And *dark*, and *cold* are her declining Days ;

As if Men now were of another Cast,

They meanly live *on Alms* of Ages past.

Men still are Men, and they who boldly dare,

Shall triumph o'er the Sons of cold Despair ;

Or, if they fail, they justly still take Place

Of such, who *run in Debt* for their Disgrace,

Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,

And damn it with *Improvements* of their own.

We bring some new Materials, and what's old

New-cast with Care, and in no *borrow'd* Mold ;

Late Times the Verse may read, if these refuse,

And from four Critics vindicate the Muse.

“ YOUR Work is long,” the Critics cry, 'Tis true,

And lengthens still, to take in Fools like you :

Shorten my Labour, if its Length you blame,

For, grow but wise, you rob me of my Game ;

As hunted *Hags*, who, while the Dogs pursue,

Renounce their four Legs, and start up on two.

LIKE the bold Bird upon the Banks of *Nile*,

That picks the Teeth of the dire *Crocodile*,

Will I enjoy (dread Feast!) the Critic's Rage,

And with the fell *Destroyer* feed my Page.

For

For what ambitious Fools are more to blame
 Than those, who thunder in the Critic's Name?
 Good Authors damn'd, have their Revenge in *this*,
 To see what Wretches gain the Praise they miss.

BALBUTIUS, muffled in his sable Cloak,
 Like an old Druid from his hollow Oak,
 As Ravens solemn, and as *boading*, cries,
 Ten thousand Worlds for the three Unities!
 Ye Doctors sage, who thro' *Parnassus* teach,
 Or quit the Tub, or practise what you preach.

ONE judges, as the *Weather* dictates, right
 The Poem is at Noon, and wrong at Night :
 Another judges by a surer Gage,
 An Author's *Principles*, or *Parentage* ;
 Since his great Ancestors in *Flanders* fell,
 The Poem, doubtless, must be written well.
 Another judges by the Writer's *Look* ;
 Another judges, for he *bought the Book* ;
 Some judge, their Knack of *judging-wrong* to keep ;
 Some judge, because it is too soon to *sleep*.

THUS all will judge, and with one single Aim,
 To gain themselves, not give the Writer Fame.

The very best *ambitiously* advise,
 Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise:
 None are at Leisure others to reward;
 They scarce will *damn*, but out of Self-regard,

CRITICS on Verse, as *Squibs* on Triumphs wait,
 Proclaim the Glory, and augment the State;
 Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling Fry
 Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste Paper, stink and die.
 Rail on, my Friends? what more my Verse can crown
 Than *Compton's* Smile, and your obliging Frown?

Not all on *Books* their *Criticism* waste;
 The Genius of a *Disb* some justly taste,
 And eat their Way to *Fame*; with anxious Thought
 The *Salmon* is refus'd, the *Turbot* bought.
 Impatient Art rebukes the Sun's Delay,
 And bids *December* yield the Fruits of *May*;
 Their various Cares in one great Point combine,
 The Business of their Lives, that is ——— to dine,
 Half of their precious Day they give the *Feast*,
 And, to a kind *Digestion*, spare the rest.
 APICIUS, here, the Taster of the Town,
 Feeds twice a Week, to settle their Renown.

THESE

THESE Worthies of the Palate guard with Care
 The sacred Annals of their *Bills of Fare* ;
 In those choice Books their *Panegyrics* read,
 And scorn the Creatures that for *Hunger* feed.
 If Man by *feeding well* commences great,
 Much more the Worm to whom that Man is Meat.

To Glory some advance a lying Claim,
Thieves of Renown, and *Pilferers* of Fame ;
 Their Front supplies what their Ambition lacks,
 They know a thousand Lords, *behind their Backs*.
Cottil is apt to wink upon a Peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar Leer ;
 And *H—y's* Eyes, unmercifully keen,
 Have murder'd Fops, by whom she ne'er was seen.
 NIGER adopts stray Libels, wisely prone
 To covet Shame, still greater than his own.
 BATHYLLUS, in the Winter of Threescore,
 Belyes his Innocence, and keeps a Whore.
 Absence of Mind BRABANTIO turns to Fame,
Learns to mistake, nor knows his Brother's Name ;
 Has Words, and Thoughts in nice *Disorder* set,
 And takes a Memorandum to *forget*.

Thus

Thus vain, nor knowing what adorns, or blots,
Men *forge the Patents*, that create them Sots.

As Love of Pleasure into Pain betrays,
So most grow infamous thro' Love of Praise.
But whence for Praise can such an Ardor rise,
When those, who bring that Incense, we despise?
For such the Vanity of Great, and Small,
Contempt goes round, and all Men laugh at all.

NOR, can even Satire blame them, for 'tis true
They most have ample Cause for what they do.
O fruitful *Britain*! doubtless thou was meant
A Nurse of *Fools* to stock the Continent.
Tho' *PHOEBUS* and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank Folly underneath the Scythe will grow.
The plenteous Harvest calls me forward still,
Till I surpass in Length my Lawyer's Bill,
A *WELCH* Descent, which well-paid Heralds damn,
Or, longer still, a *DUTCHMAN*'s Epigram.
When cloy'd, in Fury I throw down my Pen,
In comes a Coxcomb, and I write agen,

SEE *TITYRUS* with Merriment posselt,
Is burst with Laughter, 'ere he hears the Jest;

What

What need he stay? for when the Joke is o'er,
His *Teeth* will be no whiter than before.
Is there of *these*, ye Fair! so great a Dearth,
That you need purchase *Monkeys* for your Mirth?

SOME, vain of *Paintings*, bid the World admire,
Of *Houses* some, nay *Houses* that they *bire*;
Some (perfect Wisdom!) of a beauteous *Wife*,
And boast, like Cordeliers, a Scourge for Life.

SOMETIMES, thro' Pride, the Sexes change their
Airs,

My Lord *has Vapours*, and my Lady *swears*;
Then, stranger still! on turning of the Wind,
My Lord *wears Breeches*, and my Lady's *kind*.

To shew the Strength, and Infamy of *Pride*,
By all 'tis followed and by all deny'd.

What Numbers are there, which at once pursue
Praise, and the Glory to condemn it, too?

Vincenna knows *Self-praise* betrays to *Shame*,
And therefore lays a Stratagem for Fame;
Makes his Approach in Modesty's Disguise
To win Applause, and takes it by Surprise.

"To err, says he, in small Things is my Fate."
You know your Answer, *he's exact in great*.

"My

“ My *Stile*, says he, is rude, and full of Faults.”

But O! what Sense! what Energy of Thoughts!

That he wants Algebra he must confess.

But not a Soul to give our Arms Success.

“ Ah! That’s a Hit indeed, *Vincenna* cries;

“ But who in Heat of Blood was ever wise?

“ I own ’twas wrong, when thousands call’d me back,

“ To make that hopeless, ill-advis’d Attack;

“ All say ’twas Madness, nor dare I deny;

“ Sure never Fool so well deserv’d to die.”

Could *this* deceive in others, to be free,

It ne’er, *Vincenna*, cou’d deceive in *thee*,

Whose Conduct is a Comment to thy Tongue

So clear, the Dullest cannot take thee wrong.

Thou on *one Sleeve* wilt thy *Revenue* wear,

And haunt the Court, without a *Prospect* there,

Are these Expedients for Renown? Confess

Thy *little-self*, that I may scorn thee less.

Be wise, *Vincenna*, and the Court forsake,

Our Fortunes there, nor *thou*, nor *I* shall make,

Ev’n *Men of Merit*, ere their Point they gain,

In hardy Service make a long Campaign,

Most

Most manfully besiege their Patron's Gate,
 And oft' repuls'd, as oft' attack the *Great*
 With painful Art, and Application warm,
 And take at last some *little Place* by Storm;
 Enough to keep *two Shoes* on *Sunday* clean,
 And *starve* upon discreetly in *Sheer Lane*.

Already *this* thy Fortune can afford,

Then starve without the *Favour* of my Lord.

'Tis true, great Fortunes some great Men confer;

But often, ev'n in doing right, they err:

From *Caprice*, not from *Choice*, their Favours come;

They give, but think it *Toil* to know to whom:

The Man that's nearest, *yawning* they advance.

'Tis *Inhumanity* to *bless* by Chance.

If *Merit* sues, and *Greatness* is so loth

To break its downy Trance, I pity *both*.

I grant at Court, *Philander*, at his Need,

(Thanks to his lovely Wife) finds Friends indeed.

Of every Charm, and Virtue she's possess.

PHILANDER! thou art exquisitely blest,

The publick Envy! Now then, 'tis allow'd,

The Man is found, who may be *justly* proud:

But,

But, see! how sickly's is Ambition's Taste?
 Ambition feeds on Trash, and loaths a Feast;
 For lo! PHILANDER, of Reproach afraid,
 In *Secret* loves his Wife, but *keeps* her Maid.

SOME Nymphs sell Reputation, others buy,
 And love a Market, where the Rates run high.
Italian Musick's sweet, because tis dear;
 Their *Vanity* is tickled, not their *Ear*;
 Their Tastes would lessen, if the Prices fell,
 And SHAKESPEARE'S wretched Stuff do quite as well
 Away the disenchant'd Fair would throng,
 And own, that *English* is their Mother Tongue.

To shew how much our Northern Tastes refine,
Imported Nymphs our Peereffes out-shine;
 While *Tradesmen* starve, these PHILOMELS are gay;
 For generous Lords had rather *give*, than *pay*.
 O lavish Land! for *Sound* at such Expence?
 But then she saves it in her Bills for *Sense*.

MUSICK I passionately love, 'tis plain,
 Since for its Sake such Dramas I sustain.
 An Opera, like a Pillory, may be said
 To nail our *Ears* down, but expose our *Head*.

BEHOLD

BEHOLD the Masquerade's fantastick Scene!
The *Legislature* join'd with *Drury-lane*!
When *Britain* calls, th'embroider'd Patriots run,
And serve their *Country*——if the *Dance* is done.
“Are we not then allow'd to be polite?”
Yes, doubtless, but first set your Notions right.
Worth of Politeness is the needful Ground,
Where *that* is wanting, *this* can ne'er be found.
Triflers not even in Trifles can excel;
'Tis *solid Bodies* only *polish* well.

GREAT, chosen Prophet! For these latter Days,
To turn a willing World *from* righteous Ways,
Well, H——R, dost thou thy *Master* serve;
Well has he seen his *Servant* shou'd not starve.
Thou to his Name hast splendid *Temples* rais'd,
In various Forms of *Worship* seen him prais'd,
Gawdy Devotion, like a *Roman*, shown,
And sung sweet Anthems in a Tongue *unknown*.
Inferior Off'rings to thy God of Vice,
And duly paid in *Fiddles*, *Cards*, and *Dice*;
Thy Sacrifice supreme, an *hundred Maids*!
That solemn Rite of Midnight Masquerades!

If

If Maids the quite-exhausted Town denies,
 An hundred Heads of *Cuckolds* suffice.
 Thou smil'st, well pleased with the converted Land,
 To see the *fifty Churches* at a Stand.

AND that thy Ministry may never fail,
 But what thy Hand has planted still prevail,
 Of *minor Prophets* a Succession sure
 The Propagation of thy Zeal secure.

SEE Commons, Peers, and Ministers of State
 In solemn Council met, and deep Debate!
 What Godlike Enterprize is taking Birth?
 What Wonder opens on th'expecting Earth?
 'Tis done! with loud Applause the Council rings!
 Fix'd is Fate of *Whores*, and *Fiddle-strings*!

THO' bold these Truths, thou, Muse, with Truths
 like these,
 Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a Praise to please:
 Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
 Like just *Tribunals*, bend an awful Brow.
 How terrible it were to common Sense,
 To write a *Satire*, which gave none Offence?

And,

And, since from *Life* I take the Draughts you see,
If Men dislike them, do they censure *me*?
On then, my Muse! and *Fools*, and *Knaves* expose,
And since thou canst not make a *Friend*, make *Foes*:
The Fool, and Knave 'tis glorious to offend,
And Godlike an Attempt the World to mend;
The World, where lucky Throws to *Blockheads* fall,
Knaves know the Game, and *honest Men* pay all.

How hard for real Worth to gain its Price?
A Man shall make his Fortune in a Trice,
If blest with pliant, tho' but slender Sense,
Feign'd Modesty, and real Impudence.
A supple Knee, smooth Tongue, an easy Grace,
A Curse within, a Smile upon his Face,
A beauteous Sister, or convenient Wife,
Are *Prizes* in the Lottery of Life;
Genius and *Virtue* they will soon defeat,
And lodge you in the Bosom of the Great.
To merit, is but to provide a Pain
From Men's refusing what you ought to gain.

MAY, DODINGTON, this Maxim fail in you,
Whom my presaging Thoughts already view

By WALPOLE's Conduct fir'd, and Friendship grac'd,
 Still higher in your Prince's Favour plac'd;
 And lending, *here*, those awful Councils aid,
 Which you, *abroad*, with such Success obey'd:
 Bear *this* from one, who holds your Friendship dear;
 What most we wish, with Ease we fancy near.



SATIRE IV.

TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir SPENCER COMPTON.

ROUND some fair Tree th' ambitious Wood-
bine grows,

And breathes her Sweets on the supporting Boughs:
So sweet the *Verse*, th' ambitious *Verse*, should be,
(O! pardon mine) that hopes Support from thee;
Thee, COMPTON, born o'er Senates to preside,
Their *Dignity* to raise, their *Councils* guide;
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
And Kingdoms Fates, without Ambition, weigh;
Of distant Virtues nice Extreame to blend,
The *Crown's* Asserter, and the *People's* Friend:
Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer Views,
To listen to the Labours of the *Muse*;
Thy Smiles *protect* her, while thy Talents *fire*,
And 'tis but *half* thy Glory to *inspire*.

VEX'D at a public Fame so justly won,
The jealous CHREMES is with Spleen undone.

CHREMES, for airy Pensions of *Renown*,
 Devotes his Service to the *State*, and *Crown*;
 All Schemes he knows, and knowing, all improves,
 Tho' *Britain's* thankless, still *this Patriot* loves:
 But Patriots differ; some may shed their Blood,
 He *drinks* his *Coffee*, for the public Good;
 Consults the sacred Steam, and there foresees
 What Storms, or Sun-shine Providence decrees;
 Knows for each Day the *Weather* of our Fate:
 A *Quid-nunc* is an *Almanack* of State.

You smile, and think *this Statesman* void of Use.
 Why may not Time his secret Worth produce?
 Since *Apes* can roast the choice *Castanian Nut*,
 Since *Steeds* of Genius are expert at *Put*,
 Since half the Senate *Not content* can say,
Geese Nations save, and *Puppies* Plots betray.

WHAT makes *him* model Realms, and counsel
 Kings?

An Incapacity for smaller Things.

Poor CHREMES can't conduct his *own Estate*,
 And thence has undertaken *Europe's Fate*.

GE-

GEHENNO leaves the Realm to CHREMES' Skill,
And boldy claims a Province higher still.
To raise a Name, th' ambitious Boy has got
At once a *Bible*, and a *Shoulder-Knot*;
Deep in the Secret, he looks thro' the Whole,
And pities the dull Rogue that *saves his Soul*;
To talk with Rev'rence you must take good Heed,
Nor shock his *tender Reason* with the Creed.
Howe'er well-bred, in public he complies,
Obliging Friends alone with *Blasphemies*.

PEERAGE is Poison, good Estates are bad
For this Disease; poor Rogues run seldom mad.
Have not *Attainders* brought unhop'd Relief,
And *falling Stocks* quite cur'd an Unbelief?
While the Sun shines BLUNT, talks with wond'rous
Force;

But Thunder mars *small Beer*, and *weak Discourse*.
Such useful *Instruments* the Weather show,
Just as their *Mercury* is high or low.

HEALTH chiefly keeps an Atheist in the Dark;
A Fever argues better than a *Clarke*:

Let but the Logick in his *Pulse* decay,
 The *Grecian* he'll renounce, and learn to pray;
 While C—— mourns with an unfeigned Zeal
 Th' apostate Youth, who reason'd *once* so well.

C——, who makes so merry with the Creed,
 He almost thinks he disbelieves *indeed*;
 But only thinks so; to give both their Due,
Satan, and *he*, believe, and tremble too.

Of some for *Glory* such the boundless Rage,
 That they're the blackest *Scandal* of their Age.

NARCISSUS the *Tartarian Club* disclaims,
 Nay, a *Free-Mason* with some Terror names,
 Omits no Duty, nor can *Envy* say
 He miss'd these many Years the *Church*, or *Play*;
 He makes no Noise in *Parliament*, 'tis due;
 But pays his *Debts*, and *Visit*, when 'tis true;
 His *Character* and *Gloves* are ever clean,
 And then, he can out-bow the *bowing Dean*;
 A Smile eternal on his Lip he wears,
 Which equally the Wise, and Worthless shares,
 In gay Fatigues this most undaunted Chief,
 Patient of *Idleness* beyond Belief,

Most

Most charitably lends the Town his *Face*,
 For Ornament, in ev'ry public Place;
 As sure as *Cards*, he to the *Assembly* comes,
 And is the *Furniture* of Drawing-Rooms.
 When *Ombre* calls, his Hand and Heart are free,
 And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three.
 NARCISSUS is the Glory of his Race;
 For who does *nothing* with a better Grace?
 To deck my List, by Nature were design'd
 Such shining *Expletives* of Human Kind,
 Who want, while thro' blank Life they dream along,
Sense to be right, and *Passion* to be wrong.

To counterpoise this Hero of the *Mode*,
 Some for Renown are *singular* and *odd*;
 What other Men dislike, is sure to please
 Of all Mankind these dear *Antipodes*;
 Thro' Pride, not Malice, they run counter still,
 And *Birth-Days* are their Days of dressing ill.
 AKB—T is a Fool, and F—— a Sage,
 S—LY will fright you, E—— engage,
 By Nature Streams run backward, Flame descends,
 Stones mount, and S——x is the worst of Friends.

THEY take their Rest by *Day*, and wake by *Night*,
 And blush, if you surprize them in the *Right*,
 If they by Chance blurt out, 'ere well aware,
 A Swan is white, or Q——y is fair.

NOTHING exceeds in Ridicule, no doubt,
 A Fool in Fashion, but a Fool that's out;
 His Passion for Absurdity's so strong,
 He cannot bear a *Rival* in the Wrong.
 Tho' wrong the Mode, comply; more Sense is shewn
 In wearing *others'* Follies, than your *own*.
 If what is out of Fashion most you prize,
 Methinks you should endeavour to be *wise*.
 But what in Oddness can be more sublime
 Than S——, the foremost *Toyman* of his Time?
 His nice Ambition lies in curious Fancies,
 His Daughter's Portion a rich *Shell* inhances,
 And ASHMOLE's Baby-house, is, in his View,
 Britannia's Golden Mine, a rich *Peru*!
 How his Eyes languish? how his Thoughts adore
 That painted Coat which JOSEPH never wore?
 He shews on *Holidays* a sacred Pin,
 That touch'd the Ruff, that touch'd Queen Bess's Chin.

“ SINCE

“ SINCE that great *Dearth* our Chronicles deplore,
 “ Since the great *Plague* that swept as many more,
 “ Was ever Year unblest as *this*?” he’ll cry,
 “ It has not brought us one new *Butterfly*!

In Times that suffer such learn’d Men as *these*,
 Unhappy I——y! how came *you* to please?

Not gaudy Butterflies are Lico’s Game;
 But, in Effect, his Chace is much the same.

Warm in Pursuit, he *levées* all the Great,
 Stanch to the Foot of *Title*, and *Estate*.

Where-e’er their *Lordships* go, they never find,
 Or Lico, or their *Shadows* lag behind;

He *sets* them sure, where-e’er their *Lordships* run,
 Close at their Elbows, as a *Morning-Dun*;

As if their *Grandeur*, by Contagion, wrought,
 And *Fame* was, like a *Fever*, to be caught:

But after seven Years Dance from Place to Place,
 The * *Dane* is more familiar with his Grace.

Who’d be a *Crutch* to prop a rotten Peer;
 Or living *Pendant*, dangling at his Ear,

* A *Danish* Dog.

For ever whisp'ring Secrets, which were blown
 For Months before, by Trumpets, thro' the Town?
 Who'd be a *Glass*, with flattering Grimace,
 Still to reflect the Temper of his Face;
 Or happy *Pin* to stick upon his Sleeve,
 When my Lord's gracious, and vouchsafes it leave;
 Or *Cushion*, when his Heaviness shall please
 To loll, or *thump* it for his better Ease;
 Or a vile *Butt*, for Noon, or Night bespoke,
 When the Peer *rashly* swears he'll club his Joke?
 Who'd shake with Laughter, tho' he cou'd not find
 His Lordship's Jest; or, if his Nose broke Wind,
 For Blessings to the Gods profoundly bow,
 That can cry *Chimney-sweep*, or drive a *Plough*?
 With Terms like these how mean the Tribe that *close*?
 Scarce meaner they, who Terms, like these, *impose*.
 But what's the Tribe most likely to comply?
 The Men of Ink, or antient Authors lye;
 The writing Tribe, who shameless *Auctions* hold
 Of Praise, by Inch of Candle to be sold.
 All Men they flatter, but themselves the most
 With deathless Fame, their everlasting Boast:

For

For Fame no Cully makes so much her Jest,
As her old constant Spark, the Bard profess.

“ B—LE shines in Council, M——T in the Fight,

“ P—L—M’s magnificent ; but I can write,

“ And what to my great Soul like Glory dear?”

’Till some God whispers in his tingling Ear,

That *Fame*’s unwholsome taken without *Meat*,

And Life is best sustain’d by what is *eat*;

Grown *lean*, and *wise*, he curses what he writ,

And wishes all his Wants were in his *Wit*.

 AH! what avails it, when his *Dinner*’s lost,

That his triumphant Name adorns a *Post*?

Or that his shining Page, (provoking Fate!)
Defends Sirloins, which Sons of Dulness *eat*?

 WHAT Foe to Verse without Compassion hears?

What cruel *Prose-man* can refrain from Tears?

When the poor Muse, for less than half a Crown,

A *Prostitute* on every Bulk in Town,

With other Whores undone, tho’ *not* in Print,

Clubs *Credit* for *Geneva* in the *Mint*?

 YE Bards! why will you sing, tho’ uninspir’d?

 YE Bards! why will you *starve*, to be admir’d?

Defunct

Defunct by PHOEBUS' Laws, beyond Redress,
 Why will your *Spectres* haunt the frighted Press?
 Bad Metre, that *Excrescence* of the Head,
 Like *Hair*, will sprout, altho' the Poet's dead.

ALL other Trades demand, Verse-makers beg;
 A Dedication is a *wooden Leg*;
 A barren *Labeo*, the true *Mumper's* Fashion,
 Exposés *borrow'd Brats* to move *Compassion*.
 Tho' such myself, vile Bards I discommend,
 Nay more, tho' gentle DAMON is my Friend.
 "Is't then a Crime to write?"—If Talents rare
 Proclaim the God, the Crime is to *forbear*:
 For some, tho' few, there are large-minded Men,
 Who watch unseen the Labours of the Pen,
 Who know the Muse's Worth, and therefore court,
 Their Deeds her Theme, their Bounty her Support,
 Who serve, *unask'd*, the *least Pretence* to Wit;
 My sole Excuse, alas! for having writ.
 Will H——T pardon, if I dare commend
 H——T, with Zeal a Patron, and a Friend?
 A——LE true Wit is studious to restore!
 And D——T smiles, if PHOEBUS smil'd before,

P——KE in Years the long-lov'd Arts admires,
And HENRIETTA like a Muse inspires.

BUT ah! not *Inspiration* can obtain
That Fame, which Poets languish for in vain.
How mad their Aim? who thirst for Glory, strive
To grasp, what no Man can possess *alive*.
Fame's a *Reversion* in which Men take place
(O late *Reversion*!) at their own Decease.

This Truth sagacious LINTOT knows so well,
He *starves* his Authors, that their Works may *sell*.

THAT *Fame* is *Wealth*, fantastic Poets cry;
That *Wealth* is *Fame*, another Clan reply,
Who know no Guilt, no Scandal but in *Rags*;
And *swell* in just Proportion to their *Bags*.
Nor only the Low-born, Deform'd, and Old
Think Glory nothing but the *Beams of Gold*;
The first young Lord, which in the *Mall* you meet,
Shall match the veriest Huncks in *Lombard-Street*,
From rescu'd Candle's Ends who rais'd a Sum,
And starves to join a *Penny* to a *Plumb*.
A *beardless* Miser? 'Tis a Guilt unknown
To former Times, a Scandal *all* our own.

Or

OF ardent Lovers, the true modern Band
 Will mortgage CELIA to redeem their Land.
 For Love, young, noble, rich CASTALIO dies;
 Name but the Fair, Love swells into his Eyes.
 Divine MONIMIA, thy fond Fears lay down;
 No Rival can prevail, but—*half a Crown*.

HE glories to late Times to be convey'd,
 Not for the Poor he has *reliev'd*, but *made*.
 Not such Ambition his great Fathers fir'd,
 When HARRY conquer'd, and half *France* expir'd,
 He'd be a Slave, a Pimp, a Dog for Gain,
 Nay, a *dull Sheriff* for his *Golden Chain*.

“WHO'D be a Slave?” the gallant Colonel cries,
 While Love of Glory sparkles from his Eyes.
 To deathless Fame he loudly pleads his Right,---
Just is his Title,—for I will not *fight*:
 All Soldiers *Valour*, all Divines have *Grace*,
 As Maids of Honour *Beauty*,---by their *Place*.
 But, when indulging on the last Campaign,
 His lofty Terms climb o'er the Hills of Slain,
 He gives the Foes he slew, at each vain Word,
 A sweet *Revenge*, and *half absolves* his Sword.

OF

Of *Boasting* more than of a *Bomb* afraid,
 A *Soldier* should be modest as a *Maid*:
 Fame is a Bubble the Reserv'd enjoy;
 Who strive to grasp it, as they *touch, destroy*:
 'Tis the World's Debt to Deeds of high Degree;
 But if you pay yourself, the World is free.

WERE there no Tongue to speak them but his own,
 AUGUSTUS' Deeds in Arms had ne'er been known,
 AUGUSTUS' Deeds; if that ambiguous Name
 Confounds my Reader, and misguides his Aim,
 Such is the Prince's Worth, of whom I speak,
 The ROMAN would not blush at the Mistake.



SATIRE V.

On WOMEN.

O Fairest of Creation! last and best
Of all God's Works! Creature, in whom excell'd
Whatever can to Sight, or Thought be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost. ————— MILTON.

NOR reigns Ambition in bold Man alone;
Soft female Hearts the rude Invader own.
But, *there* indeed, it deals in nicer Things
Than routing Armies, and dethroning Kings.
Attend, and you discern it in the Fair
Conduct a Finger, or reclaim a Hair;
Or rowl the lucid Orbit of an Eye;
Or in full Joy elaborate a Sigh.

THE Sex we honour, tho' their Faults we blame;
Nay thank their Faults for such a fruitful Theme.
A Theme, fair——! doubly kind to me,
Since satyrizing *those*, is praising *thee*;

Who

Who would'st not bear, too modestly refin'd,
A Panegyric of a grosser Kind.

BRITANNIA'S Daughters, much more *fair* than *nice*,
Too fond of Admiration, lose their Price ;
Worn in the public Eye, give cheap Delight
To Throngs, and tarnish to the fated Sight.
As unreserv'd, and beauteous, as the Sun,
Thro' every Sign of Vanity they run ;
Assemblies, Parks, coarse Feasts in City-Halls,
Lectures, and Trials, Plays, Committees, Balls,
Wells, Bedlams, Executions, Smithfield-Scenes,
And Fortune-Tellers Caves, and Lions Dens,
Taverns, Exchanges, Bridewells, Drawing-Rooms,
Installments, Pillories, Coronations, Tombs,
Tumblers, and Funerals, Puppet-shows, Reviews,
Sales, Races, Rabbets, (and still stranger !) Pews.

CLARINDA'S Bosom burns, but burns for *Fame* ;
And Love lies vanquish'd in a *nobler* Flame :
Warm Gleams of Hope she, *now*, dispenses ; *then*,
Like *April* Suns, dives into Clouds agen.
With all her Lustre, *now* ; her Lover warms ;
Then, out of *Ostentation*, hides her Charms.

P

'Tis,

'Tis, next, her Pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden Pain;
Then, she starts up, all Extasy and Bliss,
And is, sweet Soul! just as sincere in this.
O how she rolls her charming Eyes in *Spight*!
And looks delightfully with all her Might!
But, like *our* Heroes, much more brave than wise,
She conquers for the *Triumph*, not the *Prize*.

ZARA resembles *Ætna* crown'd with Snows;
Without she freezes, and within she glows:
Twice ere the Sun descends, with Zeal inspir'd,
From the vain *Converse* of the World retir'd,
She reads the *Psalms*, and *Chapters* for the Day
In ——— *CLEOPATRA*, or the last new Play.
Thus gloomy ZARA with a solemn Grace
Deceives Mankind, and *bides* behind her *Face*.

NOR far beneath her in *Renown* is she,
Who, thro' Good-breeding, is ill Company;
Whose *Manners* will not let her Larum cease,
Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when *at Peace*;
To find you *News*, who racks her subtle Head,
And vows --- *that her Great-Grandfather is dead*.

A DEARTH of Words a *Woman* need not fear,
 But 'tis Task indeed to learn---to bear,
 In that the Skill of Conversation lies,
 That *shews*, or *makes* you both polite, and wise.

ZANTIPPE cries, "Let Nymphs who nought can
 say,

" Be lost in Silence, and resign the Day:

" And let the guilty Wife her Guilt confess

" By tame Behaviour, and a soft Address."

Thro' *Virtue*, *she* refuses to comply

With all the Dictates of *Humanity*;

Thro' *Wisdom*, *she* refuses to submit

To *Wisdom's* Rules, and *raves* to prove her *Wit*:

Then, her unblemish'd Honour to maintain,

Rejects her Husband's Kindness with Disdain.

But if by Chance an ill-adapted Word

Drops from the Lip of her unwary Lord,

Her darling China in a Whirlwind sent

Just intimates the Lady's Discontent.

WINE may indeed excite the meekest Dame;

But keen ZANTIPPE, scorning borrow'd Flame,

Can vent her Thunders, and her Lightnings play,
 O'er cooling *Gruel*, and composing *Tea*.
 Nor rests by Night, but more sincere than nice,
 She *shakes* the Curtains with her *kind* Advice,
 Doubly, like Echo, *Sound* is her Delight,
 And the *last Word* is her eternal Right.

Is't not enough Plagues, Wars, and Famines rise
 To lash our Crimes, but must our Wives be *wise*?

FAMINE, Plague, War, and an unnumber'd
 Throng

Of guilt-avenging Ills, to Man belong:
 What *black*, what *ceaseless* Care besiege our State?
 What Strokes we feel from *Fancy*, and from *Fate*?
 If Fate forbears us, *Fancy* strikes the Blow;
 We *make* Misfortune, *Suicides* in Woe.
 Superfluous Aid! unnecessary Skill!
 Is *Nature* backward to torment, or kill?
 How oft' the *Noon*, how oft' the *Midnight* Bell,
 (That Iron Tongue of Death!) with solemn Knell,
 On *Folly's* Errands, as we vainly roam,
 Knocks at our Hearts, and finds our Thoughts from
 Home?

Men

Men drop so fast, ere Life's mid Stage we tread,
Few know so many Friends *alive*, as *dead*,
Yet, as *immortal*, in our up-hill Chace
We press coy Fortune with unslacken'd Pace;
Our ardent Labours for the *Toys* we seek,
Join Night to Day, and *Sunday* to the Week.
Our very Joys are anxious, and expire
Between *Satiety* and *fierce Desire*.
Now what Reward for all this Grief and Toil?
But *one*; a female Friend's endearing Smile;
A tender Smile, our Sorrows' only Balm,
And, in Life's Tempest, the sad Sailor's Calm.

How have I seen a gentle Nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her Air, Persuasion in her Eye;
Victorious Tendernefs! it all o'ercame,
Husbands look'd mild, and *Savages* grew tame.

THE *Sylvan* Race our active Nymphs pursue;
Man is not all the Game they have in View:
In Woods and Fields their Glory they compleat;
There *Master BETTY* leaps a five-barr'd Gate;
While fair *Miss CHARLES* to Toilets is confin'd,
Nor rashly tempts the barbarous Sun and Wind.

Some Nymphs affect a more heroic Breed,
 And vault from *Hunters* to the *manag'd Steed*;
 Command his Prancings with a martial Air,
 And FObERT has the Forming of the *Fair*.

MORE than *one Steed* must DELIA's Empire feel,
 Who sits triumphant o'er the flying *Wheel*;
 And as she guides it thro' the admiring Throng,
 With what Air she smacks the *filken Thong*?
 Graceful as JOHN, she moderates the Reins,
 And whistles sweet her *diuretic Strains*.

SESOSTRIS-like, such Charioteers as *these*
 May drive six harness'd *Monarchs* if they please.
 They *drive, row, run*, with Love of Glory smit,
Leap, swim, shoot flying, and pronounce on *Wit*.

O'ER the *Belle-Lettre* lovely DAPHNE reigns;
 Again the God APOLLO wears her Chains.
 With Legs toss'd high on her Sophee she sits,
 Vouchsafing Audience to contending Wits:
 Of each Performance she's the final Test;
 One Act read o'er, she prophesies the rest;
 And then pronouncing with decisive Air,
 Fully convinces all the Town --- *she's fair*.

Had

Had lovely DAPHNE HECATESSA's Face,
How would her Elegance of Taste decrease?
Some Ladies *Judgment* in their *Features* lies,
And all their *Genius* sparkles from their *Eyes*.

BUT hold, she cries, Lampooner! have a Care:
Must I want common Sense, because I'm fair?
O no: See STELLA, her *Eyes* shine as bright,
As if her Tongue was never in the Right,
And yet what real Learning, Judgment, Fire!
She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire:
How then, (if Malice rul'd not all the Fair)
Could DAPHNE publish, and could she forbear?
We grant that Beauty is no Bar to *Sense*,
Nor is't a Sanction for *Impertinence*.

SEMPRONIA lik'd her Man, and well she might;
The Youth in Person, and in Parts was bright;
Possess'd of ev'ry Virtue, Grace, and Art,
That claims just Empire o'er the female Heart.
He met her Passion, all her Sighs return'd,
And in full Rage of youthful Ardour burn'd.
Large his Possessions, and beyond her own:
Their Bliss the Theme, and Envy of the Town.

The Day was fix'd ; when with one Acre more
 In stepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd *Threescore*.
 The fatal Sequel I thro' Shame forbear.
 Of *Pride*, and *Av'rice* who can cure the Fair?

MAN's rich with little, were his Judgment true ;
 Nature is frugal, and her Wants are few ;
 Those few Wants answer'd bring sincere Delights,
 But Fools create themselves new Appetites.
 Fancy, and Pride seek Things at vast Expence,
 Which relish nor to *Reason*, nor to *Sense*.
 When *Surfeit*, or *Unthankfulness* destroys,
 In *Nature's* narrow Sphere, our solid Joys,
 In *Fancy's* airy Land of Noise and Show,
 Where nought but Dreams, no real Pleasures grow,
 Like *Cats in Air-pumps*, to subsist we strive
 On Joys too thin to keep the Soul alive.

LEMIRA's sick, make haste, the Doctor call :
 He comes : But where's his Patient? At the Ball.
 The Doctor stares, her Woman curt'sies low,
 And cries, " My Lady, Sir, is always so.
 " Diversions put her Maladies to flight ;
 " True, she can't *stand*, but she can *dance* all Night.

" I've

" I've known my Lady (for she loves a Tune)

" For *Fevers* take an Opera in *June*.

" And tho' perhaps you'll think the Practice bold,

" A midnight Park is sov'reign for a *Cold*.

" With *Cholics*, Breakfasts of green Fruit agree;

" With *Indigestions*, Supper just at Three."

A strange Alternative, replies Sir H——s,

Must Women have a *Doctor*, or a *Dance*?

Tho' sick to Death, *abroad* they safely roam,

But droop and die, in perfect Health, *at home*.

For want—but not of Health, are Ladies ill,

And *Tickets* cure beyond the *Doctor's Bill*.

ALAS! my Heart, how languishingly fair

Yon Lady lolls? with what a tender Air?

Pale as a young dramatic Author, when

O'er darling Lines fell CIBBER waves his Pen.

Is her Lord angry, or has * *Veny* chid?

Dead is her Father, or the Mask forbid?

" Late sitting up has turn'd her Roses white."

Why went she not to Bed? " Because 'twas *Night*."

* Lap-Dog.

wo H

Did

Did she then dance, or play? "Nor this, nor that."
 Well, Night soon steals away in pleasing Chat.
 "No, all alone, her *Pray'rs* she rather chose,
 "Than be that *Wretch* to sleep till Morning rose."
 Then Lady CYNTHIA, Mistress of the Shade,
 Goes, with the *fashionable* Owls, to Bed.
 This her *Pride* covets, this her *Health* denies;
 Her Soul is silly, but her Body's wife.

OTHERS with curious Arts dim Charms revive,
 And triumph in the Bloom of *Fifty-five*.
 You in the Morning a *fair* Nymph invite,
 To keep her Word a *brown* one comes at Night;
 Next Day she shines in glossy *black*, and then,
 Revolves into her native *red* agen.
 Like a Dove's Neck, she shifts her transient Charms,
 And is her own dear Rival in your Arms.

BUT *one* Admirer has the painted Lads,
 Nor finds that one, but in her Looking-glass.
 Yet LAURA's beautiful to such Excess,
 That all her *Art* scarce makes her please *the less*.
 To deck the female Cheek *he* only knows,
 Who paints less fair the *Lilly*, and the *Rose*.

How

How gay *they* smile? such Blessings Nature pours,
 O'er-stock'd Mankind enjoy but half her Stores:
 In distant Wilds, by human Eyes unseen,
 She rears her Flow'rs, and spreads her Velvet green.
 Pure gurgling Rills the lonely Defart trace,
 And *waste* their Musick on the savage Race.
 Is *Nature* then a Niggard of her Blifs?
 Repine we *guiltless* in a World like this?
 But our lewd Tastes her lawful Charms refuse,
 And painted *Arts* deprav'd Allurement chuse.
 Such FULVIA's Passion for the Town; fresh Air
 (An odd Effect!) gives Vapours to the Fair:
 Green Fields, and shady Groves, and chrystal Springs,
 And Larks, and Nightingales, are odious Things;
 But Smoke, and Dust, and Noise, and Crowds delight;
 And to be press'd to Death transports her quite.
 Where silver Riv'lets play thro' flow'ry Meads,
 And *Woodbines* give their Sweets, and *Limes* their
 Shades,
 Black Kennels absent *Odours* she regrets,
 And stops her Nose at Beds of Violets.

Is stormy Life preferr'd to the serene?
 Or is the public to the private Scene?
Retir'd, we tread a smooth, and open Way;
 Thro' Briars, and Brambles in the *World* we stray,
Stiff Opposition, and *perplex'd* Debate,
 And *thorny* Care, and *rank* and *stinging* Hate,
 Which choak our Passage, our Career controul,
 And wound the firmest Temper of our Soul.
 O sacred Solitude! divine Retreat!
 Choice of the Prudent! Envy of the Great!
 By thy pure Stream, or in thy waving Shade,
 We court fair Wisdom, that celestial Maid:
 The genuine Offspring of her lov'd Embrace,
 (Strangers on Earth!) are *Innocence* and *Peace*.
There, from the Ways of Men laid safe ashore,
 We smile to hear the distant Tempest roar;
There, blest'd with Health, with Business unperplex'd,
This Life we relish, and ensure the *next*;
There too the *Muses* sport; these Numbers free,
Pierian EASTBURY! I owe to thee.

THERE sport the *Muses*; but not there alone:
 Their sacred Force AMELIA feels in Town.

Nought

Nought but a Genius can a Genius fit ;
 A Wit herself, AMELIA weds a Wit.
 Both Wits ! tho' Miracles are said to cease,
 Three Days, three wond'rous Days ! they liv'd in
 Peace ;

With the fourth Sun a warm Dispute arose,
 On DURFEE'S Poesy, and BUNYAN'S Prose.
 The learned War both wage with equal Force,
 And the fifth Morn concluded the Divorce.

PHOEBE, tho' she possesses nothing less,
 Is proud of being rich in Happiness.
 Laboriously pursues delusive Toys,
 Content with Pains, since they're reputed Joys.
 With what well-acted Transport will she say,
 " Well sure, we were so happy *yesterday* !
 " And then that charming Party for *to-morrow* !"
 Tho' well she knows, 'twill languish into Sorrow.
 But she dares never boast the *present* Hour ;
 So gross that Cheat, it is beyond her Power.
 For such is or our Weakness, or our Curse,
 Or rather such our Crime, which still is worse,

The

The present Moment like a Wife we shun,
And ne'er enjoy, because it is *our own*.

PLEASURES are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleasure, like *Quicksilver*, is *bright*, and *coy*;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost Skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still:
If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty Gains,
What is it, but rank Poison in your Veins?

As FLAVIA in her Glass an Angel spies,
Pride whispers in her Ear pernicious Lyes;
Tells her, while she surveys a Face so fine,
There's no Satiety of Charms divine:
Hence, if her Lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her Temper, and she melts (sweet Soul!) in Tears.
She, fond and young, last Week, her Wish enjoy'd,
In soft Amusement all the Night employ'd;
The Morning came, when STREPHON waking found
(Surprising Sight!) his Bride in Sorrow drown'd.
“What Miracle, says STREPHON, makes thee weep?
“Ah barbarous Man, she cries, how cou'd you—
sleep?”

Men

MEN love a *Mistress*, as they love a *Feast* ;
 How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taste* ?
 Yet sure there is a certain Time of Day,
 We wish our *Mistress*, and our Meat away :
 But soon the fated Appetites return,
 Again our Stomachs crave, our Bosoms burn.
Eternal Love let Man, then, never swear ;
 Let Women never *triumph*, nor *despair* ;
 Nor praise, nor blame, too much, the Warm, or Chill ;
 Hunger and Love are foreign to the *Will*.

THERE is indeed a Passion more refin'd,
 For those few Nymphs whose Charms are of the Mind,
 But not of that unfashionable Set
 Is PHILLIS : PHILLIS and her DAMON met,
Eternal Love exactly hits her Taste ;
 PHILLIS demands eternal Love at least.
 Embracing PHILLIS with soft-smiling Eyes,
Eternal Love I vow, the Swain replies :
 But say, my *All*, my *Mistress*, and my *Friend* !
 What Day next Week th' *Eternity* shall end ?

SOME Nymphs prefer *Astronomy* to Love ;
 Elope from mortal Men, and range above.

The

The fair Philosopher to ROWLEY flies,
 Where in a *Box* the whole Creation lies.
 She sees the Planets in their Turns advance ;
 And scorns, POITIER, thy sublunary Dance.
 Of DESAGULIER she bespeaks fresh Air,
 And WHISTON has *Engagements* with the Fair.

WHAT vain Experiments SOPHRONIA tries!
 'Tis not in Air-pumps the gay Colonel dies.
 But tho' To-day this Rage of Science reigns,
 (O fickle Sex !) soon end her learned Pains.
 Lo! PUG from JUPITER her Heart has got,
 Turns out the Stars, and NEWTON is a Sot.

To ——— turn, she never took the Height
 Of SATURN, yet is ever in the Right.
 She strikes each Point with native Force of Mind,
 While puzzled Learning blunders far behind.
 Graceful to Sight, and Elegant to Thought,
 The *Great* are vanquish'd, and the *Wise* are taught.
 Her Breeding finish'd, and her Temper sweet,
 When serious, easy ; and when gay, discreet ;
 In glittering Scenes, o'er her own Heart, severe ;
 In Crowds, collected ; and in Courts, sincere ;

Sincere,

Sincere, and warm, with Zeal well-understood,
She takes a noble Pride in doing good ;
Yet, not superior to her Sex's Cares,
The Mode she fixes by the Gown she wears ;
Of *Silks*, and *China* she's the last Appeal ;
In these great Points she *leads* the Commonweal ;
And if Disputes of *Empire* rise between
Mecblin the Queen of Lace, and *Colberteen*;
'Tis Doubt ! 'tis Darkness ! till suspended Fate
Assumes *her* Nod to close the grand Debate.
When such her Mind, why will the Fair express
Their Emulation only in their *Dress* ?

BUT oh ! the Nymph that mounts above the *Skies*,
And, *gratis*, clears religious Mysteries !
Resolv'd the *Church's* Welfare to ensure,
And make her Family a *Sine-cure* :
The Theme divine at *Cards* she'll not forget,
But *takes in* Texts of Scripture at *Piquet* ;
In those licentious Meetings acts the Prude,
And thanks her *Maker* that her *Cards* are good.
What Angels wou'd these be, who thus excel
In Theologics, cou'd they *sew* as well !

Q

Yet

Yet why shou'd not the Fair her Text pursue?
 Can she more decently the Doctor woo?
 'Tis hard too, she who makes no use but *chat*
 Of her Religion, shou'd be barr'd in that.

ISAAC, a Brother of the canting Strain,
 When he has knock'd at his own Skull in vain,
 To beauteous MARCIA often will repair
 With a dark Text, to light it at the Fair.
 O how his pious Soul exults to find
 Such Love for *holy* Men in Womankind?
 Charm'd with her Learning, with what Rapture, he
 Hangs on her *Bloom*, like an industrious Bee;
Hums round about her, and with all his Power
Extracts sweet Wisdom from so fair a Flower?

THE *Young* and Gay declining, ABRA flies
 At nobler Game, the *Mighty* and the *Wise*:
 By Nature more an *Eagle* than a *Dove*,
 She impiously prefers the *World* to *Love*.

CAN Wealth give Happiness? look round, and see
 What gay Distress! what splendid Misery!
 Whatever Fortune lavishly can pour,
 The Mind annihilates, and calls for more.

Wealth

Wealth is a Cheat, believe not what it says,
Like any Lord it *promises*——and *pays*.
How will the Miser startle to be told
Of such a Wonder, as *insolvent* Gold?
What Nature *wants* has an intrinsic Weight;
All *more*, is but the Fashion of the Plate,
Which, for one Moment, charms the fickle View,
It charms us *now*, anon we cast anew;
To some fresh Birth of *Fancy* more inclin'd:
Then wed not Acres, but a noble Mind.

MISTAKEN Lovers, who make Worth their Care,
And think Accomplishments will win the Fair:
The *Fair*, 'tis true, by *Genius* shou'd be won,
As *Flow'rs* unfold their Beauties to the *Sun*;
And yet in female Scales a Fop out-weighs,
And Wit must wear the *Willow*, with the *Bays*.
Nought shines so bright in vain LIBERIA's Eye
As Riot, Impudence, and Perfidy;
The Youth of Fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his Man, and triumph'd o'er his Maid;
For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her Charms,
Snatches the dear Destroyer to her Arms;

And amply gives, (tho' treated long amiss)
The *Man of Merit* his Revenge in *this*.

If you resent, and wish a *Woman* ill,
But turn her o'er one Moment to her *Will*.

THE *languid* Lady next appears in State,
Who was not born to carry her own Weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign Aid
To her own Stature lifts the feeble Maid.
Then, if ordain'd to so *severe* a Doom,
She by just Stages, *journeys* round the Room:
But knowing her own Weakness, she despairs
To scale the *Alps*——that is, ascend the *Stairs*.
My Fan! let others say who laugh at Toil;
Fan! Hood! Glove! Scarff! is her *laconic* Stile.
And that is spoke with such a dying Fall,
That *Betty* rather *sees*, than *bears* the Call:
The Motion of her Lips, and meaning Eye
Piece out th' Idea her faint Words deny.
O listen with Attention most profound!
Her Voice is but the Shadow of a Sound.
And help! O help! her Spirits are so dead,
One Hand scarce lifts the other to her Head.

IF

If, there, a stubborn Pin it triumphs o'er,
 She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.
 Let the Robust, and the Gygantic *carve*,
 Life is not worth so much, she'd rather *starve*;
 But *chew* she must herself, ah cruel Fate!
 That ROSALINDA can't by *Proxy* eat.

AN *Antidote* in female Caprice lies
 (Kind Heav'n!) against the *Poison* of their Eyes.

THALESTRIS triumphs in a manly Mein,
 Loud is her Accent, and her Phrase obscene,
 In fair and open Dealing where's the Shame?
 What Nature dares to *give*, she dares to *name*.
 This *honest Fellow* is sincere, and plain,
 And justly gives the jealous Husband Pain.
 (Vain is the Task to Petticoats assign'd,
 If wanton Language shews a *naked Mind*.)
 And now and then, to grace her Eloquence,
 An Oath supplies the Vacancies of Sense.
 Hark! the shrill Notes transpierce the yielding Air,
 And teach the neighb'ring Echoes how to swear.
 By Jove, is faint, and for the simple Swain,
 She, on the Christian System, is prophane.

But tho' the Volley rattles in your Ear,
 Believe her *Dress*, she's not a Granadier.
 If Thunder's awful, how much more our Dread,
 When Jove deposes a Lady in his Stead?
 A *Lady*! pardon my mistaken Pen,
 A shameless Woman is the worst of *Men*.

Few to Good-breeding make a just Pretence,
 Good-breeding is the Blossom of good Sense;
 The last Result of an accomplish'd Mind,
 With outward Grace, the *Body's Virtue*, join'd.
 A violated Decency, now reigns;
 And Nymphs for *Railings* take peculiar Pains.
 With *Indian* Painters modern *Toasts* agree,
 The Point they aim at is *Deformity*:
 They *throw* their Persons with a hoydon Air
 Across the Room, and *tofs* into the Chair.
 So far their Commerce with Mankind is gone,
 They, for our Manners, have exchange'd their own.
 The modest Look, the castigated Grace,
 The gentle Movement, and slow-measur'd Pace,
 For which her Lovers *dy'd*, her Parents *pray'd*,
 Are Indecorums with the *modern* Maid.

Stiff

Stiff Forms are bad, but let not worse intrude,
Nor conquer *Art*, and *Nature*, to be rude.
Modern Good-breeding carry to its Height,
And Lady *D*—— self will be polite.

YE rising Fair! Ye Bloom of *Britain's* Isle!
When high-born ANNA with a soften'd Smile
Leads on your Train, and sparkles at your Head,
What seems most hard, is not to be well-bred.
Her bright Example with Success pursue,
And all, but Adoration, is your Due.

BUT Adoration? give me something *more*,
Cries LYCE, on the Borders of *Threescore*;
Nought treads so silent as the Foot of *Time*:
Hence we mistake our Autumn for our Prime;
'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
The melancholy News that we *grow old*.
Autumnal LYCE carries in her Face
Memento mori to each public Place.

O how your beating Breast a Mistress warms,
Who looks thro' Spectacles to see your Charms!
While rival *Undertakers* hover round,
And with his Spade the *Sexton* marks the Ground,

Intent not on her own, but others Doom,
She plans new Conquests, and *defrauds* the Tomb.
In vain the Cock has summon'd *Sprites* away,
She walks at Noon, and blasts the Bloom of Day.
Gay Rainbow Silks her mellow Charms infold,
And nought of LYCE but *herself* is old.
Her grizzled Locks assume a *smirking* Grace,
And Art has *levell'd* her deep-furrow'd Face.
Her strange Demand no Mortal can approve,
We'll ask her *Blessing*, but can't ask her *Love*.
She grants indeed a Lady *may* decline :
(All Ladies *but* herself) at *Ninety-nine*.

O HOW unlike her was the sacred Age
Of prudent PORTIA? Her grey Hairs *engage*;
Whose Thoughts are suited to her Life's Decline.
Virtue's the Paint that can make *Wrinkles* shine.
That, and that *only* can old Age sustain ;
Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for *Pain*.
Not numerous are our Joys, when Life is new,
And yearly some are falling of the *few* ;
But when we conquer Life's meridian Stage,
And downward tend into the Vale of Age,

They

They drop *a-pace* ; by *Nature* some decay,
 And some the Blasts of *Fortune* sweep away ;
 'Till naked quite of Happiness, aloud
 We call for Death, and *shelter* in a Shroud.

WHERE'S PORTIA now ?—but PORTIA left be-
 hind

Two lovely Copies of her Form and Mind.
 What Heart untouch'd their *early* Grief can view,
 Like blushing Rose-buds dipp'd in *Morning* Dew ?
 Who into Shelter takes their tender Bloom,
 And forms their Minds to fly from Ills to come ?
 The Mind when turn'd adrift, no Rules to guide,
 Drives at the Mercy of the Wind and Tide ;
Fancy, and *Passion* tofs it to and fro ;
 A-while torment, and then quite *sink* in Woe.
 Ye beauteous Orphans ! since in silent Dust
 Your best *Example* lies, my *Precepts* trust.
 Life swarms with Ills, the *Boldest* are afraid ;
 Where then is Safety for a *tender Maid* ?
 Unfit for Conflict, round beset with Woes,
 And *Man*, whom least she fears, her worst of Foes !

When

When kind, most cruel ; when oblig'd the most,
 The least obliging ; and by Favours lost.
 Cruel by Nature, they for Kindness hate,
 And scorn you for those Ills *themselves* create,
 If on your Fame *our* Sex a Blot has thrown,
 'Twill ever stick, thro' Malice of your *own*.
 Most hard ! in Pleasing your chief *Glory* lies ;
 And yet from Pleasing your chief *Dangers* rise ;
 Then please the *Best* ; and know, for Men of Sense
 Your strongest Charms are native Innocence.
Arts on the Mind, like *Paint* upon the Face,
 Fright him, that's worth your Love, from your Em-
 brace.

In *simple* Manners all the Secret lies,
 Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.
 Vain *Shew*, and *Noise*, intoxicate the Brain,
 Begin with *Giddiness*, and end in *Pain*.
 Affect not *empty* Fame, and *idle* Praise,
 Which, all those Wretches I describe, betrays.
 Your Sex's Glory 'tis to shine *unknown* ;
 Of all Applause, be fondest of *your own*.

Beware

Beware the Fever of the *Mind*! that Thirst
With which this Age is eminently curst.
To drink of *Pleasure* but inflames Desire,
And Abstinence alone can quench the Fire;
Take *Pain* from Life, and *Terror* from the Tomb,
Give Peace *in Hand*, and promise Bliss *to come*,



SATIRE VI.

On WOMEN.

Inscrib'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE the
Lady *ELIZABETH GERMAIN*.

Interdum tamen & tollit Comædia vocem. HOR.

I SOUGHT a Patroness, but sought in vain.
APOLLO whisper'd in my Ear—“GERMAIN.—
I know her not—“Your Reason's somewhat odd;
“Who knows his Patron, now? reply'd the God.
“Men write, to *me*, and to the *World*, unknown;
“Then steal great Names, to shield them from the
Town.

“Detected *Worth*, like *Beauty* disarray'd,
“To Covert flies, of *Praise* itself afraid:
“Should *she* refuse to patronize your Lays,
“In Vengeance write a Volume in *her Praise*.

“Nor

“ Nor think it hard so great a Length to run ;

“ When such the Theme, ’twill easily be done.”

YE Fair ! to draw your Excellence at Length,
Exceeds the narrow Bounds of human Strength ;
You, *here*, in Miniature your Pictures see ;
Nor hope from ZINCKS more Justice, than from me.
My Portraits grace your *Mind*, as his your *Side* ;
His Portraits will *inflame*, mine *quench* your Pride :
He’s *dear*, you *frugal* ; chuse my *cheaper* Lay,
And be your *Reformation* all my *Pay*.

LAVINIA is *polite*, but not *prophane* ;
To *Church* as constant, as to *Drury-Lane*.
She decently, in *Form*, pays Heav’n its Due ;
And makes a civil *Visit* to her *Pew*.
Her lifted Fan, to give a solemn Air,
Conceals her Face, which *passes* for a *Prayer* :
Curt’fies to Curt’fies, then, with Grace succeed,
Not one the Fair omits, but at the *Creed*.
Or if she joins the Service, ’tis to *speak* ;
Thro’ dreadful *Silence* the pent Heart might break :
Untaught to bear it, Women *talk away*
To God himself, and fondly think they *pray*.

But

But *sweet* their Accent, and their Air *refin'd*;
 For they're before their Maker, — and *Mankind*:
 When Ladies once are *proud* of praying well,
 SATAN himself will toll the Parish Bell.

ACQUAINTED with the World, and quite well-bred,
 DRUSA receives her Visitants in Bed;
 But chaste as Ice, this *Vesta* to defy
 The very blackest Tongue of Calumny,
 When from her Sheets her lovely Form she lifts,
 She begs you *just* would turn you, while she shifts.

THOSE Charms are greatest which decline the Sight,
 That makes the Banquet poignant and polite.
 There is no Woman, where there's no Reserve;
 And 'tis on Plenty your poor Lover starves.

BUT with the modern Fair, meridian Merit
 Is a fierce Thing, they call a *Nymph of Spirit*.
 Mark well the Rollings of her flaming Eye,
 And tread on Tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.
 " Or if you take a Lion by the Beard,*
 " Or dare defy the fell *Hyrceanian* Pard,

* SHAKESPEARE.

" Or

" Or arm'd Rhynosceros, or rough *Russian* Bear,"
 First *make your Will*; and then *converse* with her.
 This Lady glories in profuse Expence,
 And thinks *Distraction* is *Magnificence*.
 To beggar her Gallant is *some* Delight,
 To be more fatal still, is *exquisite*.
 Had ever Nymph such Reason to be glad?
 In *Duel* fell two Lovers, one run *mad*.
 Her *Foes* their honest Execrations pour;
 Her *Lovers* only should *detest* her more.
 Thrice happy they! who think I boldly *feign*,
 And startle at a Mistress of my Brain.

FLAVIA is constant to her old Gallant,
 And generously supports him in his Want.
 But Marriage is a Fetter, is a Snare,
 A Hell, no Lady so polite can bear.
 She's faithful, she's observant, and with Pains
 Her Angel-brood of *Bastards* she maintains.
 Nor least Advantage has the Fair to plead,
 But that of *Guilt*, above the *Marriage-Bed*.

AMASIA hates a Prude, and scorns Restraint;
 Whate'er she *is*, she'll not *appear* a Saint:

Her

Her Soul superior flies Formality;
 So gay her Air, her Conduct is so free,
 Some might suspect the Nymph not *over-good*—
 Nor wou'd they be mistaken, if they shou'd.

UNMARRIED ABRA puts on formal Airs;
 Her Cushion's thread-bare with her constant Prayers!
 Her only Grief is, that she cannot be
 At once engag'd in *Prayer* and *Charity*.
 And *this*, to do her Justice, must be said,
 "Who wou'd not think that ABRA was a Maid?"

SOME Ladies are too beauteous to be wed,
 For where's the Man that's worthy of their Bed?
 If no Disease reduce her Pride before,
 LAVINIA will be ravish'd at Threescore.
 Then she submits to venture in the Dark;
 And nothing now is wanting—but her Spark.

LUCIA thinks Happiness consists in State;
 She weds an *Indeot*; but she eats in *Plate*.

THE Goods of Fortune, which her Soul possess,
 Are but the *Ground* of *unmade* Happiness;
 The rude *Material*; *Wisdom* add to *this*,
Wisdom, the sole *Artificer* of Bliss.

She

She from herself, if so compell'd by Need,
 Of *thin Content* can draw the subtle Thread ;
 But (no Detraction to her sacred Skill)
 If she can work in *Gold*, 'tis better still.

IF TULLIA had been bless'd with *half* her Sense,
 None cou'd too much admire her Excellence:
 But since she can make *Error* shine so bright,
 She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the *Right*.
 With Understanding she is quite o'er-run ;
 And by too great Accomplishments undone :
 With Skill she vibrates her eternal Tongue,
 For ever most *divinely* in the *Wrong*.

NAKED in nothing should a Woman be,
 But veil her very *Wit* with *Modesty* :
 Let Man *discover*, let not her *display*,
 But yield her *Charms of Mind* with sweet Delay.

FOR Pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,
 To make themselves *important*, Men must grieve.
 LESBIA the Fair, to fire her jealous Lord,
 Pretends, the Fop she laughs at, is ador'd.
 In vain she's *proud* of secret Innocence ;
 The Fact she feigns were scarce a worse Offence.

MIRA, endow'd with every Charm to bless,
 Has no *Design* but on her Husband's *Peace*:
 He lov'd her much, and greatly was he mov'd
 At small Inquietudes in her he lov'd.
 " *How charming this?*—The Pleasure lasted long;
 Now every Day the Fits come thick, and strong:
 At last he found the Charmer only *feign'd*,
 And was diverted, when he *should* be pain'd.
 What greater Vengeance have the Gods in Store?
 How tedious Life, now she can *plague* no more?
 She tries a thousand Arts, but none succeed:
 She's forc'd a Fever to procure *indeed*:
 Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous, loving *Wife*,
 Her Husband's *Pain* was dearer than her *Life*.

ANXIOUS MELANIA rises to my View,
 Who never thinks her Lover pays his Due:
 Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore;
 Her Majesty, To-morrow, calls for *more*.
 His wounded Ears Complaints eternal fill,
 As uncoil'd Hinges, querilously shrill.
 " You went last Night with CELIA to the Ball."
 You prove it false. " Not go? that's worst of all."

Nothing

Nothing can please her, nothing *not* inflame;
 And arrant *Contractions* are the *same*.
 Her Lover must be *sad*, to please her Spleen,
 His *Mirth* is an inexpressible Sin:
 For of all *Rivals* that can pain her Breast,
 There's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the rest;
 To wreck her Quiet, the most dreadful Shelf
 Is, if her Lover dares enjoy himself.

AND this, because she's exquisitely fair,
 Should I dispute her Beauty, how she'd stare?
 How would MELANIA be surpriz'd to hear
 She's quite deform'd? and yet the Case is clear.

WHAT's female Beauty, but an Air divine,
 Thro' which the Mind's all-gentle Graces shine?
 They, like the Sun, irradiate all between;
 The Body *charms*, because the Soul is *seen*.
 Hence, Men are often Captives of a Face,
 They know not why, of no peculiar Grace:
 Some Forms, tho' bright, no mortal Man can *bear*;
 Some, none *resist*, tho' not exceeding fair.

ASPASIA's highly born, and nicely bred,
 Of Taste refin'd, in Life and Manners read;

Yet reaps no Fruit from her superior Sense,
 But to be *teaz'd* by her own Excellence.
 "Folks are so aukward! Things so unpolite!"
 She's *elegantly* pain'd from Morn till Night.
 Her Delicacy's shock'd where-e'er she goes;
 Each *Creature's Imperfections*, are her *Woes*.
 Heav'n by its Favour has the Fair distrest,
 And pour'd such Blessings—that she *can't* be blest.

AH! why so vain, tho' blooming in thy Spring,
 Thou *shining, frail, ador'd and wretched* Thing!
 Old Age *will* come, Disease *may* come before,
Fifteen is full as mortal as *Threescore*.
 Thy Fortune, and thy Charms may soon decay:
 But grant these *Fugitives* prolong their Stay,
 Their Basis totters, their Foundation shakes,
 Life, that supports them, in a Moment breaks;
 Then *wrought* into the Soul let Virtues shine,
 The *Ground* eternal, as the *Work* divine.

JULIA's a Manager, she's born for Rule,
 And knows her *wiser* Husband is a *Fool*;
 Assemblies holds, and spins the *subtle Thread*
 That guides the Lover to his Fair-one's Bed;

For

For difficult Amours can smoothe the Way,
 And tender Letters *dictate* or convey.
 But if depriv'd of such important Cares,
 Her Wisdom condescends to less Affairs.
 For her *own* Breakfast she'll *project* a Scheme,
 Nor take her Tea without a *Stratagem*;
 Presides o'er *Trifles* with a *serious* Face,
 Important by the Virtue of *Grimace*.

LADIES supreme among Amusements reign,
 By Nature born to *sooth*, and *entertain*;
 Their *Prudence* in a Share of Folly lies,
 Why will they be so *weak*, as to be *wise*?

SYRENA is for ever in Extreams,
 And with a *Vengeance* she commends, or blames.
 Conscious of her Discernment, which is good,
 She strains too much to make it understood,
 Her *Judgment* just, her *Sentence* is too strong;
 Because she's right, she's ever in the Wrong.

BRUNETTA's wise in Actions great, and rare;
 But scorns on *Trifles* to bestow her Care.
 Thus ev'ry Hour BRUNETTA is to blame,
 Because th' Occasion is beneath her Aim.

Think nought a *Trifle*, tho' it small appear;
Small Sands the Mountain, Moments make the Year;
And Trifles Life. Your Cares to Trifles give,
Or you may die, before you truly live.

Go breakfast with ALICEA, there you'll see
Simplex munditiis, to the last Degree.
Unlac'd her Stays, her Night-gown is unty'd,
And what she has of Head-dress is aside.
She drawls her Words, and waddles in her Pace;
Unwash'd her Hands, and much besnuff'd her Face,
A Nail uncut, and Head uncomb'd she loves;
And would draw on Jack-boots, as soon as Gloves.
Gloves by Queen BESS's Maidens might be mist,
Her blessed Eyes ne'er saw a female *Fist*.
Lovers beware! to wound how can she fail
With scarlet Finger, and long jetty Nail?
For H——y the first *Wit* she cannot be,
Nor cruel R——d the first *Toast* for thee;
Since full each other Station of *Renown*,
Who would not be the greatest *Trapes* in Town?
Women were made to give our Eyes Delight;
A female *Sloven* is an odious Sight.

FAIR ISABELLA is so fond of *Fame*,
 That her *dear Self* is her eternal Theme ;
 Thro' Hopes of Contradiction oft' she'll say,
 " Methinks I look so wretchedly To-day !"
 When most the World applauds you, most beware ;
 'Tis often less a *Blessing* than a *Snare*.
 Distrust *Mankind* ; with your own *Heart* confer ;
 And dread even *there* to find a Flatterer.
 The Breath of *others* raises our Renown ;
 Our *own* as surely blows the Pageant down :
 Take up no more than you by Worth can claim,
 Left soon you prove a *Bankrupt* in your Fame.

BUT own I must, in this perverted Age,
 Who most *deserve*, can't always most *engage*,
 So far is Worth from making Glory sure,
 It often hinders what it *should* procure.
 Whom praise we *most* ? the Virtuous, Brave, and
 Wife ?
 No ; Wretches, whom in Secret we despise.
 And who so blind, as not to see the Cause ?
 No Rival's rais'd by such *discreet* Applause ;

And yet, of Credit it lays in a Store,
By which our Spleen may wound *true* Worth the more.

LADIES there are who think *one* Crime is *all*;
Can Women, then, no way but *backward* fall?
So sweet is *that one* Crime they don't pursue,
To pay its Loss they think *all* others *few*.
Who hold that Crime so dear, must never claim
Of *injur'd Modesty* the sacred Name.

BUT CLIO thus. "What, railing without End?
"Mean Task! how much more generous to com-
mend?"

Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind *Instructor*, and *Example* too.

"DAPHNIS, says CLIO, has a charming Eye:
"What Pity 'tis her Shoulder is awry?
"ASPASIA's Shape indeed—but then her Air—
"The Man has Parts who finds Destruction there,
"ALMERIA's Wit has something that's divine;
"And Wit's enough—how few in all Things shine?
"SELINA serves her Friends, relieves the Poor—
"Who was it said SELINA's near Threescore?"

"At

" At LUCIA's Match I from my Soul rejoice,
 " The World congratulates so wise a Choice;
 " His Lordship's Rent-roll is exceeding great —
 " But Mortgages will sap the best Estate,
 " In SHERLEY's Form might Cherubims appear,
 " But then——she has a *Freckle* on her *Ear*."

Without a *but*, HORTENSIA she commends,
 The first of Women, and the best of Friends;
 Owns her in Person, Wit, Fame, Virtue bright;
 But how comes this to pass?—She dy'd last Night.

Thus Nymphs commend, who yet at Satire rail:
 Indeed *that's* needless, if *such* Praise prevail;
 And whence such Praise? Our Virulence is thrown
 On *others* Fame, thro' Fondness for our *own*.

Of Rank, and Riches proud, CLEORA frowns;
 For are not *Coronets* akin to *Crowns*?
 Her greedy Eye, and her sublime Address
 The Height of *Avarice* and *Pride* confess.
 You seek Perfections worthy of her Rank;
 Go, seek for her Perfections at the Bank.
 By Wealth unquench'd, by Reason uncontroul'd,
 For ever burns her sacred Thirst of Gold.

As

As fond of Five-pence, as the veriest *Cit*,

And quite as much detested, as a *Wit*.

CAN Gold calm *Passion*, or make *Reason* shine?

Can we dig *Peace*, or *Wisdom* from the Mine?

Wisdom to Gold prefer; for 'tis much less

To make our *Fortune*, than our *Happiness*.

That *Happiness* which great ones often see,

With Rage and Wonder, in a low Degree,

Themselves unblest: The Poor are *only* poor;

But what are they who *droop* amid their Store?

Nothing is meaner than a Wretch of *State*;

The *Happy* only are the truly *Great*.

Peasants enjoy like Appetites with Kings,

And those best satisfied with cheapest Things,

Could *both* our *Indies* buy but *one* new *Sense*,

Our Envy wou'd be due to large Expence.

Since not, those Poms which to the Great belong,

Are but poor Arts to mark them from the Throng.

See, how they beg an Alms of Flattery?

They languish! oh support them with a *Lye*!

A decent Competence we fully taste;

It strikes our *Sense*, and gives a constant Feast:

More,

More, we perceive by Dint of *Thought* alone;
 The Rich must *labour* to possess *their own*,
 To feel their great Abundance; and request
 Their humble Friends to *help* them to be blest;
 To *see* their Treasures, *hear* their Glory told,
 And *aid* the wretched Impotence of Gold.

BUT some, great Souls! and touch'd with Warmth
 divine,
 Give Gold a Price, and teach its Beams to shine.
 All boarded Treasures they repute a Load,
 Nor think their Wealth *their own*, till well bestow'd.
 Grand Reservoirs of public Happiness,
 Thro' *secret* Streams diffusively they bless;
 And while their Bounties glide conceal'd from View,
 Relieve our Wants, and spare our Blushes too.
 But Satire is my Task, and *these* destroy
 Her gloomy Province, and malignant Joy.
 Help me, ye Misers! help me to complain,
 And blast our common Enemy, G——N:
 But our *Invectives* must despair Success;
 For next to *Praise*, she values nothing less.

WHAT

WHAT Picture's yonder loosen'd from its Frame?
 Or is't ASTURIA? that affected Dame?
 The brightest Forms, thro' *Affectation*, fade
 To strange *new* Things, which *Nature* never made.
 Frown not, ye Fair! so much your Sex we prize,
 We hate those *Arts* that take you from our Eyes:
 In ALBUCINDA'S native Grace is seen
 What you, who *labour* at Perfection, mean,
 Short is the Rule, and to be learnt with Ease,
 Retain your gentle Selves, and you *must* please.
 Here might I sing of MEMMIA'S mincing Mein,
 And all the Movements of the soft Machine;
 How two red Lips affected *Zephyrs* blow,
 To cool the *Bobea*, and inflame the *Beau*;
 While one white *Finger*, and a *Thumb*, conspire
 To lift the *Cup*, and make the *World* admire.

TEA! how I tremble at thy fatal Stream?
 As LETHE, dreadful to the *Love of Fame*.
 What Devastations on thy Banks are seen?
 What *Shades* of mighty Names which *once* have been?
 A *Hecatomb* of Characters supplies
 Thy painted Altars daily Sacrifice,

H—,

H——, P——, B——, aspers'd by thee, decay,
 As Grains of finest Sugars melt away,
 And recommend thee more to mortal Taste :
Scandal's the Sweetner of a *female* Feast.

BUT this inhuman Triumph shall decline,
 And thy revolting *Naiads* call for *Wine* ;
Spirits no longer shall serve *under* thee ;
 But reign in thy own Cup, *exploded Tea* !
 CITRONIA'S Nose declares thy Ruin nigh ;
 And who dares give CITRONIA'S Nose the Lye ? *

THE Ladies long at Men of Drink exclaim'd,
 And what impair'd both Health, and Virtue, blam'd ;
 At length to rescue Man, the generous Lass
 Stole from her Confort the pernicious Glass.
 As glorious as the *British* Queen renown'd,
 Who suck'd the Poison from her Husband's Wound.

NOR to the *Glass* alone are Nymphs inclin'd,
 But every bolder Vice of bold Mankind.

O JUVENAL ! for thy severer Rage !
 To lash the ranker Follies of our Age.

* VIRGIL.

Are

ARE there among the Females of our Isle
 Such Faults, at which it is a Fault to *smile*?
 There are. Vice, once by *modest Nature* chain'd,
 And *legal Ties*, expatiates unrestrain'd,
 Without thin *Decency* held up to View,
 Naked she stalks o'er *Law*, and *Gospel* too.
 Our Matrons lead such exemplary Lives,
 Men sigh in vain, for *none*, but for their *Wives*;
 Who *marry* to be *free*, to range the more,
 And wed one Man, to wanton with a Score.
 Abroad too kind, at Home 'tis stedfast Hate,
 And one eternal Tempest of Debate.
 What foul Eruptions from a Look most meek?
 What Thunders bursting from a dimpled Cheek?
 Their *Passions* bear it with a lofty Hand?
 But then, their *Reason* is at due Command.
 Is there whom you detest, and seek his Life?
 Trust no Soul with the Secret—but his Wife.
Wives wonder that their Conduct I condemn,
 And ask, what Kindred is a *Spouse* to them?

WHAT Swarms of am'rous *Grandmothers* I see?
 And *Misses*, *antient* in Iniquity?

What

What blasting Whispers, and what loud Declaiming?
 What Lying, Drinking, Bawding, Swearing,
 Gaming?

Friendship so cold, such warm Incontinence,
 Such griping Av'rice, such profuse Expence,
 Such dead Devotion, such a Zeal for Crimes,
 Such licens'd Ill, such masquerading Times,
 Such venal Faith, such misapply'd Applause,
 Such flatter'd Guilt, and such inverted Laws,
 Such Diffolution thro' the whole I find,
 'Tis not a World, but Chaos of Mankind.

SINCE *Sundays* have no Balls, the well-dress'd
 Belle

Shines in the Pew, but smiles to hear of *Hell*;
 And casts an Eye of sweet Disdain on all,
 Who listen less to C——ns, than *St Paul*.
 Atheists have been but rare, since Nature's Birth;
 'Till now, She-atheists ne'er appear'd on Earth.
 Ye Men of deep Researches, say, whence springs
 This daring Character in timorous Things?
 Who start at *Feathers*, from an *Insect* fly,
 A Match for nothing—but the *Deity*.

BUT

BUT, not to wrong the Fair, the Muse must own
 In this Pursuit they court not *Fame* alone ;
 But join to that a more substantial View,
 “ From thinking free, to be Free-agents too.”

THEY strive with their own Hearts, and keep them
 down,

In Complaisance to all the Fools in Town:
 O how they tremble at the Name of *Prude* ?
 And die with Shame at Thought of being *good* ?
 For what will ARTIMIS, the rich and gay,
 What will the Wits, that is, the Coxcombs, say ?
 They Heav'n defy, to Earth's vile Dregs a Slave,
 Thro' Cowardice, most execrably brave.

With our own Judgments durst we to comply,
 In Virtue should we live, in Glory die.
 Rise then, my Muse, in honest Fury rise ;
 They dread a Satire who defy the Skies.

ATHEISTS are few ; most Nymphs a Godhead
 own,

And nothing but his *Attributes* dethrone.
 From Atheists far, they stedfastly believe
 God is, and is almighty——to forgive.

His

His other Excellence they'll not dispute ;
 But *Mercy*, sure, is his chief Attribute.
 Shall Pleasures of a short Duration chain
 A *Lady's* Soul in everlasting Pain ?
 Will the great Author us poor Worms destroy,
 For now and then a *Sip* of transient Joy ?
 No, he's for-ever in a smiling Mood ;
 He's like themselves ; or how cou'd he be good ?
 And they blaspheme who blacker Schemes suppose.—
 Devoutly, thus, JEHOVAH they depose
 The *Pure!* the *Just!* and set up in his Stead
 A Deity, that's perfectly *well-bred*.

“ DEAR T—L—N! be sure the best of Men ;
 “ Nor thought he more, than thought great ORIGEN.
 “ Tho' once upon a Time he misbehav'd ;
 “ Poor SATAN! doubtless he'll at length be sav'd.
 “ Let Priests do something for their One in Ten ;
 “ It is their *Trade* ; so far they're honest Men.
 “ Let them cant on, since they have got the Knack,
 “ And dress their Notions, like themselves, in *black* ;
 “ Fright us with Terrors of a World *unknown*,
 “ From Joys of this, to keep them all their own.

“ Of Earth’s fair Fruits, indeed, they claim a Fee;

“ But then they leave our *untitb’d* Virtue free.

“ *Virtue’s a pretty Thing to make a Show:*

“ Did ever Mortal write like ROCHEFOUCAUT?

Thus pleads the Devil’s fair Apologist,

And pleading, safely enters on his List.

LET Angel-forms angelic Truths maintain;

Nature disjoins the *Beauteous* and *Prophane*.

For what’s true Beauty, but fair Virtue’s *Face*?

Virtue made *visible* in outward Grace?

She, then, that’s haunted with an impious Mind,

The more she *charms*, the more she *shocks* Mankind.

BUT Charms decline; the Fair long Vigils keep:

They sleep no more! * *Quadrille* has murder’d Sleep.

“ Poor K—P! cries LIVIA; I have not been there

“ These two Nights; the poor Creature will despair.

“ I hate a Crowd—but to do good, you know—

“ And People of Condition shou’d bestow.

Convinc’d, o’ercome, to K—P’s grave Matrons run,

Now *set* a Daughter, and now *stake* a Son;

* SHAKESPEARE.

Let

Let Health, Fame, Temper, Beauty, Fortune, fly;
And beggar half their Race——thro' *Charity*.

IMMORTAL were we, or else mortal quite,
I less shou'd blame this criminal Delight;
But since the gay Assembly's gayest Room
Is but an upper Story to some Tomb,
Methinks we need not our *short* Beings shun,
And, *Thought* to fly, contend to be undone.
We need not buy our *Ruin* with our *Crime*,
And give *Eternity* to murder *Time*.

THE Love of Gaming is the worst of Ills;
With ceaseless Storms the blacken'd Soul it fills;
Inveighs at Heav'n, neglects the Ties of Blood,
Destroys the Pow'r, and Will of doing good;
Kills Health, pawns Honour, plunges in Disgrace,
And, what is still more dreadful—spoils your Face.

SEE yonder Set of Thieves that live on Spoil,
The *Scandal*, and the *Ruin* of our Isle!
And see, (strange Sight!) amid that Ruffian Band,
A Form divine high wave her snowy Hand;
That rattles loud a small enchanted Box,
Which loud as Thunder on the Board she knocks.

And as fierce Storms, which Earth's Foundation
hook, —

From ÆOLUS's Cave impetuous broke;
From this small Cavern a mix'd Tempest flies,
Fear, Rage, Convulsion, Tears, Oaths, Blasphemies?
For Men, I mean,—the Fair discharges none;
She (guiltless Creature!) swears to Heav'n alone.

SEE her Eyes start! Cheeks glow! and Muscles
swell!

Like the mad Maid in the *Cumean* Cell.

Thus that Divine-one her *soft* Nights employs!

Thus tunes her Soul to tender nuptial Joys!

And when the cruel Morning calls to Bed,

And on her Pillow lays her aking Head,

With the dear Images her Dreams are crown'd,

The *Die* spins lovely, or the *Cards* go round;

Imaginary Ruin charms her still,

Her happy Lord is cuckol'd by *Spadil*:

And if she's brought to Bed, 'tis Ten to One,

He marks the Forehead of her *darling* Son.

O SCENE of Horror, and of wild Despair!

Why is the rich *ATRIDES'* splendid Heir

Constrain'd

Constrain'd to quit his antient lordly Seat,
 And hide his Glories in a mean Retreat?
 Why that drawn Sword? and whence that dismal Cry?
 Why pale Distraction thro' the Family?
 See my Lord threaten, and my Lady weep,
 And trembling Servants from the Tempest creep.
 Why that gay Son to distant Regions sent?
 What Fiends that *Daughter's* destin'd Match prevent?
 Why the whole House in sudden Ruin laid?
 O nothing, but last Night—my Lady play'd.

But wanders not my Satire from her Theme?
 Is *this* too owing to the Love of *Fame*?
 Though, now, your Hearts on *Lucre* are bestow'd;
 'Twas, first, a *vain Devotion* to the *Mode*.
 Nor cease we *here*, since 'tis a Vice so strong;
 The Torrent sweeps all Womankind along.
 This may be said in Honour of our Times,
 That, none, now stand *distinguish'd* by their Crimes.

If sin you must, take Nature for your Guide,
 Love has some soft Excuse, to sooth your Pride;
 Ye fair Apostates from Love's antient Pow'r!
 Can nothing *ravish* but a *Golden Show'r*?

Can Cards alone your glowing Fancy seize?

Must CUPID learn to *punt*, ere he can *please*?

When you're enamour'd of a *Lift* or *Cast*,

What can the *Preacher* more, to make us *chaste*?

Can *Fame*, like a *Repique*, the Soul entrance?

And what is *Virtue* to the *lucky Chance*?

Why must strong Youths *unmarry'd* pine away?

They find no Woman *disengag'd*—*from Play*.

Why pine the *Marry'd*?—O feverer Fate!

They find from *Play* no *disengag'd*—*Estate*.

FLAVIA, at Lovers false *untouch'd*, and *hard*,

Turns pale, and trembles at a *cruel Card*.

Nor ARRIA's Bible can secure her Age;

Her threescore Years are shuffling with her Page.

While *Death* stands by, but till the Game is done,

To sweep *that Stake*, in Justice, long *his own*;

Like old Cards ting'd with Sulphur, she takes Fire;

Or, like Snuffs sunk in Sockets, blazes higher.

Ye Gods! with *new Delights* inspire the Fair;

Or give us *Sons*, and save us from Despair.

Sons, Brothers, Fathers, Husbands, *Tradesmen* close
In my Complaint, and brand your Sins in *Prose*:

Yet

Yet I believe, as firmly as my Creed,
In spite of all our Wisdom, you'll proceed.
Our Pride so great, our Passion is so strong,
Advice to *Right* confirms us in the *Wrong*.
I hear you cry, "This Fellow's very odd."
When *you* chastise, who would not kiss the Rod?
But I've a Charm your Anger shall controul,
And turn your Eyes with Coldness on the *Vole*.

THE Charm begins! To yonder Flood of Light
That bursts o'er gloomy *Britain*, turn your Sight.
What guardian Pow'r o'erwhelms your Souls with
Awe?

Her Deeds are Precepts, her Example Law.
'Midst Empire's Charms, how CAROLINA's Heart
Glows with the Love of *Virtue*, and of *Art*?
Her Favour is diffus'd to that Degree,
Excess of Goodness! it has dawn'd on me:
When in my Page, to balance numerous Faults,
Or godlike Deeds were shown, or generous Thoughts,
She smil'd, *industrious* to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my Pen the *borrow'd* Lustre drew.

* THUS the majestic Mother of Mankind,
 To her own Charms most amiably blind,
 On the green Margin innocently stood,
 And gaz'd indulgent on the chrystal Flood;
 Survey'd the Stranger in the painted Wave,
 And smiling, prais'd the Beauties which she gave.

† In more than civil War, while Patriots storm;
 While Genius is but cold, their Passion warm;
 While public Good aloft, in Pomp, they wield;
 And private Interest skulks behind the Shield;
 While M—T, and W—NS rise in weekly Might,
 Make Presses groan, lead Senators to Fight,
 Exalt our Coffee with Lampoons, and treat
 The pamper'd Mob with Ministers of State;
 “ || While ATE hot from Hell makes Heroes shrink,
 “ Cries Havock, and lets loose the Dogs of Ink;
 Nor Rank, nor Sex escapes the general Frown,
 But Ladies are ripp'd up, and Cits knock'd down;
 Tremendous Farce! where ev'n the Victor bleeds,
 And he deserves our Pity, that succeeds;

* MILTON.

† LUCAN.

|| SHAKESPEARE.

Immortal

Immortal JUVENAL! and thou of France!
In your fam'd Field my Satire dares advance;
But cuts herself a Track to you unknown,
Nor crops your Lawrel, but wou'd raise her own;
A bold Adventure! but a safe one too!
For, though surpass'd, I am surpass'd by You.



SATIRE VII.

TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit IPSE, canemus.

VIRG.

ON this last Labour, this my closing Strain
Smile, WALPOLE, or the *Nine* inspire in vain.
To *Thee* 'tis due; that Verse how justly thine,
Where BRUNSWICK's Glory crowns the whole Design?
That Glory, which thy Counsels make so bright;
That Glory, which on *Thee* reflects a Light.
Illustrious Commerce, and but rarely known!
To *give*, and *take* a Lustre from the Throne.

NOR think that Thou art foreign to my Theme;
The *Fountain* is not foreign to the *Stream*.
How all Mankind will be surpriz'd, to see
This Flood of *British* Folly charg'd on thee!

Yet

Yet, *Britain*, whence this Caprice of thy Sons,
 Which thro' their various Ranks with Fury runs?
 The Cause is plain, a Cause which we must bless;
 For Caprice is the Daughter of *Success*,
 (A bad Effect, but from a pleasing Cause!)
 And gives our Rulers undesign'd Applause;
 Tells how their Conduct bids our *Wealth* increase,
 And lulls us in the downy Lap of *Peace*.

WHILE I survey the Blessings of our Isle,
 Her *Arts* triumphant in the Royal Smile,
 Her public *Wounds* bound up, her *Credit* high,
 Her *Commerce* spreading Sails in every Sky,
 The pleasing Scene recalls my Theme agen,
 And shews the Madness of ambitious Men,
 Who, fond of Bloodshed, draw the murd'ring Sword,
 And burn to give Mankind a single Lord.

THE Follies past are of a private Kind,
 Their Sphere is small, their Mischief is confin'd;
 But daring Men there are (awake, my Muse,
 And raise thy Verse) who bolder Frenzy chuse;
 Who stung by Glory, rave, and bound away;
 The *World* their Field, and *Humankind* their Prey.

THE *Grecian* Chief, th' Enthusiast of his Pride,
 With Rage and Terror stalking by his Side,
 Raves round the Globe; he soars into a God!
 Stand fast, *Olympus*! and sustain his Nod.
 The Pest divine in horrid Grandeur reigns,
 And thrives on Mankind's Miseries, and Pains.
 What slaughter'd *Hosts*! what *Cities* in a Blaze!
 What wasted *Countries*! and what crimson *Seas*!
 What Orphans Tears his impious Bowl o'erflows,
 And Cries of Kingdoms lull him to Repose.

AND cannot thrice ten hundred Years unpraise
 The boist'rous Boy, and blast his guilty Bays?
 Why want we then Encomiums on the *Storm*,
 Or *Famine*, or *Volcano*? They perform
 Their mighty Deeds; they Hero-like can slay,
 And spread their ample Desarts in a Day.
 O great Alliance! O divine Renown!
 With *Death*, and *Pestilence* to share the Crown,
 When Men extol a wild Destroyer's Name,
 Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.

ONE to destroy is Murder by the Law,
 And Gibbets keep the lifted Hand in Awe;

To

To murder *Thousands* takes a specious Name,
War's glorious Art, and gives immortal Fame.

WHEN after Battle I the Field have seen
 Spread o'er with ghastly Shapes, which once were Men;
 A Nation crush'd! a Nation of the *Brave*!
 A Realm of Death! and on this Side the Grave!
 Are there, said I, who from this sad Survey,
 This *human Chaos*, carry Smiles away!
 How did my Heart with Indignation rise!
 How honest Nature swell'd into my Eyes!
 How was I shock'd to think the Hero's Trade
 Of such Materials, *Fame* and *Triumph* made!

How guilty these? Yet not less guilty they,
 Who reach false Glory by a smoother Way;
 Who wrap Destruction up in gentle Words,
 And Bows, and Smiles, more fatal than their Swords;
 Who stifle *Nature*, and subsist on *Art*;
 Who coin the *Face*, and petrify the *Heart*;
 All real Kindness for the Shew discard,
 As Marble polish'd, and as Marble hard:
 Who do for Gold what Christians do thro' Grace,
 "With open Arms their Enemies embrace:"

Who

Who give a Nod when broken Hearts repine;
 "The thinnest Food on which a Wretch can dine:"
 Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,
 And, in their Height of Kindness, are unkind.
 Such *Courtiers* were, and such again may be,
 WALPOLE, when Men forget to copy thee.

HERE cease my Muse! the *Catalogue* is writ,
 Nor one more Candidate for *Fame* admit,
 Tho' disappointed Thousands justly blame
 Thy partial Pen, and boast an equal Claim.
 Be this their Comfort, Fools omitted here
 May furnish Laughter for another Year.
 Then let CRISPINO, who was ne'er refus'd
 The *Justice* yet of being well-abus'd,
 With Patience wait; and be content to reign
 The Pink of Puppies in some future Strain.

SOME future Strain, in which the Muse shall tell
 How *Science* dwindles, and how *Volumes* swell.
 How Commentators each *dark* Passage shun,
 And hold their Farthing Candle to the Sun.

How tortur'd Texts to speak our Sense are made,
 And every Vice is to the Scripture laid.

How

How Misers squeeze a young, voluptuous Peer,
His Sins to LUCIFER not half so dear.

How VERRÉS is less qualify'd to steal
With Sword and Pistol, than with Wax and Seal.

How Lawyers' Fees to such Excess are run,
That Clients are redress'd till they're undone.

How one Man's Anguish is another's Sport,
And ev'n Denials cost us dear at Court.

How Man eternally false Judgments makes,
And all his Joys and Sorrows are *Mistakes*.

THIS Swarm of Themes that settles on my Pen,
Which I, like Summer-Flies, shake off agen,
Let others sing; to whom my weak Essay
But sounds a Prelude, and points out their Prey:
That Duty done, I hasten to complete
My own Design; for TONSON's at the Gate.

THE Love of Fame in its *Effects* survey'd
The Muse has sung; be now the *Cause* display'd:
Since so diffusive, and so wide its Sway,
What is this Power, whom all Mankind obey?

SHOT from above, by Heav'n's Indulgence came
This generous Ardor, this unconquer'd Flame,

To

To warm, to raise, to deify Mankind,
 Still burning brightest in the noblest Mind.
 By large-soul'd Men, for Thirst of Fame renown'd,
 Wise *Laws* were fram'd, and sacred *Arts* were found;
 Desire of Praise first broke the *Patriot's* Rest,
 And made a Bulwark of the *Warrior's* Breast;
 It bids ARGYLL in Fields, and Senates shine.
 What more can prove its Origin divine?

BUT oh! this Passion planted in the Soul,
 On Eagle's Wings to mount her to the Pole,
 The flaming Minister of *Virtue* meant,
 Set up false Gods, and wrong'd her high Descent.

AMBITION, hence, exerts a doubtful Force,
 Of Blots, and Beauties an alternate Source;
 Hence GILDON rails, that Raven of the Pit,
 Who thrives upon the Carcasses of Wit;
 And in Art-loving SCARBOROUGH is seen
 How kind a Patron POLLIO might have been.
 Pursuit of Fame with Pedants fills our Schools,
 And into Coxcombs burnishes our Fools;
 Pursuit of Fame makes solid Learning bright,
 And NEWTON lifts above a mortal Height;

That

That Key of Nature, by whose Wit she clears
Her long, long Secrets of five thousand Years.

Would you then fully comprehend the Whole,
Why, and in what *Degrees*, Pride sways the Soul?
(For tho' in all, not equally, she reigns)
Awake to Knowledge, and attend my Strains.

YE Doctors! hear the Doctrine I disclose,
As true, as if 'twere writ in dullest Prose;
As if a letter'd Dunce had said, "'Tis right,"
And *Imprimatur* usher'd it to Light.

To *glorious Deeds* this Passion fires the Mind,
And closer draws the *Ties* of Humankind;
Confirms *Society*; since what we prize
As *our* chief Blessing, must from *others* rise.

AMBITION in the *truly noble Mind*
With Sister-virtue is for ever join'd;
As in fam'd LUCRECE, who with equal Dread
From *Guilt*, and *Shame*, by her last Conduct fled:
Her *Virtue* long rebell'd in firm Disdain,
And the Sword pointed at her Heart in vain;
But, when the Slave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her Side, her *Love of Fame* obey'd.

IN *meaner Minds* Ambition works alone ;
 But with such Art puts Virtue's Aspect on,
 That not more like in Feature, and in Mein,
 * The God and Mortal in the comic Scene.

Falſe JULIUS, ambuſh'd in this fair Diſguiſe,
 Soon made the *Roman* Liberties his Prize.

No Mask in *baſeſt Minds* Ambition wears,
 But in full Light pricks up her Aſs's Ears ;
 All I have ſung are Inſtances of *this*,
 And prove my Theme unfolded not amiſs.

YE *Vain* ! deſiſt from your erroneous Strife ;
 Be wiſe, and quit the falſe *Sublime* of Life.
 The *true* Ambition there alone reſides,
 Where *Juſtice* vindicates, and *Wiſdom* guides ;
 Where *inward* Dignity joins *outward* State,
 Our *Purpoſe* good, as our *Atchievement* great ;
 Where public *Bleſſings* public *Praiſe* attend,
 Where Glory is our *Motive*, not our *End*.
 Would'ſt thou be *fam'd* ? Have thoſe high Deeds in
 View
 Brave Men would act, tho' *Scandal* ſhould enſue.

* AMPHITRYON.

BEHOLD

BEHOLD a Prince! whom no swoln Thoughts in
 flame;
 No Pride of Thrones, no Fever after Fame;
 But when the Welfare of Mankind inspires,
 And Death in View to dear-bought Glory fires;
 Proud Conquest then, then regal Poms delight;
 Then Crowns, then Triumphs sparkle in his Sight;
Tumult and *Noise* are dear, which with them bring
 His People's Blessings to their ardent King:
 But, when those great heroic Motives cease,
 His swelling Soul subsides to native Peace;
 From tedious Grandeur's faded Charms withdraws,
 A *sudden* Foe to Splendor, and Applause;
 Greatly deferring his Arrears of Fame,
 Till Men, and Angels jointly shout his Name.
 O Pride celestial! which can Pride disdain;
 O blest Ambition! which can ne'er be *vain*.

FROM one fam'd *Alpine* Hill, which props the Sky,
 In whose deep Womb unfathom'd Waters lie,
 Here burst the *Rhone* and sounding *Po*, there shine
 In infant Rills the *Danube* and the *Rbine*;

From the rich Store one fruitful Urn supplies,
Whole Kingdoms smile, a thousand Harvests rise.

IN BRUNSWICK such a Source the Muse adores,
Which public Blessings thro' half *Europe* pours.
When his Heart burns with such a godlike Aim,
Angels and GEORGE are *Rivals* for the Fame;
GEORGE, who in Foes can soft Affections raise,
And charm envenom'd Satire into Praise.

* NOR *human* Rage alone his Pow'r perceives,
But the mad *Winds*, and the tumultuous *Waves*.
Ev'n Storms (Death's fiercest Ministers!) forbear,
And, in their own wild Empire, learn to spare.
Thus, *Nature's Self*, supporting *Man's* Decree,
Stiles *Britain's* Sovereign, Sovereign of the *Sea*.

WHILE *Sea* and *Air*, great BRUNSWICK, shook our
State,
And sported with a King's, and Kingdom's Fate,
Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and press'd with Fear,
Of *ever* losing what she held most dear,
How did BRITANNIA, like † *ACHILLES*, weep,
And tell her Sorrows to the *kindred Deep*?

* The King in Danger by Sea.

† HOM. II. Lib. I.

Hang o'er the Floods, and in Devotion warm,
Strive, for Thee, with the Surge, and fight the Storm?

WHAT felt thy WALPOLE, Pilot of the Realm?
Our PALINURUS * slept not at the Helm;
His Eye ne'er clos'd; long since inur'd to wake,
And out-watch every Star for BRUNSWICK's Sake.
By thwarting Passions tofs'd, by Cares oppress'd,
He found the Tempest pictur'd in his Breast.
But, *now*, what Joys that Gloom of Heart dispel,
No Pow'rs of Language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which *Nature* and the *Graces* form,
At Will, to raise, or hush the *civil* Storm.

* *Ecce Deus vatum Lethæo rore madentem, &c. VIRG. Lib. V.*



Hang o'er the blood, and in Division warm,
 Strive, for True, with the Surge, and fight the Storm;
 What for the Walpole, Plot of the Relling?
 Our PATRICKS * heed not at the Helm;
 His Eye not closed; long Race inward to wake,
 And our watch over Star for BARNUM's sake.
 By drawing Fashions told, by Cars opprest,
 He found the Trenchard's picture in his Breast.
 For, soon, what Love that Gloom of Faint distill,
 No Pow'rs of Language—but his own, can tell.
 His own, which Nature and the Great form,
 As Will, to taste, or hush the civil Storm.
 * For the name of the author, see Vol. I. p. 10.



THE
INSTALMENT,

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

Quæsitam Meritis.

HOR.

THE SECOND EDITION.

THE
INSTALMENT.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Hon.

Question Answer.

THE SECOND EDITION.

THE INSTALMENT, 1726.

WITH *Invocations* some their Breasts inflame ;
I need no *Muse*, a WALPOLE is my Theme.

YE mighty Dead! Ye garter'd Sons of *Praise*!
Our *Morning Stars*! our Boast in *former Days*!
Which hov'ring o'er, your purple Wings display,
Lur'd by the Pomp of this distinguish'd Day,
Stoop and attend: By *One*, the *Knee* be bound ;
One, throw the *Mantle's* crimson Folds around ;
By *That*, the *Sword* on his proud Thigh be plac'd,
This, clasp the *Di'mond-Girdle* round his Waist ;
His Breast, with Rays, let just GODOLPHIN spread ;
Wife BURLEIGH plant the Plumage on his Head ;
And EDWARD own, since first he fix'd the Race,
None press'd fair Glory with a swifter Pace.

WHEN Fate would call some mighty Genius forth
To wake a drooping Age to godlike Worth,
Or aid some fav'rite King's illustrious Toil,
It bids his *Blood* with gen'rous Ardor boil ;
His Blood, from Virtue's celebrated Source,
Pour'd down the Steep of Time, a lengthen'd Course!

That

That Men prepar'd may just Attention pay,
Warn'd by the Dawn to mark the glorious Day,
When all the scatter'd Merits of his Line
Collected to a Point, intensely shine.

SEE, *Britain*, see thy WALPOLE shine from far,
His azure Ribbon, and his radiant *Star*;
A *Star* that, with auspicious Beams, shall guide
Thy Vessel safe, thro' Fortune's roughest Tide.

IF *Peace* still smiles, by *this*, shall *Commerce* steer
A finish'd Course, in Triumph, round the Sphere;
And gath'ring Tribute from each distant Shore,
In *Britain's* Lap the World's Abundance pour.

IF *War's* ordain'd, *this* *Star* shall dart its Beams
Thro' that black Cloud, which rising from the *Thames*,
With Thunder, form'd of BRUNSWICK's Wrath, is sent
To *claim* the Seas, and *awe* the Continent:
This shall direct it, where the Bolt to throw,
A *Star* for *Us*, a *Comet* to the *Foe*.

AT this the Muse shall *kindle*, and *aspire*:
My Breast, O WALPOLE, glows with grateful Fire;
The Streams of Royal Bounty, turn'd by thee,
Refresh the dry Domains of Poetic.

My

My Fortune shews, when Arts are WALPOLE's Care,
What slender Worth forbids us to despair :
Be this thy partial Smile from Censure free ;
'Twas meant for *Merit*, tho' it fell on *Me*.

SINCE BRUNSWICK's Smile has authoriz'd my Muse,
Chaste be her Conduct, and sublime her Views.
False Praises are the Whoredoms of the Pen,
Which prostitute fair Fame to worthless Men.
This Profanation of celestial Fire,
Makes Fools despise, what Wisdom should admire.
Let those I praise, to distant Times be known,
Not by their *Author's* Merit, but their *own*.
If others think the Task is hard, to weed
From Verse, rank Flattery's vivacious Seed,
And rooted deep ; one Means *must* set them free ;
Patron! and *Patriot!* let them sing of Thee.

WHILE vulgar Trees ignobler *Honours* wear,
Nor those retain, when Winter chills the Year ;
The gen'rous *Orange*, Fav'rite of the Sun,
With vig'rous Charms can thro' the Seasons run ;
Defies the Storm with her *tenacious* Green ;
And Flowers and Fruits in rival Pomp are seen :

Where

Where Blossoms fall, still fairer Blossoms spring;
And midst their Sweets the *feather'd* Poets sing.

ON WALPOLE, thus; may pleas'd BRITANNIA
view

At once her Ornament, and Profit too;
The *Fruit* of Service, and the *Bloom* of Fame,
Matur'd, and gilded by the Royal Beam.
He, when the nipping Blasts of *Envy* rise,
Its Guilt can pity, and its Rage despise;
Lest fall no *Honours*, but securely Great,
Unfaded holds the *Colour* of his Fate:
No Winter knows, tho' ruffling *Fashions* press;
By Wisdom deeply *rooted* in Success:
One Glory shed, a *brighter* is display'd;
And the charm'd Muses shelter in his *Shade*.

O how I long, enkindled by the Theme,
In deep Eternity to launch thy Name!
Thy Name in view, no Rights of Verse I plead,
But what chaste *Truth* indites, old *Time* shall read.

“BEHOLD! a *Man* of antient Faith, and Blood,
“Which, soon, beat high for *Arts*, and *public Good*;

* *Knight of the BATH*, and then of the *GARTER*.

“Whose

“ Whose Glory *great*, but *natural* appears,
“ The genuine Growth of *Services* and *Years* ;
“ No sudden Exhalation drawn on high,
“ And fondly gilt by partial Majesty :
“ One bearing greatest Toils, with greatest Ease ;
“ One born to *serve* us, and yet born to *please* ;
“ Whom, while our Rights in equal Scales he lays,
“ The PRINCE may *trust*, and yet the PEOPLE *praise* ;
“ His Genius ardent, yet his Judgment clear,
“ His Tongue is flowing, and his Heart sincere,
“ His Counsel guides, his Temper cheers our Isle,
“ And smiling, gives *three Kingdoms* Cause to smile.”

Joy then to *Britain*, blest with such a Son ;
To WALPOLE Joy, by whom the *Prize* is won ;
Who nobly-conscious *meets* the Smiles of Fate ;
True Greatness lies in daring to be *Great*.

Let *daftard Souls*, or *Affectation* run
To Shades, nor wear bright Honours fairly won ;
Such Men prefer, misled by *false* Applause,
The *Pride* of *Modesty* to Virtue's Cause.

Honours, which make the Face of Virtue fair,
'Tis great to merit, and 'tis wise to wear ;

'Tis

'Tis holding up the Prize to public View,
Confirms grown Virtue, and inflames the new ;
Heightens the Lustre of *our* Age and Clime,
And sheds rich Seeds of Worth for *future* Time.

PROUD Chiefs alone, in Fields of Slaughter fam'd,
Of old, this *azure Bloom* of Glory claim'd.
As when stern AJAX pour'd a purple Flood,
The *Violet* rose, fair Daughter of his Blood.
Now rival *Wisdome* dares the Wreath divide,
And *both* MINERVAS rise in equal Pride ;
Proclaiming loud, a Monarch fills the Throne,
Who shines illustrious, not in Wars alone

LET *Fame* look lovely in BRITANNIA's Eyes ;
They coldly court *Desert*, who *Fame* despise.
For what's *Ambition*, but fair Virtue's *Sail* ?
And what *Applause*, but her propitious *Gale* ?
When swell'd with *that*, she flits before the Wind
To glorious Aims, as to the *Port* design'd ;
When chain'd, without it, to the lab'ring *Oar*,
She toils ! she pants ! nor gains the flying *Shore*,
From her sublime Pursuits, or turn'd aside
By *Blasts* of *Envy*, or by *Fortune's Tide* :

For

For *One* that has succeeded, *Ten* are lost,
Of *equal* Talents, e'er they make the Coast.

THEN let *Renown* to *Worth* divine incite
With all her Beams, but throw those Beams *aright*.
Then *Merit* droops, and *Genius* downward tends,
When godlike *Glory*, like our *Land*, *descends*.

Custom the *Garter* long confin'd to *Few*;

And gave to *Birth*, exalted *Virtue's* Due :

WALPOLE has thrown the proud Inclosure down ;

And high *Desert* *embraces* fair *Renown*.

Tho' *rival'd*, let the *PEERAGE* *smiling* see

(*Smiling*, in *Justice* to their *own* *Degree*,)

This proud *Reward* of *Majesty* bestow'd

On *Worth* like *that*, whence first the *PEERAGE* flow'd.

From *Frowns* of *Fate* *BRITANNIA's* *Bliss* to guard,

Let *Subjects* *merit*, and let *Kings* reward.

GODS are *most* *GODS* by *giving* to *excel* ;

And *KINGS* most like *them*, by *rewarding* well.

Tho' strong the twanging *Nerve*, and drawn *aright*,

Short is the winged *Arrow's* upward *Flight* ;

But if an *Eagle* it transfix on high,

Lodg'd in the *Wound*, it soars into the *Sky*.

THUS

THUS while I sing THEE with unequal Lays,
 And wound perhaps that Worth I mean to praise;
 Yet I transcend myself, I rise in Fame,
 Not lifted by my Genius, but my Theme.

No more; for in this dread Suspence of Fate,
 Now Kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark Debate,
 Weigh *Peace* and *War*, now *Europe's* Eyes are bent
 On mighty BRUNSWICK, for the great Event,
 BRUNSWICK of Kings the Terror or Defence!
 Who dares detain *Thee* at a World's Expence?

F I N I S.



KEY TO THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. A SATIRE

Page 1 — gives Applause to B — e, or to Me. —
i. e. Blackmore, (Sir Richard.)

— Churchmen Scripture for the Classics, quit.

Polite Apostates from God's Grace, to Wit,

N. B. *Virgil, Horace, Terence, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Manilius, Lucretius, Longinus, Ciceronis Opera, Caesaris Comment. Homer, &c.* were published by Bishop Hare, Dr Bentley, Dr Davis, Dr Clarke, Dr Pearce, &c.

S — e's Humours

Steele (Sir Richard.)

P — y's Eloquence.

Pulteney (William Esq;)

If at his Title T — had dropt his Quill, &c.

Dr Trapp, When Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, wrote *Prælectiones Poeticæ*, Poetical Lectures, which were deservedly esteemed; but upon his Blank-Verse Version of VIRGIL, Volume the First, Doctor Evans of St John's College, Oxon, sent the following Distich.

*Read the Commandments, TRAPP, translate no further,
For there 'tis written, Thou shalt do No Murder.*

A. is Depos'd, and B. with Pomp Restor'd.

This alludes to Mr Theobald's Publication of a Book, intituled, SHAKESPEAR restor'd, in Opposition to Mr Pope's Edition of that Author.

C — dos, he'll outdo.

Chandos (Duke of)

B — l — ton, thy Taste is not so true. Burlington (Earl of)

Not

KEY to the Universal Passion.

Not F—t—n's self more Parian Charms has known,
Nor is good P—b—ke more in Love with Stone.

Sir Andrew Fountain, and the late Earl of Pembroke,
both great Admirers of Antique Statues.

Put off at Night with Lady B——'s Hair.
The venerable gray-headed Countess of Bristol.

Fewer grave Lords to Scr—pe discreetly bend,
Mr. Scroope, a great Money Lender.

SATIRE II.

Paul Diack, who gave Name to a Tulip, was an honest, topping, old Citizen of London, and a great Stock-Jobber.

—T——n turn'd Upholsterer, &c. Tonson (Jacob) fitted up many Libraries of Gilt-Books for South-Sea Coxcombs, 1720.

—Leaves to O— i. e. Orrery, Charles (Earl of) D—— i. e. (Dorset, Earl of) the Poet's Patron.

Miss D—— tottering, Miss Duncomb.

——the Stagyrite, i. e. Aristotle.

Hence, D—— that Openness of Heart.

i. e. Doddington.

St——pe in Wit, in Breeding D—l—ne.

Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield.

Deloraine, (Lord)

SATIRE III.

——H—y's Eyes unmercifully keen.

Lady Hervey.

Well H——r dost thou thy Master serve.

Heiddegger, Director of the Masquerades.

SATIRE IV.

While C—— mourns, &c.

Anthony Collins, Esq; Founder of the Sect of Free-Thinkers.

C——,

KEY to the Universal Passion.

C——, *who makes so merry with the Creed.*
The same *A. Collins.*

Arb—t is a Fool, and F—— a Sage.

S——ey will fright you, E—— engage.

Dr Arbuthnot, Daniel de Foe, Sir Charles Sedley.

S——x is the worst of Friends. *Suffex.*

Q——y is Fair.

Dutchess of Queensberry.

S—— the foremost Toyman of his Time.

Sloan (Sir Hans) alluding to his Museum.

Unhappy J——y, i. e. Lady Jersey.

B——le shines in Council, M——t in the Fight;

P——l—m's magnificent, but J—— can write.

John Dennis.

Boyle, Charles, Earl of Orrery.

Mordaunt, Charles Earl of Peterborough.

Pelham, Duke of Newcastle.

Will H——t pardon, if I dare commend

H——t, with Zeal, a Patron and a Friend?

A——le true Wit is studious to restore;

And D———t smiles, if Phœbus smil'd before.

P——ke, in Years the long-liv'd Arts admires,

And Henrietta like a Muse inspires.

Harcourt, (Lord Chancellor)

Argyle, (Duke of)

Dorset, (Duke of)

Thomas Pembroke, (late Earl of)

Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley.

*Character of Augustus, in the Conclusion, applied
to his late Majesty.*

SATIRE V.

Fair ——! Doubly kind to me.

Foubert has the Forming of the Fair.

Major Foubert, a Riding Master.

Sir

KEY to the Universal Passion.

Sir H——s, i. e. Sir Hans Sloan, M. D.

*The fair Philosopher to Rowley * flies.*

* The late Mr Rowley, an eminent Mathematical Instrument-Maker under St Dunstan's Church, in Fleet-street.

Lady D—— i. e. Dashwood, or Dysart.

SATIRE VI.

Zinck, the greatest Master in Miniature, Enamel
Painting in Europe.

H——y the first Wit — Lord Hervey.

Cruel R——d, Duke of Richmond.

G——n, i. e. Lady Betty Germain.

H—P—B— i. e. Hervey, Pearce, Blount, (Ladies.)

C——ns, Collins, (Anthony, Esq;)

T——l——n, Archbishop Tillotson's, and Dr Bur-
net's Doctrine of the Non-Eternity of Hell Torments.

K——p, Mrs Kemp, Keeper of an Assemblée.

Caroline's Heart, &c. Acknowledgment of the
late Queen's Favours to the Author.

M——t and W——ns.

Mist and Wilkins, Printers of Two Weekly Journals:

Immortal Juvenal! And Thou * of France,

In the LAST DAY.

* i. e. Boileau.

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.

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